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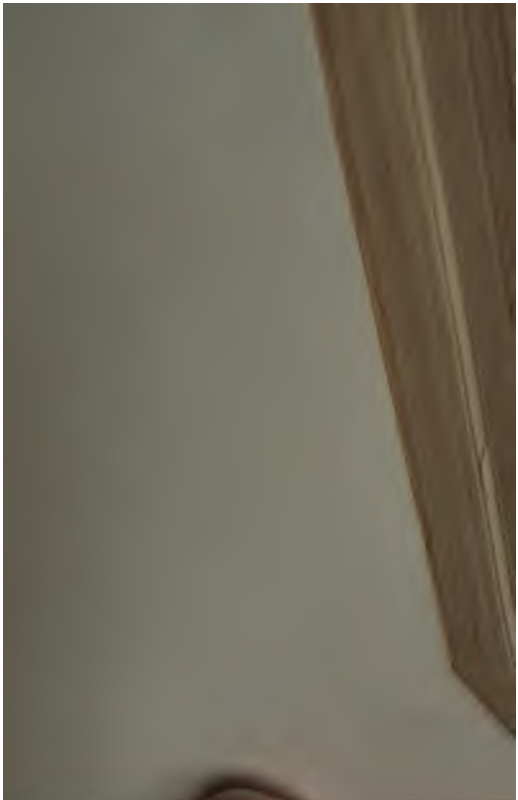

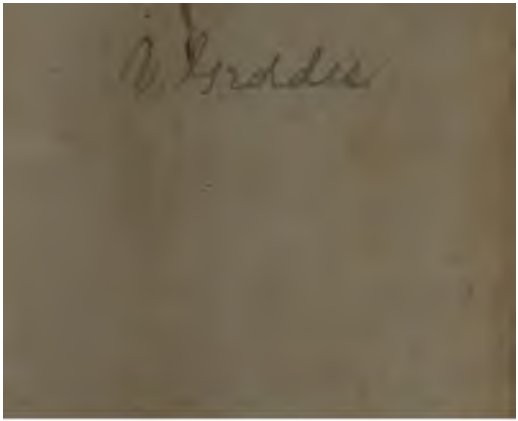

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

GEOFF. CHAUCER.

IN FOURTEEN VOLUMES.

THE MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

From *Urry's* Edition 1721,

THE CANTERBURY TALES

From *Tyrwhitt's* Edition 1775.

Grete well CHAUCER whan ye mete—
Of ditees and of songes glade,
The which he—made,
The londe fullfilled is over all. GOWER.
My maister CHAUCER—chiefe poete of Bretayne—
Whom all this londe schulde of ryght preferre,
Sith of our langage he was the lode-herre—
That made firft to dyftylle and rayne
The gold dewe dropys of fpeche and eloquence
Into our tunge thrugh his excellence. LYDGATE.
The honour of Englifh tong is dede—
My mayfter CHAUCER, floure of eloquence,
Mirrour of fruftuous entendement,
Univerfel fadir in fcience—
This londis verray trefour and richeffe—
The firfte fynder of our fayre langage. OCCLEVE.
Venerabill CHAUCER, principall poete but pere,
Hevinly trumpet, oriege a. d regulere,
In eloquence balme, condit and ftill,
Mylky fountane, clere ftrand, and rofa riall,
Of freſche endite throw Albion land braid. DOUGLAS.
O reverend CHAUCER! rofe of rethouris all,
As in oure toung flour imperial
That raiſe in Brittane evir, quha reidis richt
Thou beiris of Makers the triumphs royall,
The freſche enamilt termes celeſtiall:
This mater couth nane illuminit full bricht,
Was thou nocht, of our Inglis all the light,
Surmounting every toung terreſtriall
As ſtarnis Maiſt's morrow does ony nicht. DUNBAR.

VOL. V.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1782.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

VOL. V.

CONTAINING HIS

CANTERBURY TALES, *viz.*

NONNES PREESTES TALE,
SECOND NONNES TALE,
CHAN. YEMANNES TALE,
THE MANCIPLES TALE,
THE PERSONES TALE,
&c. &c. &c.

But natheles certain
I can right now no thrifty Tale fain,
But CHAUCER, (though he can but lewedly
On metres and on riming craftily)
Hath fayd hem in fwiche English as he can
Of olde time, as knewen many a man;
And if he have not fayd hem, leve brother,
In o book, he hath fayd hem in another.----
Who fo that wol his large Volume fe[e]. TALES, *ver.* 445.
Dan CHAUCER, well of Englifh undefiled,
On Fame's eternal bead roll worthy to be fil'd----
Old Dan Geffrey, in whofe gentle fpright
The pure well-head of poetry did dwell----
He wanld he lived was the foverayne head
Of fhepherds all------ SPENSER.
Old CHAUCER, like the morning ftar,
To us difcovers day from far;
His light thofe mifts and cloud diffolv'd
Which our dark nation long involv'd;
But he defcending to the fhades
Darknefs again the age invades. DENHAM.
CHAUCER, nam who firft with harmony inform'd
The language of our fathers---His legends blithe
He fang of love or knighthood, or the wiles
Of homely life, thro' each ftate and age
The fafhions and the follies of the world
With canning hand portraying-----
Him wan in times------
Dark and untaught began with charming verfe
To tame the rudenefs of his native land. AKENSIDE.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1782.

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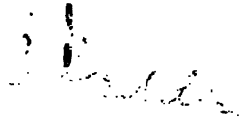

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CHARTER VOLV.
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Printed for John Bell, British Library Febr 28th 1785.

Elder Family
4-29-32

THE NONNES PREESTES PROL.

Ho! quod the Knight, good Sire, no more of this;
That ye han ſaid is right ynough ywis,
And mochel more; for litel hevineſſe
Is right ynough to mochel folk I geſſe.
I ſay for me it is a gret diſeſe
Wher as men have ben in gret welth and eſe
To heren of hir ſoden fall, alas!
And the contrary is joye and gret ſolas,
As whan a man hath ben in poure eſtat,
And climbeth up and wexeth fortunat,
And ther abideth in proſperitee:
Swich thing is gladſom as it thinketh me,
And of ſwiche thing were goodly for to telle.
Ye, quod our Hoſte, by Seint Poules belle
Ye ſay right ſoth: this Monk hath clapped loude;
He ſpake how Fortune covered with a cloude
I wote not what, and als of a tragedie
Right now ye herd; and parde no remedie
It is for to bewailen ne complaine
That that is don, and als it is a paine,
As ye han ſaid, to here of hevineſſe.
Sire Monk, no more of this, ſo God you bleſſe;
Your Tale anoyeth all this compagnie;
Swiche talking is not worth a boterflie,

4-29-32

THE CANTERBURY TALE

THE NONNES PREESTES PRO

Ho! quod the Knight, good Sire, no more of thi
That ye han ſaid is right ynough ywis,
And mochel more; for litel hevineſſe
Is right ynough to mochel folk I geſſe. 147
I ſay for me it is a gret diſeſe
Wher as men have ben in gret welth and eſe
To heren of hir ſoden fall, alas!
And the contrary is joye and gret ſolas,
As whan a man hath ben in poure eſtat, 14780
And climbeth up and wexeth fortunat,
And ther abideth in proſperitee:
Swich thing is gladſom as it thinketh me,
And of ſwiche thing were goodly for to telle. 14785
Ye, quod our Hoſte, by Seint Poules belle
Ye ſay right ſoth: this Monk hath clapped loude;
He ſpake how Fortune covered with a cloude
I wote not what, and als of a tragedie
Right now ye herd; and parde no remedie 14790
It is for to bewailen ne complaine
That that is don, and als it is a paine,
As ye han ſaid, to here of hevineſſe.
Sire Monk, no more of this, ſo God you bleſſe;
Your Tale anoyeth all this compagnie; 14795
Swiche talking is not worth a boterflie,

Gift
Elsdes Family
4-29-32

THE NONNES PREESTES PROL.

Ho! quod the Knight, good Sire, no more of this;
That ye han ſaid is right ynough ywis,
And mochel more; for litel hevineſſe
Is right ynough to mochel folk I geſſe.
I ſay for me it is a gret diſeſe
Wher as men have ben in gret welth and eſe
To heren of hir ſoden fall, alas!
And the contrary is joye and gret ſolas,
As whan a man hath ben in poure eſtat,
And climbeth up and wexeth fortunat,
And ther abideth in proſperitee:
Swich thing is gladſom as it thinketh me,
And of ſwiche thing were goodly for to telle.
Ye, quod our Hoſte, by Seint Poules belle
Ye ſay right ſoth: this Monk hath clapped loude;
He ſpake how Fortune covered with a cloude
I wote not what, and als of a tragedie
Right now ye herd; and parde no remedie
It is for to bewailen ne complaine
That that is don, and als it is a paine,
As ye han ſaid, to here of hevineſſe.
Sire Monk, no more of this, ſo God you bleſſe;
Your Tale anoyeth all this compagnie;
Swiche talking is not worth a boterflie,

For therin is ther no diſport ne game;
Therfore Sire Monk, Dan Piers by your name,
I pray you hertely tell us ſomwhat elles,
For ſikerly n'ere clinking of your belles
That on your bridel hange on every ſide,
By heven king, that for us alle dide,
I ſhuld er this have fallen doun for ſlepe,
Although the ſlough had ben never ſo depe,
Than hadde your Tale all ben tolde in vain:
For certainly, as that thiſe clerkes ſain,
Wher as a man may have non audience
Nought helpeth it to tellen his ſentence;
And wel I wote the ſubſtance is in me
If any thing ſhal wel reported be.
Sire, ſay ſomwhat of hunting I you pray.
Nay, quod this Monk, I have not luſt to play:
Now lette another telle as I have told.
Than ſpake oure Hoſte with rude ſpeche and bold,
And ſayd unto the Nonnes Preeſt anon,
Come nere, thou Preeſt, come hither, thou Sire John;

℣. 14811. *ſay ſomwhat of hunting*] For the propriety of this requeſt ſee the note on ver. 166 of the Monkes character.

℣. 14816. *thou Sire John*] I know not how it has happened that in the principal modern languages John (or its equivalent) is a name of contempt, or at leaſt of ſlight. So the Italians uſe *Gianni*, from whence *Zani*, the Spaniards *Juan*, as *Bobo Juan*, a foolish John, the French *Jean*, with various additions, and in Engliſh when we call a man *a John* we do not mean it as a title of honour. Chaucer, in ver. 3708, uſes *Jacke Fool* as the Spaniards do *Bobo Juan*, and I ſuppoſe *Jack Aſs* has the ſame etymology.—The title of *Sire* was uſually given, by courteſy, to prieſts both ſecular and regular.

Telle us ſwiche thing as may our hertes glade:
Be blithe although thou ride upon a jade.
What though thin horſe be bothe foule and lene?
If he wol ſerve thee recke thee not a bene:
Loke that thyn herte be mery evermo.
Yes, Hoſte, quod he, ſo mote I ride or go
But I be mery ywis I wol be blamed.
And right anon his Tale he hath attamed;
And thus he ſaid unto us everich on,
This ſwete Preeſt, this goodly man, Sire John.

THE NONNES PREESTES TALE.

A Poure widewe, ſomdel ſtoupen in age,
Was whilom dwelling in a narwe cotage
Beſide a grove ſtonding in a dale.
This widewe, which I tell you of my Tale,
Sin thilke day that ſhe was laſt a wif
In patience led a ful ſimple lif,
For litel was hire catel and hire rente;
By huſbondry of ſwiche as God hire ſente
She found hireſelf and eke hire doughtren two.
Three large ſowes had ſhe, and no mo,
Three kine, and eke a ſheep that highte Malle:
Ful ſooty was hire boure and eke hire halle,
In which ſhe ete many a ſlender mele;
Of poinant ſauce ne knew ſhe never a dele:

The Nonnes Preeſtes Tale] Of a cock and a hen; the morall whereof is to embrace true friends, and to beware of flatterers. *Urry.*

I pray you that ye take it not agrefe;
By God me mette I was in fwiche mifchefe
Right now, that yet min herte is fore afright.
Now God (quod he) my fweven recche aright,
And kepe my body out of foule prifoun.
Me mette how that I romed up and doun
Within our yerde, wher as I faw a beſte
Was like an hound, and wold han made areſte
Upon my body, and han had me ded:
His colour was betwix yelwe and red,
And tipped was his tail and both his eres
With black, unlike the remenant of his heres:
His fnout was fmal, with glowing eyen twey;
Yet for his loke almoſt for fere I dey:
This caufed me my groning douteles.
Away, quod ſhe; fy on you herteles!
Alas! quod ſhe, for by that God above
Now han ye loſt myn herte and all my love:
I cannot love a coward by my faith;
For certes, what ſo any woman ſaith,

℣. 14914. *Away, quod ſhe*] I have here inadvertently followed the printed copies; but inſtead of *Away* the beſt mſſ. read *Avoy*, which is more likely to have been uſed by Chaucer. The word occurs frequently in the French *Fabliaux*, &c. See t. ii. p. 243, 5. The vocabulary at the end of that volume renders *Avoi Dahs*; but it ſeems to ſignify no more than our *Away!* The Italians uſe *Via!* in the ſame manner. *Roman de Troye*, mſ;

Lor dit Thoas, *Avoi, avoi!*
Sire Achilles, vous dites mal,

Of catapuce or of gaitre beries,
Or herbe ive growing in our yerd that mery is;
Picke hem right as they grow, and ete hem in.
Beth mery, husbond; for your fader kin
Dredeth no dreme: I can say you no more. 14975
Madame, quod he, *grand mercy* of your lore;
But natheles as touching Dan Caton,
That hath of wisdome swiche a gret renoun,
Though that he bade no dremes for to drede,
By God men mouu in olde bookes rede 14980
Of many a man more of auctoritee
Than ever Caton was, so mote I the,
That all the revers sayn of his sentence,
And han wel founden by experience
That dremes ben significations 14985
As wel of joye as tribulations
That folk enduren in this lif presente:
Ther needeth make of this non argument;
The veray preve sheweth it indede.
On of the gretest auctours that men rede 14990
Saith thus, that whilom twey felawes wente
On pilgrimage in a ful good entente,

¥ 14971. *catapuce*] *Catapuxia*, Ital. *catapuce*, Fr. a kind of spurge.

¥ 14990. *On of the gretest auctours*] Cicero [*de Divin.* l. i. c. 27.] relates this and the following story, but in a contrary order, and with so many other differences that one might be led to suspect that he was here quoted at second hand, if it were not usual with Chaucer in these stories of familiar life to throw in a number of natural circumstances not to be found in his original authors.

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THE MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

From *Urry's* Edition 1721,

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From *Tyrwhitt's* Edition 1775.

Grete well CHAUCER whan ye mete----
Of ditees and of ſonges glade,
The which he---made,
The londe fullfilled is over all. GOWER.

My maiſter CHAUCER---chiefe poete of Bretayne----
Whom all this londe ſchulde of ryght preferre,
Sith of our langage he was the lode-ſterre----
That made firſt to dyſtylle and rayne
The gold dewe dropys of ſpeche and eloquence
Into our tunge thrugh his excellence. LYDGATE.

The honour of Engliſh tong is dede----
My mayſter CHAUCER, floure of eloquence,
Mirrour of fructuous entendement,
Univerſel fadir in ſcience----
This londis verray trefour and richeſſe----
The firſte fynder of our fayre langage. OCCLEVE.

Venerabill CHAUCER, principall poete but pere,
Hevinly trumpet, orlege and regulere,
In eloquence balme, conditt and diall,
Mylky fountane, clere ſtrand, and roſis riall,
Of freſche endite throw Albioun land braid. DOUGLAS.

O reverend CHAUCER! roſe of rethouris all,
As in oure toung flour imperial
That raiſe in Brittane evir, quha reidis right
Thou beiris of Makers the triumphs royall,
The freſche enamilt termes celeſtiall:
This mater couth haif illuminit full bricht,
Was thou nocht, of our Inglis all the light,
Surmounting every toung terreſtriall
As far as Mayi's morrow dois midnight. DUNBAR.

VOL. V.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1782.

Behold my blody woundes depe and wide;
Arise up erly in the morwe tide,
And at the west gate of the toun (quod he)
A carte ful of donge ther shalt thou see,
In which my body is hid prively;
Do thilke carte arresten boldely.
My gold caused my mordre, soth to sain.
And told him every point how he was slain
With a ful pitous face, pale of hewe;
And trusteth wel his dreme he found ful trewe;
For on the morwe as sone as it was day
To his felawes inne he toke his way,
And whan that he came to this oxes stalle
After his felaw he began to calle.
The hosteler answered him anon,
And saide, Sire, your felaw is agon;
As sone as day he went out of the toun.
This man gan fallen in suspecioun,
Remembring on his dremes that he mette,
And forth he goth, no lenger wold he lette,
Unto the west gate of the toun, and fond
A dong carte as it went for to dong lond,
That was arraied in the same wise
As ye han herde the dede man devise,
And with an harde herte he gan to crie
Vengeance and justice of this felonie;
My felaw mordred is this same night,
And in this carte he lith gaping upright.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

VOL. V.

CONTAINING HIS

CANTERBURY TALES, *viz.*

THE NONNES PREESTES TALE,
THE SECOND NONNES TALE,
THE CHANYEMANNES TALE,
THE MANCIPLES TALE,
THE PERSONES TALE,
&c. &c. &c.

But natheles certain
I can right now no thrifty Tale fain,
But CHAUCER, (though he can but lewedly
On metres and on rimning craftily)
Hath fayd hem in fwiche Engliſh as he can
Of olde time, as knoweth many a man;
And if he have not fayd hem, leve brother,
In o book, he hath fayd hem in another----
Who ſo that wol his large Volume ſeke. TALES, *ver.* 446 ſ.

Dan CHAUCER, well of Engliſh undefil'd,
On Fame's eternal bead-roll worthy to be fil'd----
Old Dan Geffrey, in whoſe gentle ſpright
The pure well-head of poetry did dwell----
He whilſt he lived was the ſoveraigne head
Of ſhepherds all------ SPENSER.

Old CHAUCER, like the morning ſtar,
To us diſcovers day from far;
His light thoſe miſts and cloud: diſſolv'd
Which our dark nation long involv'd;
But ne deſcending to the ſhades
Darkneſs again the age invades. DENHAM.

CHAUCER, him who firſt with harmony inform'd
The language of our fathers---His legends blithe
He ſang of love or knighthood, or the wiles
Of homely life, thro' each eſtate and age
The faſhions and the follies of the world
With cunning hand portraying----
Him who in times------
Dark and untaught began with charming verſe
To tame the rudeneſs of his native land. AKENSIDE.

EDINBURG:

AT THE *Apollo* Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1782.

That ſtood ful mery upon an haven ſide:
But on a day, agein the even tide,
The wind gan change, and blew right as hem leſt:
Jolif and glad they wenten to hir reſt,
And caſten hem ful erly for to ſaile;
But to that o man fel a gret mervaile.
That on of hem in ſleping as he lay
He mette a wonder dreme again the day:
Him thought a man ſtood by his beddes ſide,
And him commanded that he ſhuld abide,
And ſaid him thus; If thou to-morwe wende
Thou ſhalt be dreint; my tale is at an ende.
He woke, and told his felaw what he met,
And praied him his viage for to let;
As for that day he prayd him for to abide.
His felaw, that lay by his beddes ſide,
Gan for to laugh, and ſcorned him ful faſte:
No dreme, quod he, may ſo my herte agaſte
That I wol leten for to do my thinges:
I ſette not a ſtraw by thy dreminges,
For ſwevens ben but vanitees and japes:
Men dreme al day of oules and of apes,
And eke of many a maſe therwithal;
Men dreme of thing that never was ne ſhal.
But ſith I ſee that thou wolt here abide,
And thus forſlouthen wilfully thy tide,
God wot it reweth me; and have good day:
And thus he took his leve, and went his way.

But or that he had half his cours yſailed,
N'ot I not why ne what meſchance it ailed,
But caſuelly the ſhippes bottom rente,
And ſhip and man under the water wente
In ſight of other ſhippes ther beſide
That with him ſailed at the ſame tide.

And therfore, faire Pertelote ſo dere,
By ſwiche enſamples olde maiſt thou lere
That no man ſhulde be to recchelesse
Of dremes, for I ſay thee douteleſs
That many a dreme ful ſore is for to drede.

Lo, in the lif of Seint Kenelme I rede,
That was Kenulphus ſone, the noble King
Of Mercenrike, how Kenelm mette a thing.
A litel or he were mordred on a day
His mordre in his aviſion he ſay;
His norice him expouned every del
His ſweven, and bade him for to kepe him wel
Fro treſon; but he n'as but ſeven yere old,
And therfore litel tale hath he told
Of any dreme, ſo holy was his herte.
By God I hadde lever than my ſherte
That ye had red his legend as have I.

Dame Pertelote, I ſay you trewely,
Macrobius, that writ the aviſion
In Affrike of the worthy Scipion,

℣. 15116. *Seint Kenelme*] See his life in all the edits. of the Engliſh Golden Legende.

Affirmeth dremes, and ſayth that they ben
Warning of thinges that men after ſeen.
And forthermore, I pray you loketh wel
In The Olde Teſtament of Daniel,
If he held dremes any vanitee.
Rede eke of Joſeph, and ther ſhuln ye ſee
Wher dremes ben ſomtime (I ſay not alle)
Warning of thinges that ſhuln after falle.
Loke of Egipt the king, Dan Pharao,
His baker and his boteler alſo,
Wheder they ne felten non effect in dremes.
Who ſo wol ſeken actes of ſondry remes
May rede of dremes many a wonder thing.
Lo Creſus, which that was of Lydie king,
Mette he not that he ſat upon a tree?
Which ſignified he ſhuld anhanged be.
Lo hire Andromacha, Hectores wif,
That day that Hector ſhulde leſe his lif,

† 15147. *Lo hire Andromacha*] We muſt not look for this dream of Andromache in Homer: the firſt author who relates it is the fictitious *Dares*, c. xxiv, and Chaucer very probably took it from him, or from Guido de Columnis, or perhaps from Benoit de Sainte More, whoſe *Roman de Troye* I believe to have been that hiſtory of Dares which Guido profeſſes to follow, and has indeed almoſt entirely tranſlated. A full diſcuſſion of this point, by a compariſon of Guido's work with the *Rom. de Troye*, would require more time and pains than I am inclined to beſtow upon it. I will juſt mention a circumſtance which, if it can be verified, will bring the queſtion to a much ſhorter deciſion. The *Verſio Daretis Phrygii Gallico metro*, in the Ambroſian library, of which Montfaucon ſpeaks, *Diar. Ital.* p. 19, is un-

She dremed on the ſame night beſorne
How that the lif of Hector ſhuld be lorne
If thilke day he went into bataille:
She warned him, but it might not availle;
He went forth for to fighten natheles,
And was yſlain anon of Achilles.
But thilke tale is al to long to telle,
And eke it is nigh day, I may not dwelle.
Shortly I ſay, as for c
That I ſhal han of thi
Adverſitee; and I ſay
That I ne tell of laxatives no ſtore,
For they ben venimous, I wot it wel:
I hem deſſie; I love hem never a del.
But let us ſpeke of mirthe, and ſtinte all this.
Madame Pertelote, ſo have I blis,
Of o thing God hath ſent me large grace,
For whan I ſee the beautee of your face,
Ye ben ſo ſcarlet red about your eyen,
It maketh all my drede for to dien;

doubtedly the *Roman de Troye* by Benoît de Sainte More. The verſes which are there quoted differ no otherwiſe from the beginning of Benoît's poem in mſ. *Harl.* 4482, than as an old copy uſually does from a more modern one. If therefore we can depend upon Montfaucon's judgment, that the mſ. which he ſaw was written in the 12th century, it will follow that Benoît wrote near a hundred years before Guido, whoſe work in all the mſſ. that I have ſeen or heard of is uniformly ſaid to have been finiſhed in the year 1287. There can be no doubt that the latter of theſe two writers copied from the former.

For al ſo ſiker as *In principio*
Mulier eſt hominis confuſio, 151
(Madame, the ſentence of this Latine is,
Woman is mannes joye and mannes blis;)
For whan I fele a-night your ſofte ſide,
Al be it that I may not on you ride,
For that our perche is made ſo narwe, alas! 151
I am ſo ful of joye and of ſolas
That I deffie bothe ſweven and dreme.
And with that word he flew doun fro the beme,
For it was day, and eke his hennes alle,
And with a chuk he gan hem for to calle, 151
For he had found a corn lay in the yerd.
Real he was, he was no more aferd;
He fethered Pertelote twenty time,
And trade hire eke as oft, er it was prime:
He loketh as it were a grim leoun, 151
And on his toos he rometh up and doun;
Him deigned not to ſet his feet to ground:
He chukketh whan he hath a corn yfound,
And to him rennen than his wives alle.
Thus real as a prince is in his halle 151
Leve I this Chaunteclere in his paſture,
And after wol I tell his aventure.

†. 15169. *ſo ſiker as In principio*] See the note on ver. 25
——The next line is taken from the fabulous conference b
tween the Emperour Adrian and Secundus the philoſopher,
which ſome account has been given in n. on ver. 6777: "*Q*
i eſt mulier? Hominis confuſio, infaturabilis beſtia," &c.

n which the world began,
God firſt maked man,
d were alſo
ty dayes and two,
d all his pride,
im beſide,
ghte ſonne,
s hadde yronne
nd ſomwhat more:
non other lore,
w with blisful ſteven.
ben up on heven
nd more ywis;
rides blis,

15195

15200

15205

d] I have ventured to depart paſſage; they all read *began* in- ie mſ. *C.* 1. has this note in the ch plainly ſuppoſes that the 32 he end of March. As the vernal ior's hypotheſis, *Diſcourſe, &c.* n the 12th of March, the place 5200, 1) in 22° of Taurus, a- place on the 2d of May, the 53d *C.* reads thus;

hes and dayes two——
, but I think by a leſs probable

he reading of the greateſt part ut that is evidently wrong, for de of the ſun at or about prime, 5203. When the ſun is in 22 ♉ $\frac{3}{4}$ after ſix A. M.

Herkeneth thise blisful briddes how they sing,
And see the freshe floures how they spring;
Ful is min herte of revel and solas.
But sodenly him fell a sorweful cas, 1521
For ever the latter ende of joye is wo;
God wote that wordly joye is sone ago;
And if a rethor coude faire endite
He in a chronicle might it saufly write
As for a soveraine notabilitee. 1525
Now every wise man let him herken me:
This storie is al so trewe, I undertake,
As is the book of Launcelot du Lake,
That women holde in ful gret reverence.
Now wol I turne agen to my sentence. 1529
A col fox, ful of sleigh iniquitee,
That in the grove had wonned yeres three,

℣. 15215.] At the side of this verse is written in the marg. of ms. *C. Petrus Comestor*, to intimate, I suppose, that this ma im is to be found in the *Historia Scholastica* of that author, wh was a celebrated commentator on the Bible in the 12th ce tury. See *Fabricius, Bib. Med. Ætat.* in v.

℣. 15221. *A col fox*] Skinner interprets this a blackish fo as if it were *a colefox*, Gl. *Urr.* It is much easier to refute t interpretation than to assign the true one. *Coll* appears fro ver. 15389 to have been a common name for a dog: in co position it is to be taken *in malam partem*, but in what prec sense I cannot say. See Chaucer's *H. of F.* b. iii. 187, *Coll-te getour*—and in the *Mirr. for Mag. Leg. of Glendour*, fol. 127, *col prophet* is plainly put for a false lying prophet. *Heywood* h an epigram *Of Colprophet, Cent.* vi. ep. 89.;

Thy prophesy poysonly to the pricke goth;
Colprophet and *colpoyson* thou art both.

By high imagination forecaſt,
The ſame night thurghout the hegges braſt
Into the yerd ther Chaunteclere the faire
Was wont, and eke his wives, to repaire,
And in a bedde of wortes ſtille he lay
Till it was paſſed undern of the day,
Waiting his time on Chaunteclere to falle,
As gladly don thiſe homicides alle
That in await liggen to mordre men.
O falſe mordrour! rucking in thy den,
O newe Scariot, newe Genelon!
O falſe diſſimulour, o Greek Sinon!
That broughteſt Troye al utterly to forwe,
O Chaunteclere! accurſed be the morwe
That thou into thy yerd flew fro the bemes;
Thou were ful wel ywarned by thy dremes
That thilke day was perilous to thee:
But what that God forewote moſt nedes be,

And in his *Proverbial Dialogues*, p. i. ch. x. he has the following lines;

Coll under caaſtyk ſhe can plaie on both hands;
Diſſimulation well ſhe underſtande.

I will add an alluſion of our Author in *The Teſt. of Love*, b. ii, to a ſtory of one *Collo*, which I cannot explain; "Buſiris ſlewe his geſtes, and he was ſlain of Hercules his geſte. Hugeſt betrayed many men, and of *Collo* was he betrayed."

†. 15240. *But what that God*] This paſſage has been tranſlated into (rather elegant) Latin iambicks by Sir H. Savil, in his preface to Bradwardin, *De Cauſâ Dei*, Lond. 1618. See the Teſtimonies, &c. vol. XIII. Our Author has diſcuſſed this queſtion of the divine preſcience, &c. more at large in his *Troilus*, b. iv. from ver. 957 to ver. 1078; it is an addition of his own,

After the opinion of certain clerkes,
Witneſſe on him that any perſe clerk is,
That in ſcole is gret altercation
In this matere and gret diſputiſon,
And hath ben of an hundred thouſand men.
But I ne cannot bolt it to the bren,
As can the holy Doctour Auguſtin,
Or Boece, or the Biſhop Bradwardin,
Whether that Goddes worthy forewetting
Streineth me nedely for to don a thing,
(Nedely clepe I ſimple neceſſitee)
Or elles if free chois be granted me
To do that ſame thing or do it nought,
Though God forewot it or that it was wroug
Or if his weting ſtreineth never a del
But by neceſſitee condicionel.
I wol not han to don of ſwiche maters;
My Tale is of a cok, as ye may here,
That took his conſeil of his wif with ſorwe
To walken in the yerd upon the morwe
That he had met the dreme, as I you told.
Womennes conſeiles ben ful often cold;
Womennes conſeil brought us firſt to wo,
And made Adam fro Paradis to go,
Ther as he was ful mery and wel at eſe:
But for I n'ot to whom I might diſpleſe

of which there is no trace in the Philoſtrato of Boc
Ly, &c. n. 62.

If I conſeil of women wolde blame,
Paſſe over, for I ſaid it in my game.
Rede auctours wher they trete of ſwiche matere,
And what they ſayn of women ye mown here.
Thiſe ben the Cokkes wordes and not mine;
I can non harme of no woman devine.

Faire in the ſond, to bath hire merily,
Lith Pertelote, and all hire ſuſters by,
Agein the ſonne, and Chaunteclere ſo free
Sang merrier than the mermaid in the ſee,
For Phiſiologus ſayth ſikerly
How that they ſingen wel and merily.

And ſo befell that as he caſt his eye
Among the wortes on a boterflie
He was ware of this fox that lay ful low:
Nothing ne liſt him thanne for to crow,
But cried anon Cok, cok, and up he ſterte
As man that was affraied in his herte,
For naturelly a beeſt deſireth flee
Fro his contrarie if he may it ſee,

℣. 15277. *Phiſiologus*] He alludes, I ſuppoſe, to a book in Latin metre entitled *Phyſiologus de Naturis xii. animalium*, by one Theobaldus, whoſe age is not known, *Fabr. Bib. Med. Æt.* in v. *Theobaldus*. There is a copy of this work in mſ. *Harl.* 3093, in which the ixth ſection, *De Sirenis*, begins thus;

Sirenæ ſunt monſtra maris reſonantia magnis
Vocibus et modulis cantus formantia multis,
Ad quas incaute veniunt ſæpiſſime nautæ,
Quæ faciunt ſompnum nimia dulcedine vocum, &c.

See alſo *R. R.* ver. 680.

Though he never erſt had ſeen it with his eye.
This Chauntoclere, whan he gan him eſpie,
He wold han fled; but that the fox anon
Said, Gentil Sire, alas! what wol ye don?
Be ye affraid of me that am your frend?
Now certes I were werſe than any fend
If I to you wold harme or vilanie.
I n'am not come your conſeil to eſpie,
But trewely the cauſe of my coming
Was only for to herken how ye ſing,
For trewely ye han as mery a ſteven
As any angel hath that is in heven,
Therwith ye han of muſike more feling
Than had Boece, or any that can ſing.
My Lord, your fader (God his ſoule bleſſe)
And eke your moder of hire gentilleſſe
Han in myn hous yben, to my gret eſe,
And certes, Sire, ful fain wold I you pleſe.
But for men ſpeke of ſinging, I wol ſey,
So mote I brouken wel min eyen twey,
Save you ne herd I never man ſo ſing
As did your fader in the morwening:
Certes it was of herte all that he ſong:
And for to make his vois the more ſtrong
He wold ſo peine him, that with both his eyen
He muſte winke, ſo loud he wolde crien,
And ſtonden on his tiptoon therwithal,
And ſtretchen forth his necke long and ſmal.

And eke he was of swiche discrecion,
That ther n'as no man in no region
That him in song or wisdom mighte passe.
I have wel sed in Dan Burnel the asse
Among his vers, how that ther was a cok
That for a preestes sone yave him a knok
Upon his leg, while he was yonge and nice,
He made him for to lese his benefice.
But certain ther is no comparison
Betwix the wisdom and discrecion
Of youre fader and his subtilitee.
Now singeth, sire, for Seinte Charitee!
Let see, can ye your fader contrefete?

This Chaunteclere his winges gan to bete,
As man that cond not his treson espie,
So was he ravished with his flaterie.

15315
15320
15325
15330

℣. 15318. *in Dan Burnel the asse*] The story alluded to is in a poem of Nigel Wireker, entitled *Burnellus, seu Speculum stultorum*, written in the time of Richard I. The substance of the story is in Gl. *Urr.* v. *Burnel.* The poem itself is in most collections of mss.: the printed copies are more rare, though there have been several editions of it. See *Leyser, Hist. Poet. Med. Ævi*, p. 752, 3.——*Burnell* is used as a nickname for the ass in the *Chester Whitsun Plays*, ms. *Harl.* 2013. [See the note on ver. 3539.] In the pageant of Balaam he says——

Go forth *Burnel*, go forth; go.
What the devil! my asse will not go.

And again, fol. 36, b. 2:

Burnell, why begilest thou me?

The original word was probably *Brunell*, from his brown colour, as the fox below, ver. 15340, is called *Russel*, from his red colour I suppose.

Alas! ye lordes, many a falſe flatour
Is in your court, and many a loſengeour,
That pleſeth you wel more, by my faith,
Than he that ſothfaſtneſſe unto you ſaith.
Redeth Eccleſiaſt of flaterie:
Beth ware, ye lordes, of hire trecherie.
This Chaunteclere ſtood high upon his toos
Stretching his necke, and held his eyen cloos,
And gan to crowen loude for the nones;
And Dan Ruſſel the fox ſtert up at ones,
And by the gargat hente Chaunteclere,
And on his back toward the wood him bere,
For yet ne was ther no man that him ſued.
O deſtinee! that maiſt not ben eſchued,
Alas that Chaunteclere flew fro the bemes!
Alas, his wif ne raughte not of dremes!
And on a Friday fell all this meſchance.
O Venus! that art goddeſſe of Pleſance,
Sin that thy ſervant was this Chaunteclere,
And in thy ſervice did all his powere,
More for delit than world to multiplie,
Why wolt thou ſuffre him on thy day to die?
O Gaufride, dere maiſter ſoverain!
That whan thy worthy King Richard was ſlain

℣. 15341. *by the gargat*] The editt. have changed this into *gorget*; but *gargat* is an old Fr. word, *Rom. de Rou.* mſ. *Reg.* 4, *C.* xi.;

O grant culteals e od granz cuignees
Lur unt *les gargates* trenchies.

℣. 15353. *O Gaufride*] He alludes to a paſſage in the *Nova Poetria* of Geoffrey de Vinſauf, publiſhed not long after the

With fyte complaineden his deth ſo ſore,
Why ne had I nowe thy ſcience and thy lore
The Friday for to chiden as did ye?
(For on a Friday ſothly ſlain was he)
Than wold I ſhew you how that I could plaine
For Chaunteclers drede and for his paine.
Certes ſwiche cry ne lamentation
N'as never of ladies made whan Ilion
Was wonne, and Pirrus with his ſtreite ſwerd,
Whan he had hent King Priam by the berd
And ſlain him, (as ſaith us *Eneidos*)
As maden all the hennes in the clos
Whan they had ſeen of Chaunteclere the ſight;
But ſoverainly Dame Pertelote ſhright
Full louder than did Haſdruballes wif
Whan that hire huſbond hadde yloſt his lif,

death of Richard I. In this work the author has not only given inſtructions for compoſing in the different ſtyles of poetry, but alſo examples. His ſpecimen of the plaintive kind of compoſition begins thus;

> Neuſtria, ſub clypeo regis defenſa Ricardi,
> Indefenſa modo, geſtu teſtare dolorem.
> Exundent oculi lacrymas; exterminet ora
> Pallor; connodet digitos tortura; cruentet
> Interiora dolor, et verberet æthera clamor:
> Tota peris ex morte ſua. Mors non fuit ejus,
> Sed tua; non una, ſed publica mortis origo.
> *O Veneris lacrymoſa dies!* o ſydus amarum!
> Illa dies tua nox fuit, et Venus illa venenum.
> Illa dedit vulnus, *&c.*

Theſe lines are ſufficient to ſhew the object and the propriety of Chaucer's ridicule. The whole poem is printed in *Leyſer's Hiſt. Po. Med. Ævi*, p. 862—978.

And that the Romaines hadden brent Cartage;
She was ſo ful of turment and of rage
That wilfully into the fire ſhe ſterte,
And brent hire ſelven with a ſtedfaſt herte.
O woful hennes! right ſo criden ye
As whan that Nero brente the citee
Of Rome cried the Senatoures wives
For that hir huſbonds loſten alle hir lives:
Withouten gilt this Nero hath hem ſlain.
Now wol I turne unto my Tale again.
The ſely widewe and hire doughtren two
Herden theſe hennes crie and maken wo,
And out at the dores ſterten they anon,
And ſaw the fox toward the wode is gon,
And bare upon his back the cok away:
They crieden out Harow and wala wa!
A ha the fox! and after him they ran,
And eke with ſtaves many another man;
Ran Colle our dogge, and Talbot and Gerlond,
And Malkin, with hire diſtaf in hire hond;
Ran cow and calf; and eke the veray hogges
So fered were for berking of the dogges,
And ſhouting of the men and women eke,
They ronnen ſo hem thought hir hertes breke;
They yelleden as fendes don in helle;
The dokes crieden as men wold hem quelle;
The gees for fere flewen over the trees,
Out of the hive came the ſwarme of bees,

So hidous was the noiſe, a *benedicite!*
Certes he Jakke Straw and his meinie
Ne maden never ſhoutes half ſo ſhrille,
Whan that they wolden any Fleming kille,
As thilke day was made upon the fox.
Of bras they broughten beemes and of box,
Of horn and bone, in which they blew and pouped,
And therwithal they ſhriked and they houped;
It ſemed as that the heven ſhulde falle.
Now, goode men, I pray you herkeneth alle:
Lo how Fortune turneth ſodenly
The hope and pride eke of hire enemy!
This cok that lay upon the foxes bake,
In all his drede unto the fox he ſpake,
And ſayde; Sire, if that I were as ye
Yet wold I ſain, (as wiſly God help me)
Turneth ageín, ye proude cherles alle,
A very peſtilence upon you falle:
Now I am come unto the wodes ſide,
Maugre your hed the cok ſhal here abide;
I wol him ete in faith, and that anon.
The fox anſwered, In faith it ſhal be don:
And as he ſpake the word al ſodenly
The cok brake from his mouth deliverly,
And high upon a tree he flew anon.
And whan the fox ſaw that the cok was gon,
Alas! quod he, o Chaunteclere, alas!
I have (quod he) ydon to you treſpas,

In as moche as I maked you aferd
Whan I you hente and brought out of your yerd;
But, Sire, I did it in no wikke entente:
Come doun, and I shal tell you what I mente:
I shal say sothe to you, God helpe me so.
Nay than, quod he, I shrewe us bothe two;
And first I shrewe myself bothe blood and bones
If thou begile me oftener than ones.
Thou shalt no more thurgh thy flaterie
Do me to sing and winken with myn eye,
For he that winketh whan he shulde see,
Al wilfully, God let him never the.
Nay, quod the fox, but God yeve him meschance
That is so indiscrete of governance
That jangleth whan that he shuld hold his pees.
Lo, which it is for to be reccheles
And negligent, and trust on flaterie.
But ye that holden this Tale a folie,
As of a fox, or of a cok or hen,
Taketh the moralitee therof, good men;
For Seint Poule sayth, that all that writen is
To our doctrine it is ywriten ywis.
Taketh the fruit, and let the chaf be stille.
Now, goode God, if that it be thy wille,
As sayth my Lord, so make us all good men,
And bring us to thy highe blisse. *Amen.*

✝. 15451. *As sayth my Lord*] Oppofite to this verfe in the margin of mf. *C.* 1, is written *Kantuar*, which means, I fuppofe, that fome archbifhop of Canterbury is quoted.

Sire Nonnes Preeſt, our Hoſte ſayd anon
Beſſed be thy breche and every ſton;
This was a mery Tale of Chaunteclere:
But by my trouthe if thou were feculere
Thou woldeſt ben a tredefoule a right,
For if thou have corage as thou hast mig
Thee were nede of hennes, as I wene,
Ye mo than ſeven times ſeventene.
Se whiche braunes hath this gentil Prec
So gret a necke, and ſwiche a large bre
He loketh as a ſparhauk with his even
Him nedeth not his colour for to dien
With Brasil ne with grain of Portin.g
But, Sire, faire falle you for your I
And after that he with ful mery cher
Sayd to another as ye ſhulen here.

* * * * *

†. 15468. *Sayd to another*] I have el
courſe, &c. § 37, that in mſſ. *Ash.* 1, 2, 5
Scide unto *the Nunne* as ye ſhul here.
The following are the ſix forged lines wh
habit by way of introduction to The Nun
Madame, and I corſe I wolde your gra
I wolle a Tale in forthe
I can nought we do
Gladly, ſire, quoth ſhe,
You and this worthy
Begin. Lit Tale

THE SECOND NONNES TALE.

THE miniſtre and the norice unto vices,
Which that men clepe in Engliſh idelneſſe,
That porter at the gate is of Delices,
To eſchuen, and by hire contrary hire oppreſſe,
That is to ſain, by leſul beſineſſe,
Wel oughte we to don al our entente,
Leſt that the fend thurgh idelneſſe us hente.
For he that with his thouſand cordes ſlie
Continuelly us waiteth to beclappe,
Whan he may man in idelneſſe eſpie,
He can ſo lightly cacche him in his trappe,
Til that a man be hent right by the lappe
He n'is not ware the fend hath him in hond:
Wel ought us werche and idelneſſe withſtond.
And though men dradden never for to die,
Yet ſee men wel by reſon douteles
That idelneſſe is rote of ſlogardie,
Of which ther never cometh no good encrees,
And ſee that ſlouthe holdeth hem in a lees,
Only to ſlepe and for to ete and drinke,
And to devouren all that other ſwinke.
And for to put us from ſwiche idelneſſe,
That cauſe is of ſo gret confuſion,
I have here don my feithful beſineſſe,
After the legende, in tranſlation
Right of thy glorious lif and paſſion,

The Second Nonnes Tale] The life and death of Saint Cecily. *Sp.*

Thou with thy gerlond wrought of roſe and lilie,
Thee mene I, maid and martir, Seinte Cecilie.
And thou, that arte floure of virgines all,
Of whom that Bernard lift ſo wel to write,
To thee at my beginning firſt I call,
Thou comfort of us wretches, do me endite
Thy maidens deth, that wan thurgh hire merite
The eternal lif, and over the fend victorie,
As man may after reden in hire ſtorie.
Thou maide and mother, doughter of thy ſon,
Thou wel of mercy, ſinful ſoules cure,
In whom that God of bountee chees to won;
Thou humble and high over every creature,
Thou nobledeſt ſo fer forth our nature,
That no deſdaine the maker had of kinde
His ſon in blood and fleſh to clothe and winde.
Within the cloyſtre blisful of thy ſides
Toke mannes ſhape the eternal Love and Pees,
That of the trine compas Lord and gide is,
Whom erthe, and ſee, and heven, out of relees
Ay herien; and thou virgine wemmeles
Bare of thy body (and dwelteſt maiden pure)
The creatour of every creature.

†. 15514. *out of relees*] All the beſt mſſ. concur in this reading, and therefore I have followed them, though I confeſs that I do not clearly underſtand the phraſe, unleſs perhaps it mean without releaſe, without being ever releaſed from their duty. The common reading *withoutenlees* is a genuine Saxon phraſe; *butan leas*, *abſque falſo*, without a lie.

Aſſembled is in thee magnificence
With mercy, goodneſſe, and with ſwiche pitee
That thou, that art the ſonne of excellence,
Nor only helpeſt hem that praien thee,
But oftentime of thy benignitee
Ful freely, or thaa men thin helpe beſeche,
Thou goeſt beforne and art hir lives leche.

Now helpe, thou meke and blisful faire maide,
Me ſlemed wreteh, in this deſert of galle;
Thinke on the woman Cananee, that ſaide
That whelpes eten ſom of the cromes alle
That from hir lordes table ben yfalle;
And though that I, unworthy ſone of Eve,
Be ſinful, yet accepteth my beleve.

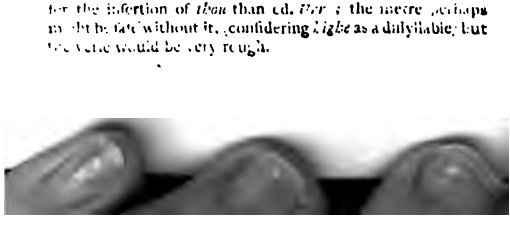
And for that feith is ded withouten werkes,
So for to werken yeve me wit and ſpace
That I be quit from thennes that moſt derke is:
O thou! that art ſo faire and ful of grace,
Be thou min advocat in that high place,
Ther as withouten ende is ſonge Oſanne,
Thou Criſtes mother, doughter dere of Anne.

And of thy light my ſoule in priſon light,
That troubled is by the contagion

ỳ. 15517. *Aſſembled is*] This ſtanza is very like one in The Prioreſſes Tale, ver. 13403—13410.

ỳ. 15520. *ſonne of excellence*] See the *Diſcourſe*, &c. § 37, n. 20.

ỳ. 15526. *Me ſlemed wreteh*] Have no better authority for the inſertion of *thou* than ed. *Ber.*: the meere perhaps might be ſaid without it, conſidering *wight* as a diſſyllable; but the verſe would be very rough.



Of my body, and alſo by the wight
Of erthly luſt and falſe affection:
O haven of refute! o ſalvation
Of hem that ben in ſorwe and in diſtreſſe!
Now help, for to my werk I wol me dreſſe.
Yet pray I you that reden that I write
Foryeve me that I do no diligence
This ilke ſtorie ſubtilly to endite;
For both have I the wordes and ſentence
Of him that at the ſeintes reverence
The ſtorie wrote, and folowed hire legende,
And pray you that ye wol my werk amende.
Firſt wol I you the name of Seinte Cecilie
Expoune, as men may in hire ſtorie ſee;
It is to ſayn in Engliſh, Hevens lilie,
For pure chaſtneſſe of virginitee,
Or for ſhe whitneſſe had of honeſtee,
And grene of conſcience, and of good fame
The ſwote ſavour, Lilie was hire name.
Or Cecilie is to ſayn, The way to blinde,
For ſhe enſample was by good teching,
Or elles Cecilie, as I writen finde,
Is joined by a maner conjoining
Of heven and *Lia*, and here in figuring

✝. 15553. *Firſt wol I*] The note upon this in the margin of mſ. *C.* 1 is—"Interpretatio, &c. quam ponit Frater Jacobus "Januenſis in Legendâ Aureâ." It has been obſerved in the *Diſcourſe*, &c. that this whole Tale is almoſt literally tranſlated from the *Legenda Aurea*.

The heven is ſet for thought of holineſſe,
And *Lia* for hire laſting beſineſſe.
Cecilie may eke be ſayd in this manere,
Wanting of blindneſſe, for hire grete light
Of ſapience, and for hire thewes clere;
Or elles lo this maidens name bright
Of heven and *Leos* cometh, for which by right
Men might hire wel the heven of peple calle,
Enſample of good and wiſe werkes alle:
For *Leos* peple in Engliſh is to ſay;
And right as men may in the heven ſee
The ſonne and mone, and ſterres, every way,
Right ſo men goſtly, in this maiden free
Sawen of faith the magnanimitee,
And eke the clereneſſe hole of ſapience,
And ſondry werkes bright of excellence.
And right ſo as thiſe philoſophres write,
That heven is ſwift and round, and eke brenning,
Right ſo was faire Cecilie the white
Ful ſwift and beſy in every good werking,
And round and hole in good perſevering,
And brenning ever in charitee ful bright.
Now have I you declared what ſhe hight.
This maiden, bright Cecile, as hire lif faith,
Was come of Romaines, and of noble kind,
And from hire cradle foſtred in the faith
Of Criſt, and bare his goſpel in hire mind:
She never ceſed, as I writen find,

Of hire prayere, and God to love and drede,
Beſeching him to kepe hire maidenhede.
And whan this maiden ſhuld until a man
Ywedded be that was ful yonge of age,
Which that ycleped was Valerian,
And day was comen of hire marriage,
She ful devout and humble in hire corage;
Under hire robe of gold, that ſat ful faire,
Had next hire fleſh yclad hire in an haire.
And while that the organs maden melodie
To God alone thus in hire hert ſong ſhe;
O Lord! my ſoule and eke my body gie
Unwemmed, leſt that I confounded be.
And for his love that died upon the tree
Every ſecond or thridde day ſhe faſt,
Ay bidding in hire oriſons ful faſt.
The night came, and to bedde muſt ſhe gon
With hire huſbond, as it is the manere,
And prively ſhe ſaid to him anon;
O ſwete and wel beloved ſpouſe dere!
Ther is a conſeil; and ye wol it here,
Which that right fayn I wold unto you ſaie,
So that ye ſwere ye wol it not bewraie.
Valerian gan faſt unto hire ſwere
That for no cas ne thing that mighte be
He ſhulde never to non bewraien here;
And than at erſt thus to him ſaide ſhe:
I have an angel which that loveth me,

That with gret love wher ſo I wake or ſlepe
Is redy ay my body for to kepe;
And if that he may ſelen out of drede
That ye me touch or love in vilanie,
He right anon wol ſleen you with the dede,
And in your youthe thus ye ſhulden die;
And if that ye in clene love me gie,
He wol you love as me for your cleneneſſe,
And ſhew to you his joye and his brightneſſe.
This Valerian, corrected as God wold,
Anſwerd again; If I ſhal truſten thee
Let me that angel ſeen and him behold,
And if that it a veray angel be
Than wol I don as thou haſt prayed me;
And if thou love another man, forſothe
Right with this ſwerd than wol I ſlee you bothe.
Cecile anſwerd anon right in this wiſe:
If that you liſt the angel ſhul ye ſee,
So that ye trowe on Criſt, and you baptiſe:
Goth forth to Via Apia, (quod ſhe)
That fro this toun ne ſtant but miles three,
And to the poure folkes that ther dwellen
Say hem right thus as that I ſhal you tellen.
Tell hem that I Cecile you to hem ſent
To ſhewen you the good Urban the old,
For ſecree nedes and for good entent;
And whan that ye Seint Urban han behold
Tell him the wordes whiche I to you told;

ou that he hath purged you fro finne
al ye feen that angel er ye twinne.
han is to the place gon,
ht as he was taught by hire lerning
this holy old Urban anon
the feintes buriels louting;
anon withouten tarying
meſſage, and whan that he it tolde
or joye his hondes gan upholde.
eres from his eyen let he fälle;
ty Lord, o Jeſu Criſt! quod he,
f chaſt conſeil, hierde of us alle,
it of thilke ſeed of chaſtitee
ou haſt ſow in Cecile take to thee:
: a buſy bee withouten gile
rveth ay thin owen thral Cecile.
hilke ſpouſe that ſhe toke but newe,
a fiers leon, ſhe ſendeth here
s as ever was any lambe to ewe.
th that word anon ther gan apere
man clad in white clothes clere,
d a book with lettres of gold in hond,
n beforne Valerian to ſtond.
ian as ded fell doun for drede
e him ſaw, and he up hent him tho,
his book right thus he gan to rede:

54. *louting*] *i. e. Latitantem*, marg. *C.* 1, from the Sax. *utian, latere.*

On Lord, on faith, on God withouten mo,
On Criſtendom, and fader of all alſo
Aboven all, and over all every wher.
Thiſe wordes all with gold ywriten were.
Whan this was red, than ſaid this olde man,
Leveſt thou this thing or no? ſay ye or nay.
I leve all this thing, quod Valerian,
For ſother thing than this I dare wel ſay
Under the heven no wight thinken may.
Tho vaniſſhed the olde man he n'iſte wher,
And Pope Urban him criſtened right ther.
Valerian goth home, and fint Cecilie
Within his chambre with an angel ſtonde:
This angel had of roſes and of lilie
Corones two, the which he bare in honde,
And firſt to Cecile, as I underſtonde,
He yaf that on, and after gan he take
That other to Valerian hire make.
With body clene and with unwemmed thought
Kepeth ay wel thiſe corones two, quod he,
From Paradis to you I have hem brought,
Ne never mo ne ſhul they roten be,
Ne leſe hir ſwete ſavour, truſteth me,

℣. 15675. *On Lord, on faith*] I have adopted this reading in preference to that of the beſt mſſ.—*O Lord, o faith, o God*, &c. —in order to guard againſt the miſtake which the editt. have generally fallen into of conſidering *o*, in this paſſage, as the ſign of the vocative caſe. *On* and *o* are uſed indifferently by Chaucer to ſignify *one*.

I shal seen hem with his eye,
s and hate vilanie.
Valerian, for thou so sone
good conseil, also
list and thou shalt him thy bone.
r, quod Valerian tho,
wold I love no man so,
my brother may have grace
outh, as I do in this place.
yd, God liketh thy requeſt,
h the palme of martirdome
e unto his blisful reſt;
word Tiburce his brother come.
: he the savour undernome,
: roſes and the lilies caſt,
te he gan to wonder faſt,
wonder this time of the yere
ſwete savour cometh so
ies that I ſmelle here,
ad hem in min hondes two
ght in me no deper go:
I that in min herte I find
me all in another kind.
l, Two corones han we
id roſe-red, that ſhinen clere,
n eyen han no might to ſee,
elleſt hem thurgh my praiere,
en hem, leve brother dere,

If it ſo be thou wolt withouten ſlouthe
Beleve aright, and know the veray trouthe.
Tiburce anſwered; Saieſt thou this to me
In ſothneſſe, or in dreme herken I this?
In dremes, quod Valerian, han we be
Unto this time, brother min, ywis;
But now at erſt in trouthe our dwelling is.
How woſt thou this, quod Tiburce, in what wiſe?
Quod Valerian, That ſhal I thee deviſe.
The angel of God hath me the trouth ytaught,
Which thou ſhalt ſeen, if that thou wilt reney
The idoles, and be clene, and elles naught.
[And of the miracle of thiſe corones twey . . .
Seint Ambroſe in his preface liſt to ſey;
Solempnely this noble doctour dere
Commendeth it, and ſaith in this manere:
The palme of martirdome for to receive
Seint Cecilie, fulfilled of Goddes yeſt,
The world and eke hire chambre gan ſhe weive,

℣. 15738. [*And of the miracle*] I ſhould have been glad to have met with any authority for leaving out this parentheſis of fourteen lines, which interrupts the narration ſo awkwardly, and to ſo little purpoſe. The ſubſtance of it is in the printed editions of the Latin *Legenda Aurea*, but appears evidently to have been at firſt a marginal obſervation, and to have crept into the text by the blunder of ſome copiſt: accordingly it is wanting in Caxton's Golden Legende, and, I ſuppoſe, in the French *Legende Dorée*, from which he tranſlated. The author of the French verſion had either made uſe of an uncorrupted mſ. or perhaps had been ſagacious enough to diſcern and reject the interpolation.

iburees and Cecile's ſhrift,
Jod of his bountee wolde ſhift
d, of floures wel ſmelling,
his angel hem the corones bring.
d hath brought thiſe men to bliſſe above;
hath wiſt what it is worth certain
f chaſtitee to love.]
:wed him Cecile all open and plain
ples n'is but a thing in vain,
n dombe, and therto they ben deve,
:d him his idoles for to leve.
hat troweth not this a beſt he is,
Tiburce, if that I ſhal not lie.
n kiſſe his breſt whan ſhe herd this,
l glad he coude trouth eſpie:
take thee for min allie,
liſful faire maiden dere;
hat ſhe ſaid as ye may here:
t ſo as the love of Criſt (quod ſhe)
ay brothers wif, right in that wiſe
iine allie here take I thee,
thou wolt thin idoles deſpiſe:
thy brother now and thee baptiſe,
thee clene, ſo that thou maiſt behold
face of which thy brother told.
anſwered, and ſaide, Brother dere,
e whither I ſhal, and to what man.
quod he, Come forth with goode chere,

I wol thee lede unto the Pope Urban.
To Urban? brother min, Valerian,
Quod tho Tiburce, wilt thou me thider lede? 157
Me thinketh that it were a wonder dede.
Ne meneſt thou not Urban (quod he tho)
That is ſo often damned to be ded,
And woneth in halkes alway to and fro,
And dare not ones putten forth his hed? 157
Men ſhuld him brennen in a fire ſo red
If he were found, or that men might him ſpie,
And we alſo, to bere him compagnie.
And while we ſeken thilke divinitee
That is yhid in heven prively, 157
Algate ybrent in this world ſhuld we be.
To whom Cecile anſwered boldely;
Men mighten dreden wel and ſkilfully
This lif to leſe, min owen dere brother!
If this were living only and non other. 157
But ther is better lif in other place
That never ſhal be loſt, ne drede thee nought,
Which Goddes ſone us tolde thurgh his grace,
That fadres ſone which alle thinges wrought;
And all that wrought is with a ſkilful thought, 157
The goſt that from the fader gan procede
Hath ſouled hem withouten any drede.

℣. 15783. *And we alſo*] It ſhould have been *us*: I take tice of this, becauſe Chaucer is very rarely guilty of ſuc offence againſt grammar.

By word and by miracle he Goddes ſone,
Whan he was in this world, declared here
That ther is other lif ther men may wone.
To whom anſwerd Tiburce; O ſuſter dere!
Ne ſaideſt thou right now in this manere,
Ther n'as but o God Lord in ſothfaſtneſſe,
And now of three how mayſt thou bere witneſſe?
That ſhal I tell, quod ſhe, or that I go.
Right as a man hath ſapiences three,
Memorie, engine, and intellect alſo,
So in o being of divinitee
Three perſones mowen ther righte wel be.
Tho gan ſhe him ful beſily to preche
Of Criſtes ſonde, and of his peines teche,
And many pointes of his paſſion,
How Goddes ſone in this world was withhold
To don mankinde pleine remiſſion,
That was ybound in ſinne and cares cold.
All this thing ſhe unto Tiburce told,
And after this Tiburce in good entent
With Valerian to Pope Urban he went,
That thanked God, and with glad herte and light
He criſtened him, and made him in that place
Parfite in his lerning, and Goddes knight:
And after this Tiburce gat ſwiche grace
That every day he ſaw in time and ſpace
The angel of God, and every maner bone
That he God axed it was ſped ful ſone.

It were ful hard by ordre for to ſain
How many wonders Jeſus for hem wrought:
But at the laſt, to tellen ſhort and plain,
The ſergeaunts of the toun of Rome hem ſought,
And hem before Almache the Prefect brought,
Which hem appoſed, and knew all hir entent,
And to the image of Jupiter hem ſent.

And ſaid; Who ſo wol nought do ſacrifice
Swap of his hed; this is my ſentence here.
Anon thiſe martyrs that I you deviſe
On Maximus, that was an officere
Of the Prefectes, and his Corniculere,
Hem hent, and whan he forth the feintes lad
Himſelf he wept for pitee that he had.

Whan Maximus had herd the feintes lore
He gate him of the turmentoures leve,
And lad hem to his hous withouten more;
And with hir preching or that it were eve
They gonnen fro the turmentours to reve,
And fro Maxime, and fro his folk eche on,
The falſe faith, to trowe in God alone.

Cecilie came, whan it was waxen night,
With preeſtes, that hem criſtened all yfere;
And afterward whan day was waxen light
Cecilie hem ſaid with a ful ſtedfaſt chere,
Now, Criſtes owen knightes leve and dere,
Caſte all away the werkes of derkeneſſe,
And armeth you in armes of brightneſſe.

Ye han forſoth ydon a gret batail[le];
Your cours is don; your faith hath y[ou] conſerved;
Goth to the croune of lif that may n[ot] faille; 15856
The rightful juge, which that ye han [ſer]ved,
Shal yeve it you, as ye han it deſerved
And whan this thing was ſaid as I dev[ise]
Men ledde hem forth to don the ſacrifice. 15860
But whan they weren to[gider] ybrought,
To tellen ſhortly the c[ontent]
They n'olde encenſe ne [worſhipe] ought,
But on hir knees they f[ul] an,
With humble herte and [ful] ſon, 15865
And loſten bothe hir hedes in [the] place:
Hir ſoules wenten to the King of grace.
This Maximus, that ſaw this thing betide,
With pitous teres told it anon right
That he hir ſoules ſaw to heven glide 15870
Of angels, ful of clereneſſe and of light,
And with his word converted many a wight,
Which Almachius did him to-bete
With whip of led til he his lif gan lete.

3855. *Your cours is don*] So all the mſſ. In ed. *Ucr. don* [ſay]ed to *run*; and I believe no modern poet would have [us]ed any other verb with *cours*, eſpecially after he had uſed [the] preceding line; but I am not clear that Chaucer at[tri]buted such niceties.——In the latter part of this line the [rea]d—*Your faith han ye conſerved*—and I know not [ne]gligence I omitted to follow them.

Cecile him toke and buried him anon
By Tiburce and Valerian ſoftely,
Within hir burying place, under the ſton;
And after this Almachius haſtily
Bad his miniſtres fetchen openly
Cecile, ſo that ſhe might in his preſence
Don ſacrifice, and Jupiter encenſe.

But they, converted at hire wiſe lore,
Wepten ful ſore, and yaven ful credence
Unto hire word, and crieden more and more
Criſt, Goddes ſone, withouten difference,
Is veray God, this is all our ſentence,
That hath ſo good a ſervant him to ſerve:
Thus with o vois we trowen though we ſterve.

Almachius, that herd of this doing,
Bad fetchen Cecile, that he might hire ſee:
And alderfirſt, lo, this was his axing;
What maner woman arte thou? quod he.
I am a gentilwoman borne, quod ſhe.
I axe thee, quod he, though it thee greve,
Of thy religion and of thy beleve.

Why than began your queſtion folily,
Quod ſhe, that woldeſt two anſwers conclude
In o demand? Ye axen lewedly.
Almache anſwerd to that ſimilitude,
Of whennes cometh thin anſwering ſo rude?
Of whennes? (quod ſhe, whan that ſhe was freined)
Of conſcience, and of good faith unfeined.

hius ſaid ; Ne takeſt thou non hede
wer? And ſhe him anſwerd this ;
ſhe (quod ſhe) ful litel is to drede,
r mortal mannes power n'is
a bladder ful of wind ywis,
a nedles poïnt whan it is blow
he boſt of it be laid ful low.
ongfully begonneſt thou, (quod he)
in wrong is al thy perſeverance :
u not how our mighty princes free
is commanded and made ordinance
ry Criſten wight ſhal han penance
it he his Criſtendome withſeye,
al quite if he wol it reneye?
rinces erren, as your nobley doth,
) Cecile, and with a wood ſentence
us gilty, and it is not ſoth ;
hat knowen wel our innocence,
oche as we doa ay reverence
, and for we bere a Criſten name,
n us a crime and eke a blame.
e, that knowen thilke name ſo
ious, we may it not withſeye.
anſwered; Cheſe on of thiſe two,
ice, or Criſtendom reneye,
u mow now eſcapen by that wey.
a this holy blisful fayre maid
o laughe, and to the juge ſaid ;

O juge! confuſe in thy nicetee,
Woldeſt thou that I reneye innocence?
To maken me a wicked wight (quod ſhe)
Lo, he diſſimuleth here in audience,
He ſtareth and wodeth in his advertence.
To whom Almachius ſaid, Unſely wretch!
Ne woſt thou not how far my might may ſtretch?
Han not our mighty princes to me yeven
Ya bothe power and eke auctoritee.
To maken folk to dien or to liven?
Why ſpekeſt thou ſo proudly than to me?
I ne ſpeke nought but ſtedfaſtly, quod ſhe,
Not proudely, for I ſay, as for my ſide
We haten dedly thilke vice of pride.
And if thou drede not a ſoth for to here
Than wol I ſhewe al openly by right
That thou haſt made a ful gret leſing here.
Thou ſaiſt thy princes han thee yeven might
Both for to ſlee and for to quiken a wight.
Thou that ne maiſt but only lif bereve
Thou haſt non other power ne no leve.
But thou maiſt ſayn thy princes han thee maked
Miniſtre of Deth, for if thou ſpeke of mo
Thou lieſt, for thy power is ful naked.
Do way thy boldneſſe, ſaid Almachius tho,
And ſacrifice to our goddes er thou go.
I recke not what wrong that thou me proffre,
For I can ſuffre it as a philoſophre.

But thilke wronges may I not endure
That thou ſpeketſt of our goddes here, quod he.
Cecile anſwerd; O nice creature!
Thou ſaideſt no word ſin thou ſpake to me
That I ne knew therwith thy nicetee,
And that thou were in every maner wiſe
A lewed officer, a vain juſtice.
Ther lacketh nothing to thin utter eyen
That thou n'art blind; for thing that we ſeen alle,
That is a ſton, that men may wel eſpien,
That ilke ſton a god thou wolt it calle:
I rede thee let thin hond upon it falle,
And taſt it wel, and ſton thou ſhalt it find,
Sin that thou ſeeſt not with thin eyen blind.
It is a ſhame that the peple ſhal
So ſcornen thee, and laugh at thy folie,
For comunly men wot it wel over al
That mighty God is in his hevens hie;
And thiſe images, wel maiſt thou eſpie,
To thee ne to hemſelf may not profite,
For in effect they be not worth a mite.
Thiſe and ſwiche other wordes ſaide ſhe,
And he wex wroth, and bade men ſhuld hire lede
Home til hire houſe, and in hire hous (quod he)
Brenne hire right in a bath with flames rede.
And as he bade right ſo was don the dede,
For in a bathe they gonne hire faſte ſhetten,
And night and day gret fire they under betten.

15960
15965
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†. 15966. *thin utter eyen*] *Exterioribus oculis*, marg. mſ. *C.* 1.

The longe night, and eke a day alſo,
For all the fire, and eke the bathes hete,
She ſate al cold, and felt of it no wo;
It made hire not a drope for to ſwete;
But in that bath hire lif ſhe muſte lete,
For he Almache with a ful wicke entent
To ſleen hire in the bath his ſonde ſent.
Three ſtrokes in the nekke he ſmote hire tho
The turmentour, but for no maner chance
He mighte not ſmite all hire nekke atwo:
And for ther was that time an ordinance
That no man ſhulde don man ſwiche penance
The fourthe ſtroke to ſmiten ſoft or ſore,
This turmentour ne dorſte do no more;
But half ded, with hire nekke ycorven ther
He left hire lie, and on his way is went:
The Criſten folk which that about hire were
With ſhetes han the blood ful faire yhent:
Three dayes lived ſhe in this turment,
And never ceſed hem the faith to teche;
That ſhe had foſtred hem ſhe gan to preche.
And hem ſhe yaf hire mebles and hire thing,
And to the Pope Urban betoke hem tho,
And ſaid, I axed this of heven King
To have reſpit three dayes and no mo,
To recommend to you or that I go
Thiſe foules, lo, and that I might do werche
Here of min hous perpetuellich a cherche.

ɾban with his dekenes prively 1601.
ɹy fette, and buried it by night
his other ſeintes honeſtly.
ɔus The Cherche of Seint Cecile hight;
Jrban halowed it, as he wel might,
/hich unto this day in noble wiſe
ɹen don to Criſt and to his ſeinte ſerviſe. 1602

THE CHAN. YEMANNES PROL.

WHAN that tolde was the lif of Seinte Cecile,
Er we had ridden fully five mile,

ɣ. 16023. *ſive mile*] So all the mſſ. except *E.* which rea *half a mile.* This latter reading muſt certainly be preferred, we ſuppoſe that Chaucer meant to mark the interval betwe the concluſion of The Nonnes Tale and the arrival of the ch non; but it would be contrary to the general plan of our A thor's work, and to his practice upon other occaſions, that t Hoſte ſhould ſuffer the company

To riden by the way dombe as the ſton

even for *half a mile:* I am therefore rather inclined to belie that *ſive mile* is the right reading, and that it was intended mark the diſtance from ſome place, which we are now unab to determine with certainty, for want of the Prologue to T Nonnes Tale.—I have ſometimes ſuſpected that it was the i tention of Chaucer to begin the journey *from* Canterbury wi The Nonnes Tale: in that caſe *ſive mile* would mark very tru the diſtance from Canterbury to Boughton-under-Blee. T circumſtances too of the chanon's overtaking the pilgrim and looking "as he had priked," or gallopped, "miles three would agree better with this ſuppoſition. It is ſcarce credit that he ſhould have ridden after them from Southwark Boughton without overtaking them; and if he had, it m have been a very inadequate repreſentation of his conditi to ſay that "It ſemed he had priked *miles three.*" Beſides, t words of the Yeman, [ver. 16056, 7,]

At Boughton-under-Blee us gan atake
A man that clothed was in clothes blake,
And undernethe he wered a white surplis.
His hakeney, which that was al pomelee gris,
So swatte that it wonder was to see;
It semed as he had priked miles three.
The horse eke that his Yeman rode upon
So swatte that unnethes might he gon:
About the peytrel stood the fome ful hie;
He was of fome as flecked as a pie.
A male tweifold on his croper lay,
It semed that he caried litel array;
Al light for sommer rode this worthy man.
And in my herte wondren I began
What that he was, til that I understode
How that his cloke was sowed to his hode,

—now in the morwe tide
Out of your hostelrie I saw you ride—

seem to imply that they were overtaken in the same morning in which they set out; but it must have been considerably after noon before they reached Boughton from Southwark.—'There is another way of solving these difficulties, by supposing that the pilgrims lay upon the road, and that The Nonnes Tale was the first of the second day's journey. It is most probable that a great part of the company (not to mention their horses) would have had no objection to dividing the journey to Canterbury into two days, but if they lay only *five miles* on this side of Boughton I do not see how they could spend the whole second day till evening [see ver. 17316] in travelling from thence to Canterbury.—I must take notice too, in opposition to my first hypothesis, that the manner in which the Yeman expresses himself in ver. 16091, 2, seems to shew that he was riding *to* Canterbury.

whan I had long aviſed me
him ſeme chanon for to be.
heng at his back doun by a las,
had ridden more than trot or pas;
ay priked like as he were wode.
ote leſe he had laid under his hode
ſwete, and for to kepe his hed fro hete:
but it was joye for to ſeen him ſwete;
His forehed dropped as a ſtillatorie
Were ful of plantaine or of paritorie.
And whan that he was come he gan to crie,
God ſave (quod he) this joly compagnie!
Faſt have I priked (quod he) for your ſake,
Becauſe that I wolde you atake,
To riden in this mery compagnie.
His Yeman was eke ful of curteſie,
And ſaide, Sires, now in the morwe tide
Out of your hoſtelrie I ſaw you ride,
And warned here my lord and ſoverain,
Which that to riden with you is ful fain
For his diſport; he loveth daliance.
Frend, for thy warning God yeve the good chance,
Than ſaid our Hoſte: certain it wolde ſeme
Thy lord were wiſe, and ſo I may wel deme;
He is ful joconde alſo dare I leye:
Can he ought tell a mery tale or tweie,
With which he gladen may this compagnie?
Who, Sire? my lord? Ye, Sire, withouten lie,

He can of mirth and eke of jolitee
Not but ynough: alſo, Sire, truſteth me
And ye him knew al ſo wel as do I
Ye wolden wondre how wel and craftily
He coude werke, and that in ſondry wiſe:
He hath take on him many a gret empriſe,
Which were ful harde for any that is here
To bring about but they of him it lere.
As homely as he rideth amonges you
If ye him knew it wold be for your prow:
Ye wolden not forgon his acquaintance
For mochel good, I dare lay in balance
All that I have in my poſſeſſion.
He is a man of high diſcreſſion;
I warne you wel he is a paſſing man.
Wel, quod our Hoſte, I pray thee tell me than
Is he a clerk or non? Tell what he is.
Nay, he is greter than a clerk ywis,
Saide this Yeman, and in wordes fewe,
Hoſte, of his craft ſomwhat I wol you ſhewe.
I ſay my lord can ſwiche a ſubtiltee,
(But all his craft ye moun not wete of me,
And ſomwhat help I yet to his werking)
That all the ground on which we ben riding,
Til that we come to Canterbury toun,
He coud al clene turnen up ſo doun,
And pave it all of ſilver and of gold.
And whan this Yeman had this tale ytolde

Unto our Hoſte, he ſaid *Benedicite!*
This thing is wonder mervaillous to me,
Sin that thy lord is of ſo high prudence,
Becauſe of which men ſhulde him reverence,
That of his worſhip rekketh he ſo lite;
His overeſt ſloppe it is not worth a mite,
As in effect, to him, ſo mote I go;
It is all baudy and to-tore alſo.
Why is thy lord ſo ſluttiſh I thee preye,
And is of power better cloth to beye,
If that his dede acorded with thy ſpeche?
Telle me that, and that I thee beſeche.
Why? quod this Yeman, wherto axe ye me?
God helpe me ſo, for he ſhal never the:
(But I wol not avowen that I ſay,
And therfore kepe it ſecree I you pray)
He is to wiſe in faith, as I beleve:
Thing that is overdon it wol not preve
Aright, as clerkes ſain; it is a vice;
Wherfore in that I hold him lewed and nice;
For whan a man hath overgret a wit
Ful oft him happeth to miſuſen it:
So doth my lord, and that me greveth fore:
God it amende; I can ſay now no more.
Therof no force, good Yeman, quod our Hoſt;
Sin of the conning of thy lord thou woſt
Telle how he doth, I pray thee hertily,
Sin that he is ſo crafty and ſo ſly.

Wher dwellen ye, if it to tellen be?
In the ſubarbes of a toun, quod he,
Lurking in hernes and in lanes blinde,
Wheras thiſe robbours and thiſe theves by kinde
Holden hir privee fereful reſidence,
As they that dare not ſhewen hir preſence;
So faren we, if I ſhal ſay the ſothe.
Yet, quod our Hoſte, let me talken to the;
Why art thou ſo diſcoloured of thy face?
Peter, quod he, God yeve it harde grace;
I am ſo uſed the hote fire to blow
That it hath changed my colour I trow:
I n'am not wont in no mirrour to prie,
But ſwinke ſore, and lerne to multiplie.
We blundren ever and poren in the fire,
And for all that we faille of our deſire;
For ever we lacken our concluſion.
To mochel folk we don illuſion,
And borwe gold be it a pound or two,
Or ten or twelve, or many ſommes mo,
And make hem wenen at the leſte wey
That of a pound we connen maken twey;
Yet is it falſe; and ay we han good hope
It for to don, and after it we grope:
But that ſcience is ſo fer us beforne,
We mowen not, although we had it ſworne,
It overtake, it flit away ſo faſt;
It wol us maken beggers at the laſt.

While this Yeman was thus in his talking
This chanon drow him nere and herd all thing
Which this Yeman ſpake, for ſuſpecion
Of mennes ſpeche ever had this chanon;
For Caton ſayth, that he that gilty is
Demèth all thing be ſpoken of him ywis:
That was the cauſe he gan ſo nigh him drawe
To his Yeman, to herken all his ſawe;
And thus he ſaide unto his Yeman tho:
Hold thou thy pees, and ſpeke no wordes mo,
For if thou do thou ſhalt it dere abie:
Thou ſclaundreſt me here in this compagnie,
And eke diſcovereſt that thou ſhuldeſt hide.
Ye, quod our Hoſte, tell on, what ſo betide;
Of all his thretening recke not a mite.
In faith, quod he, no more I do but lite.
And whan this chanon ſaw it wold not be
But his Yeman wold tell his privetee,
He fled away for veray ſorwe and ſhame.
A! quod the Yeman, here ſhal riſe a game:
All that I can anon I wol you telle,
Sin he is gon: the foule fend him quelle,
For never hereafter wol I with him mete
For peny ne for pound, I you behete.

℣. 16156. *For Caton ſayth*] This precept of Cato is in l. i. diſt. 17.;

Ne cures ſi quis tacito fermone loquatur;
Conſcius ipſe ſibi de ſe putat omnia dici.

He that me broughte firſt unto that game,
Er that he die ſorwe have he and ſhame,
For it is erneſt to me by my faith;
That fele I wel, what that any man ſaith;
And yet for all my ſmert and all my grief,
For all my ſorwe, labour, and meſchief,
I coude never leve it in no wiſe.
Now wolde God my wit mighte ſuffice
To tellen all that longeth to that art;
But natheles yet wol I tellen part:
Sin that my lord is gon I wol not ſpare;
Swiche thing as that I know I wol declare.

THE CHAN. YEMANNES TALE.

With this chanon I dwelt have ſeven yere,
And of his ſcience am I never the nere;
All that I had I have yloſt therby,
And God wot ſo han many mo than I.
Ther I was wont to be right freſh and gay
Of clothing, and of other good array,
Now may I were an hoſe upon min hed;
And wher my colour was both freſh and red
Now is it wan and of a leden hewe;
(Who ſo it uſeth ſo ſhal he it rewe)
And of my ſwinke yet blered is min eye;
Lo which avantage is to multiplie!

The Chanones Yemannes Tale] A prieſt of London, more covetous than wiſe, is deceived by a chanon profeſſing the art of alchymye. *Urry*.

That sliding science hath me made so bare
That I have no good wher that ever I fare;
And yet I am endetted so therby,
Of gold that I have borwed trewely,
That while I live I shal it quiten never;
Let every man beware by me for ever.
What maner man that casteth him therto,
If he continue, I hold his thrift ydo;
So helpe me God, therby shal he nat winne,
But empte his purse, and make his wittes thinne.
And whan he thurgh his madnesse and folie,
Hath lost his owen good thurgh jupartie,
Than he exciteth other folk therto,
To lese hir good as he himselfe hath do,
For unto shrewes joye it is and ese
To have hir felawes in peine and disese.
Thus was I ones lerned of a clerk.
Of that no charge; I wol speke of our werk.

†. 16211. *thurgh jupartie*] So mf. *C.* 1. I have followed it as it comes nearest to the true original of our word *jeopardy*, which our etymologists have sadly mistaken: they deduce it from *j'ai perdu* or *jeu perdu*, but I rather believe it to be a corruption of *jeu parti*. A *jeu parti* is properly a game in which the chances are exactly even. [See *Froissart*, v. i. c. 234.; "ils "n'estoient pas à *jeu parti* contre les *Francois*. V. ii. c. 9. Se nous "les voyons à *jeu parti*."] From hence it signifies any thing uncertain or hazardous. In the old French poetry the discussion of a problem where much might be said on both sides was called a *jeu parti*. See *Poesies du Roy de Navarre*, *Chanson* xlviii, and *Gloss.* in v. See also *Du Cange*, in v. *Jocus partitus*.

Whan we be ther as we ſhuln exerciſe
Our elviſh craft we ſemen wonder wiſe,
Our termes ben ſo clergial and queinte.
I blow the fire til that myn herte feinte.
What ſhuld I tellen eche proportion
Of thinges whiche that we werchen upon,
As on five or ſix unces, may wel be,
Of ſilver, or ſom other quantitee?
And beſie me to tellen you the names,
As orpiment, brent bones, yren ſquames,
That into poudre grounden ben ful ſmal?
And in an erthen pot how put is al,
And ſalt vput in and alſo pepere,
Betern thiſe poudres that I ſpeke of here,
And wel ycovered with a lampe of glas?
And of moche other thing which that ther was
And of the pottes and glaſſes engluting,
That of the aire might paſſen out no thing?
And of the eſy fire, and ſmert alſo,
Which that was made? and of the care and wo
That we had in our materes ſubliming,
And in amalgaming and calcening
Of quickſilver ycleped Mercurie crude?
For all our ſleightes we can not conclude.
Our orpiment and ſublimed mercurie,
Our grounden litarge eke on the porphurie,
Of eche of thiſe of unces a certain
Not helpeth us; our labour is in vain.

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Unſlekked lime, chalk, and gleire of an ey,
Poudres divers, aſhes, dong, piſſe, and cley,
Sered pokettes, ſal peter, and vitriole,
And divers fires made of wode and cole,
Sal tartre, alcaly, and ſalt preparat,
And combuſt materes and coagulat,
Cley made with hors and mannes here, and oile
Of tartre, alum, glas, berme, wort, and argoile,
Roſalgar, and other materes enbibing,
And eke of our materes encorporing,
And of our ſilver citrination,
Our cementing and fermentation,
Our ingottes, teſtes, and many thinges mo?
I wol you tell as was me taught alſo
The foure ſpirites and the bodies ſevene
By ordre, as oft I herd my lord hem nevene.
The firſte ſpirit Quikſilver cleped is,
The ſecond Orpiment, the thridde ywis
Sal Armoniak, and the fourth Brimſton.
The bodies ſevene eke, lo hem here anon:
Sol gold is, and Luna ſilver we threpe,
Mars iren, Mercurie quikſilver we clepe,
Saturnus led, and Jupiter is tin,
And Venus coper, by my fader kin.
This curſed craft who ſo wol exerciſe
He ſhal no good have that him may ſuffice,

16275 16280 16285 16290 16295

MSS. *The foure ſpirites, &c.*] Compare *Gower, De Conf.* [illegible] b. iv. fol. 76, b.

For all the good he ſpendeth theraboute
He leſen ſhal, therof have I no doute.
Who ſo that liſteth uttren his folie
Let him come forth and lernen multiplie;
And every man that hath ought in his cofre
Let him appere and wex a philoſophre,
Aſcaunce that craft is ſo light to lere.
Nay, nay; God wot al be he monk or frere,
Preeſt or chanon, or any other wight,
Though he ſit at his book both day and night
In lerning of this elviſh nice lore
All is in vain, and parde mochel more
To lerne a lewed man this ſubtilree:
Fie! ſpeke not therof, for it wol not be:
And conne he letterure or conne he non
As in effect he ſhal finde it all on,
For bothe two by my ſalvation
Concluden in multiplication
Ylike wel whan they have al ydo;
This is to ſain, they faillen bothe two.
Yet forgate I to maken reherſaile
Of waters corofif and of limaile,
And of bodies mollification,
And alſo of hir induration,
Oiles, abluſions, metal fuſible;
To tellen all wold paſſen any Bible
That o wher is; wherfore as for the beſt
Of all thiſe names now wol I me reſt;

16300 16305 16310 16315 16320 16325

ℱ. 16306. *Aſcaunce*] See the note on ver. 7327.

For as I trow I have you told ynow
To reiſe a fend, al loke he never ſo row.
A! nay, let be; the philoſophres ſton,
Elixer cleped, we ſeken faſt eche on,
For had we him than were we ſiker ynow;
But unto God of heven I make avow,
For all our craft, whan we han all ydo,
And all our ſleight, he wol not come us to:
He hath ymade us ſpenden mochel good,
For ſorwe of which almoſt we waxen wood,
But that good hope crepeth in our herte,
Suppoſing ever, though we ſore ſmerte,
To ben releved of him afterward:
Swiche ſuppoſing and hope is ſharpe and hard;
I warne you wel it is to ſeken ever:
That future *temps* hath made men diſſever,
In truſt therof, from all that ever they had,
Yet of that art they conne not waxen ſad,
For unto hem it is a bitter ſwete;
So ſemeth it, for ne had they but a ſhete
Which that they might wrappen hem in a-night,
And a bratt to walken in by day-light,
They wold hem ſell, and ſpend it on this craft:
They conne not ſtinten til no thing be laft;
And evermore, wher ever that they gon,
Men may hem kennen by ſmell of brimſton:
For all the world they ſtinken as a gote;
Hir ſavour is ſo rammiſh and ſo hote

That though a man a mile from hem be
The ſavour wol enfect him, truſteth me.
Lo, thus by ſmelling and thred-bare array
If that men liſt this folk they knowen may;
And if a man wol axe hem prively
Why they be clothed ſo unthriftily,
They right anon wol rounen in his ere,
And ſaien, if that they eſpied were
Men wolde hem ſle becauſe of hir ſcience.
Lo, thus thiſe folk betraien innocence.
Paſſe over this; I go my Tale unto.
Er that the pot be on the fire ydo,
Of metals with a certain quantitee
My lord hem tempereth, and no man but he,
(Now he is gon I dare ſay boldely)
For as men ſain he can don craftily,
Algate I wote wel he hath ſwiche a name,
And yet ful oft he renneth in a blame;
And wete ye how? ful oft it falleth ſo
The pot to-breketh, and farewel! all is go.
Thiſe metales ben of ſo gret violence
Our walles may not make hem reſiſtence,
But if they weren wrought of lime and ſton;
They percen ſo that thurgh the wall they gon,
And ſom of hem ſinke doun into the ground,
(Thus have we loſt by times many a pound)
And ſom are ſcatered all the flore aboute,
Som lepen into the roof withouten doute.

Though that the fend not in our ſight him ſhewe
I trow that he be with us, thilke ſhrewe
In helle, wher that he is lord and ſire,
Ne is ther no more wo, rancour, ne ire.
Whan that our pot is broke, as I have ſayde,
Every man chit, and holt him evil apayde:
Som ſayd it was long on the fire-making,
Som ſayd nay, it was long on the blowing;
(Than was I ferd, for that was min office)
Straw! quod the thridde, ye ben lewed and nice;
It was not tempred as it oughte to be;
Nay, quod the fourthe, ſtint and herken me;
Becauſe our fire was not made of beche
That is the cauſe, and other non, ſo the iche.
I can not tell wheron it was along,
But wel I wot gret ſtrif is us among.
What? quod my lord, ther n'is no more to don;
Of thiſe perils I wol beware eftſone;
I am right ſiker that the pot was craſed.
Be as be may be ye no thing amaſed;
As uſage is let ſwepe the flore as ſwithe;
Plucke up your hertes, and be glad and blithe.
The mullok on an hepe yſweped was,
And on the flore ycaſt a canevas,
And all this mullok in a ſive ythrowe,
And ſifted, and ypicked many a throwe.
Parde, quod on, ſomwhat of our metall
Yet is ther here, though that we have not all;

And though this thing miſhapped hath as now
Another time it may be wel ynow.
We moſten put our good in aventure;
A marchant parde may not ay endure,
Truſteth me wel, in his proſperitee;
Somtime his good is drenched in the ſee,
And ſomtime cometh it ſauf unto the lond.
Pees, quod my lord, the next time I wol fond
To bring our craft all in another plite,
And but I do, Sires, let me have the wite:
Ther was defaute in ſomwhat wel I wote.
Another ſayd the fire was over hote:
But be it hote or cold I dare ſay this,
That we concluden ever more amis;
We faille alway of that which we wold have,
And in our madneſſe evermore we rave,
And whan we be together everich on
Every man ſemeth a Salomon.
But all thing which that ſhineth as the gold
Ne is no gold, as I have herd it told,
Ne every apple that is faire at eye
Ne is not good, what ſo men clap or crie.
Right ſo, lo, fareth it amonges us;
He that ſemeth the wiſeſt, by Jeſus

†. 16430. *But all thing*] This is taken from the *Parabolæ* of *Alanus de Inſulis*, who died in 1294. See *Leyſer*, *Hiſt. Po. Med. Ævi*, p. 1074.;

Non teneas aurum totum quod ſplendet ut aurum,
Nec pulchrum pomum quodlibet eſſe bonum.

Is moſt fool whan it cometh to the preſe,
And he that ſemeth treweſt is a theſe:
That ſhal ye know or that I from you wende,
By that I of my Tale have made an ende.
Ther was a chanon of religioun
Amonges us wold enfect all a toun,
Though it as gret were as was Ninive,
Rome, Aliſaundre, Troie, or other three.
His ſleightes and his infinite falſeneſſe
Ther coude no man writen, as I geſſe,
Though that he mighte live a thouſand yere:
In all this world of falſeneſſe n'is his pere,
For in his termes he wol him ſo winde,
And ſpeke his wordes in ſo ſlie a kinde,
Whan he comunen ſhal with any wight,
That he wol make him doten anon right
But it a fend be, as himſelven is.
Ful many a man hath he begiled er this,
And wol, if that he may live any while;
And yet men gon and riden many a mile
Him for to ſeke, and have his acquaintance,
Not knowing of his falſe governance;
And if you luſt to yeve me audience
I wol it tellen here in your preſence.
But, worſhipful chanons religious,
Ne demeth not that I ſclander your hous,
Although that my Tale of a chanon be:
Of every order ſom ſhrew is parde;

ſſa compagnie
ſinnes folie.
ſing min entent,
min I ment.
told for you
re wote wel how
ſheles twelve
it Judas himſelve;
emenant have blame,
ou I ſay the ſame;
I herken me,
ent be
I you rede,
ſen any drede;
ed I you pray,
h what I ſay.
eſt, an annuellere,
lde many a yere,

uellere] They were called *annuel-*
g a yearly ſtipend, as the Gloſſ. ex-
ng employed ſolely in ſinging an-
for the dead, without any cure of
III. c. viii. where the Chapelleins
from others; "Chantanz anuales,
entendantz." They were both to
the former was allowed to take ſix
e. Compare ſtat. 2. H. V. ſt. ii. c. 2.
pellein Parochiel is raiſed to eight
ellein Annueler (he is ſo named in

Which was ſo pleſant and ſo ſervisable
Unto the wif ther as he was at table,
That ſhe wold ſuffer him no thing to pay
For borde ne clothing, went he never ſo gay;
And ſpending ſilver had he right ynow:
Therof no force; I wol proceed as now,
And tellen forth my Tale of the chanon
That broughte this preeſt to confuſion.

This falſe chanon came upon a day
Unto the preeſtes chambre ther he lay,
Beſeching him to lene him a certain
Of gold, and he wold quite it him again.
Lene me a marke, quod he, but dayes three,
And at my day I wol it quiten thee;
And if it ſo be that thou finde me falſe
Another day hang me up by the halſe.

This preeſt him toke a marke, and that as ſw
And this chanon him thanked often ſith,
And toke his leve, and weute forth his wey;
And at the thridde day brought his money,
And to the preeſt he toke his gold again,
Wherof this preeſt was wonder glad and fain.

Certes, quod he, nothing anoieth me
To lene a man a noble, or two, or three,
Or what thing were in my poſſeſſion,
Whan he ſo trewe is of condition
That in no wiſe he breken wol his day;
To ſwiche a man I can never ſay nay.

What? quod this chanon, ſhuld I be untrewe?
Nay, that were thing fallen al of the newe!
Trouth is a thing that I wol ever kepe
Unto the day in which that I ſhal crepe
Into my grave, and elles God forbede!
Beleveth this as ſiker as your crede,
God thanke I, and in good time be it ſayde,
That ther n'as never man yet evil apayde
For gold ne ſilver that he to me lent,
Ne never falſhede in min herte I ment.
And, Sire, (quod he) now of my privetee,
Sin ye ſo goodlich have ben unto me,
And kithed to me ſo gret gentilleſſe,
Somwhat to quiten with your kindeneſſe
I wol you ſhewe, and if you luſt to lere
I wol you techen pleinly the manere
How I can werken in philoſophie:
Taketh good heed, ye ſhuln wel ſen at eye
That I wol do a maiſtrie or I go.
Ye, quod the preeſt; ye, Sire, and wol ye ſo?
Mary, therof I pray you hertily.
At your commandement, Sire, trewely,
Quod the chanon, and elles God forbede.
Lo, how this theſe conde his ſervice bede.
Ful ſoth it is that ſwiche profered ſervice
Stinketh, as witneſſen thiſe olde wiſe,
And that ful ſone I wol it verifie
In this chanon, rote of all trecherie,

That evermore delight hath and gladneſſe
(Swiche fendly thoughtes in his herte empreſſe)
How Criſtes peple he may to meſchief bring:
God kepe us from his falſe diſſimuling!
Nought wiſte this preeſt with whom that he delt
Ne of his harme coming nothing he felt.
O ſely preeſt! o ſely innocent!
With covetiſe anon thou ſhalt be blent;
O graceles! ful blind is thy conceite,
For nothing art thou ware of the diſceite
Which that this fox yſhapen hath to thee;
His wily wrenches thou ne mayſt not flee:
Wherfore to go to the concluſion,
That referreth to thy confuſion,
Unhappy man! anon I wol me hie
To tellen thin unwit and thy folie,
And eke the falſeneſſe of that other wretch,
As ferforth as that my conning will ſtretch.
This chanon was my lord, ye wolden wene;
Sire Hoſte, in faith, and by the heven quene,
It was another chanon, and not he
That can an hundred part more ſubtiltee:
He hath betraied folkes many a time;
Of his falſeneſſe it dulleth me to rime:
Ever whan that I ſpeke of his falſhede
For ſhame of him my chekes waxen rede,
Algates they beginnen for to glowe,
For redneſſe have I non, right wel I knowe,

In my viſage, for fumes diverſe
Of metals which ye have herd me reherſe
Conſumed han and waſted my redneſſe.
Now take hede of this chanons curſedneſſe.
Sire, quod the chanon, let your yeman gon
For quikſilver, that we it had anon,
And let him bringen unces two or three,
And whan he cometh as faſte ſhul ye ſee
A wonder thing, which ye ſaw never er this.
Sire, quod the preeſt, it ſhal be don ywis.
He bad his ſervant fetchen him this thing,
And he al redy was at his bidding,
And went him forth, and came anon again
With this quikſilver, ſhortly for to ſain,
And toke thiſe unces three to the chanoun,
And he hem laide wel and faire adoun,
And bad the ſervant coles for to bring,
That he anon might go to his werking.
The coles right anon weren yſet,
And this chanon toke out a croſſelet
Of his boſome, and ſhewed it to the preeſt.
This inſtrument, quod he, which that thou ſeeſt
Take in thyn hond, and put thyſelf therin
Of this quikſilver an unce, and here begin
In the name of Criſt to wex a philoſophre:
Ther be ful fewe which that I wolde profre
To ſhewen hem thus muche of my ſcience;
For here thul ye ſee by experience

That this quikſilver I wol mortifie
Right in your ſight anon withouten lie,
And make it as good ſilver and as fine
As ther is any in your purſe or mine
Or elles wher, and make it malliable,
And elles holdeth me falſe and unable
Amonges folk for ever to appere.
I have a pouder here, that coſt me dere,
Shal make all good, for it is cauſe of all
My conning which that I you ſhewen ſhall.
Voideth your man, and let him be therout,
And ſhet the dore, while we ben about
Our privetee, that no man us eſpie
While that we werke in this philoſophie.
All as he bade fulfilled was in dede:
This ilke ſervant anon right out yede,
And his maiſter ſhette the dore anon,
And to hir labour ſpedily they gon.
This preeſt at this curſed chanons bidding
Upon the fire anon he ſet this thing,
And blew the fire, and befied him ful faſt;
And this chanon into the croſſelet caſt
A pouder, n'ot I never wherof it was
Ymade, other of chalk, other of glas,
Or ſomwhat elles, was not worth a flie,
To blinden with this preeſt, and bade him hie
The coles for to couchen all above
The croſſelet, for in tokening I thee love

(Quod this chanon) thine owen hondes two
Shal werken all thing which that here is do.
Grand mercy, quod the preeſt, and was ful glad,
And couched the coles as the chanon bad;
And while he beſy was this fendly wretch,
This falſe chanon, (the foule fend him fetch)
Out of his boſom toke a bechen cole,
In which ful ſubtilly was made an hole,
And therin put was of ſilver limaile
An unce, and ſtopped was withouten faile
The hole with wax to kepe the limaile in.
And underſtandeth that this falſe gin
Was not made ther, but it was made before;
And other thinges I ſhal tell you more
Hereafterward which that he with him brought;
Er he came ther him to begile he thought,
And ſo he did or that they went atwin;
Til he had torned him coud he not blin.
It dulleth me whan that I of him ſpeke;
On his falſhede fain wold I me awreke
If I wiſt how; but he is here and ther:
He is ſo variaunt he abit no wher.
But taketh hede, Sires, now, for Goddes love.
He toke his cole, of which I ſpake above,
And in his hond he bare it prively,
And whiles the preeſt couched beſily
The coles, as I tolde you er this,
This chanon ſayde; Frend, ye don amis;

This is not couched as it ought to be,
But ſone I ſhal amenden it, quod he.
Now let me meddle therwith but a while,
For of you have I pitee by Seint Gile.
Ye ben right hot; I ſee wel how ye ſwete;
Have here a cloth and wipe away the wete.
And whiles that the preeſt wiped his face
This chanon toke his cole with ſory grace,
And laied it above on the midward
Of the croſſelet, and blew wel afterward,
Til that the coles gonnen faſt to bren.
Now yeve us drinke, quod this chanon, then,
As ſwithe all ſhall be wel I undertake:
Sitte we doun, and let us mery make.
And whanne that this chanones bechen cole
Was brent all the limaile out of the hole
Into the croſſelet anon fell adoun;
And ſo it muſte nedes by reſoun,
Sin it above ſo even couched was,
But therof wiſt the preeſt nothing, alas!
He demed all the coles ylike good,
For of the ſleight he nothing underſtood.
And whan this alkymiſtre ſaw his time,
Riſeth up, Sire Preeſt, quod he, and ſtondeth by me,
And for I wote wel ingot have ye non,
Goth, walketh forth, and bringeth a chalk ſton,
For I wol make it of the ſame ſhap
That is an ingot, if I may have hap:

ring eke with you a bolle or elles a panne
ıl of water, and ye ſhul wel ſee thanne
ow that our beſineſſe ſhal thrive and preve:
And yet, for ye ſhul have no miſbeleve
Ne wrong conceit of me in your abſence,
I ne wol not ben out of your preſence,
But go with you, and come with you again.
The chambre dore, ſhortly for to ſain,
They opened and ſhet, and went hir wey,
And forth with hem they caried the key,
And camen again withouten any delay.
What ſhuld I tarien all the longe day?
He toke the chalk, and ſhope it in the wiſe
Of an ingot, as I ſhal you deviſe;
I ſay he toke out of his owen ſleve
A teine of ſilver (yvel mote he cheve)
Which that ne was but a juſt unce of weight:
And taketh heed now of his curſed ſleight;
He ſhop his ingot in length and in brede
Of thilke teine, withouten any drede,
So ſlily that the preeſt it not eſpide,
And in his ſleve again he gan it hide,
And from the fire he toke up his matere,
And in the ingot it put with mery chere,
And in the water-veſſel he it caſt
Whan that him liſt, and bad the preeſt as faſt
Loke what ther is; put in thy [illegible] grope;
Thou ſhalt ther finden ſil[illegible]

What, divel of helle! ſhuld it elles be?
Shaving of ſilver ſilver is parde.
He put his hond in and toke up a teine
Of ſilver fine, and glad in every veine
Was this preeſt whan he ſaw that it was ſo.
Goddes bleſſing, and his mothers alſo,
And alle Halwes, have ye, Sire Chanon!
Sayde this preeſt, and I hir maliſon,
But and ye vouchefauf to techen me
This noble craft and this ſubtilitee
I wol be your in all that ever I may.
Quod the chanon, Yet wol I make aſſay
The ſecond time, that ye mow taken hede,
And ben expert of this, and in your nede
Another day aſſay in min abſence
This diſcipline and this crafty ſcience.
Let take another unce, quod he tho,
Of quikſilver, withouten wordes mo,
And do therwith as ye have don er this
With that other which that now ſilver is.
The preeſt him beſieth all that ever he can
To don as this chanon, this curſed man,
Commandeth him, and faſte blewe the fire
For to come to the effect of his deſire;
And this chanon right in the mene while
Al redy was this preeſt eft to begile,
And for a countenance in his hond bare
An holow ſtikke, (take kepe and beware)

In the ende of which an unce and no more
Of ſilver limaile put was, as before
Was in his cole, and ſtopped with wax wel
For to kepe in his limaile every del;
And while this preeſt was in his beſineſſe
This chanon with his ſtikke gan him dreſſe
To him anon, and his pouder caſt in
As he did erſt, (the devil out of his ſkin
Him torne, I pray to God, for his falſhede,
For he was ever falſe in thought and dede)
And with his ſtikke above the croſſelet,
That was ordained with that falſe get,
He ſtirreth the coles til relenten gan
The wax again the fire, as every man
But he a fool be wote wel it mote nede,
And all that in the ſtikke was out yede,
And in the croſſelet haſtily it fell.

Now, goode Sires, what wol ye bet than wel?
Whan that this preeſt was thus begiled again,
Suppoſing nought but trouthe, ſoth to ſain,
He was ſo glad that I can not expreſſe
In no manere his mirth and his gladneſſe,
And to the chanon he profered eftſone
Body and good. Ye, quod the chanon, ſone,
Though poure I be crafty thou ſhalt me finde:
I warne thee wel yet is ther more behinde.

Is ther any coper here within? ſayd he?
Ye, Sire, quod the preeſt, I trow ther be.

Elles go beie us ſom, and that as ſwithe.
Now, goode Sire, go forth thy way and hie the.
He went his way, and with the coper he came,
And this chanon it in his hondes name,
And of that coper weyed out an unce.
To ſimple is my tonge to pronounce,
As miniſter of my wit, the doubleneſſe
Of this chanon, rote of all curſedneſſe:
He ſemed frendly to hem that knew him nought,
But he was fendly both in werk and thought.
It werieth me to tell of his falſeneſſe,
And natheles yet wol I it expreſſe,
To that entent men may beware therby,
And for non other cauſe trewely.
He put this coper into the croſſelet,
And on the fire as ſwithe he hath it ſet,
And caſt in pouder, and made the preeſt to blow,
And in his werking for to ſtoupen low
As he did erſt, and all n'as but a jape;
Right as him liſt the preeſt he made his ape;
And afterward in the ingot he it caſt,
And in the panne put it at the laſt
Of water, and in he put his owen hond:
And in his ſleve, as ye beforen hond
Herde me tell, he had a ſilver teine;
He ſlily toke it out, this curſed heine,
(Unweting this preeſt of his falſe craft)
And in the pannes botome he it laſt.

ther rombleth to and fro,
ebrely toke up alſo
ne, (not knowing thilke preeſt)
d him hente by the breſt,
ake, and thus ſaid in his game;
an; by God ye be to blame;
ow, as I did you whilere;
ead, and loketh what is there.
Toke up this ſilver teine anon;
aid the chanon, Let us gon
ree teines which that we han wrought
with, and wete if they ben ought,
th I n'olde for my hood
eren ſilver fine and good,
withe wel preved ſhal it be.
oldſmith with thiſe teines three
ion, and put hem in affay
manner: might no man ſay nay
weren as hem ought to be.
preeſt, who was gladder than he?
id gladder againe the day,
le in the ſeſon of May
n that lift better to ſing,
r in carolling,
e of love and womanhede,
armes don a hardy dede
grace of his lady dere,
his preeſt this craft for to lere;

And to the chanon thus he ſpake and ſeid;
For the love of God that for us alle deid,
And as I may deſerve it unto you,
What ſhal this receit coſt? telleth me now.
By our Lady, quod this chanon, it is dere.
I warne you wel that ſave I and a frere
In Englelond ther can no man it make.
No force, quod he: now, Sire, for Goddes ſake
What ſhall I pay? telleth me I you pray.
Ywis, quod he, it is ful dere I ſay.
Sire, at o word, if that you lift it have
Ye ſhal pay fourty pound, ſo God me ſave;
And n'ere the frendſhip that ye did er this
To me ye ſhulden payen more ywis.
This preeſt the ſum of fourty pound anon
Of nobles ſet, and toke hem everich on
To this chanon for this ilke receit.
All his werking n'as but fraud and deceit.
Sire Preeſt, he ſaid, I kepe for to have no lode
Of my craft, for I wold it were kept cloos,
And as ye love me kepeth it ſecree,
For if men knewen all my ſubtiltee,
By God they welden have ſo gret envie
To me, becauſe of my philoſophie,
I ſhuld be ded, ther were non other way.
God it forbede, quod the preeſt, what ye ſay:
Yet had I lever ſpenden all the good
Which that I have (and elles were I wood)

Than that ye ſhuld fallen in ſwiche meſcheſe.
For your good will, Sire, have ye right good preſe,
Quod the chanon; and farewel, *grand mercy*.
He went his way, and never the preeſt him ſey
After that day. And whan that this preeſt ſhold
Maken affay, at ſwiche time as he wold,
Of this receit, farewell it n'old not be.
Lo, thus bejaped and begiled was he;
Thus maketh he his introduction
To bringen folk to hir deſtruction.
Conſidereth, Sires, how that in eche eſtat
Betwixen men and gold ther is debat,
So ferforth that unnethes is ther non.
This multiplying ſo blint many on
That in good faith I trowe that it be
The cauſe greteſt of ſwiche ſcarſitee.
Thiſe philoſophres ſpeke ſo miſtily
In this craft that men cannot come therby
For any wit that men have now adayes:
They mow wel chateren as doon thiſe jayes,
And in hir termes ſet hir luſt and peine,
But to hir purpos ſhul they never atteine.
A man may lightly lerne, if he have ought,
To multiplie and bring his good to nought.
Lo, ſwiche a lucre is in this luſty game
A mannes mirth it wol turne al to grame,
And emptien alſo gret and hevy purſes,
And maken folk for to purchaſen curſes

Of hem that han therto hir good ylent.
O, fy for ſhame! they that han be brent,
Alas! can they not flee the fires hete?
Ye that it uſe I rede that ye it lete,
Leſt ye leſe all; for bet than never is late:
Never to thriven were to long a date:
Though ye prolle ay ye ſhul it never find;
Ye ben as bold as is Bayard the blind,
That blondereth forth, and peril caſteth non;
He is as bold to renne agains a ſton
As for to go beſides in the way:
So faren ye that multiplien I ſay.
If that your eyen cannot ſeen aright
Loketh that youre mind lacke not his ſight,
For though ye loke never ſo brode and ſtare
Ye ſhuln not win a mite on that chaffare,
But waſten all that ye may rape and renne.
Withdraw the fire leſt it to faſte brenne;
Medleth no more with that art I mene,
For if ye don your thrift is gon ful clene:
And right as ſwithe I wol you tellen here
What philoſophres ſain in this matere.
Lo, thus ſaith Arnolde of the newe toun,
As his Roſarie maketh mentioun;
He ſaith right thus, withouten any lie,
Ther may no man mercurie mortifie
But it be with his brothers knowleching.
Lo, how that he which firſte ſaid this thing

Of philoſophres father was, Hermes;
He ſaith how that the dragon douteles
Ne dieth not but if that he be ſlain
With his brother; and this is for to ſain,
By the dragon Mercury and non other
He underſtood, and Brimſtone by his brother,
That out of Sol and Luna were ydrawe.
And therfore, ſaid he, Take heed to my ſawe:
Let no man beſie him this art to ſeche
But if that he the entention and ſpeche
Of philoſophres underſtonden can,
And if he do he is a lewed man;
For this ſcience and this conning (quod he)
Is of the ſecree of ſecrees parde.
Alſo ther was a diſciple of Plato
That on a time ſaid his maiſter to,
As his book Senior wol bere witneſſe,
And this was his demand in ſothfaſtneſſe,

℣. 16915. *the ſecree of ſecrees*] He alludes to a treatiſe entitled *Secreta Secretorum*, which was ſuppoſed to contain the ſum of Ariſtotle's inſtructions to Alexander. See *Fabric. Bibl. Gr.* v. ii. p. 167. It was very popular in the middle ages. Ægidius de Columnâ, a famous divine and biſhop about the latter end of the 13th century, built upon it his book *De Regimine Principum*, of which our Occleve made a free tranſlation in Engliſh verſe, and addreſſed it to Henry V. while Prince of Wales. A part of Lydgate's tranſlation of the *Secreta Secretorum* is printed in Aſhmole's *Theat. Chem. Brit.* p. 397.; he did not tranſlate more than about half of it, being prevented by death. See mſ. *Harl.* 2251, and *Tanner, Bib. Brit.* in v. *Lydgate*. The greateſt part of the 7th book of *Gower's Conf. Amant.* is taken from this ſuppoſed work of Ariſtotle.

℣. 16918. *As his book Senior*] Ed. *Urr.* reads—*As* in *his book*

Telle me the name of thilke privee ſton. 16920
And Plato anſwerd unto him anon;
Take the ſton that Titanos men name.
Which is that? quod he. Magnetia is the ſame,
Saide Plato. Ye, Sire, and is it thus?
This is *ignotum per ignotius.* 16925
What is magnetia, good Sire, I pray?
It is a water that is made, I ſay,
Of the elementes foure, quod Plato.
Tell me the rote, good Sire, quod he tho,
Of that water, if that it be your will. 16930
Nay, nay, quod Plato, certain that I n'ill:
The philoſophres were ſworne everich on
That they ne ſhuld diſcover it unto non,
Ne in no book it write in no manere,
For unto God it is ſo lefe and dere 16935
That he wol not that it diſcovered be
But wher it liketh to his deitee
Man for to enſpire, and eke for to defende
Whom that him liketh; lo, this is the ende.
Than thus conclude I; ſin that God of heven 16940
Ne wol not that the philoſophres neven

—which I ſhould have preferred to the common reading if I had found it in any copy of better authority.—The book alluded to is printed in the *Theatrum Chymicum*, vol. v. p. 219, under this title, *Senioris Zadith fil. Hamuelis tabula Chymica.* The ſtory which follows of Plato and his diſciple is there told, [p. 249,] with ſome variations, of Salomon; "Dixit *Salomon* "rex, Recipe lapidem qui dicitur *Thartos*—— Dixit ſapiens, "Affigna mihi illum. Dixit, eſt corpus *magnetia*.—Dixit, quid "eſt *magnetia?* Reſpondit, *magnetia* eſt *aqua*, compoſita," &c.

How that a man ſhal come unto this ſton,
I rede as for the beſt to let it gon;
For who ſo maketh God his adverſary,
As for to werken any thing in contrary
Of his will, certes never ſhal he thrive,
Though that he multiply terme of his live.
And ther a point, for ended is my Tale.
God ſend every good man bote of his bale!

THE MANCIPLES PROLOGUE.

Wete ye not wher ſtondeth a litel toun
Which that ycleped is Bob-up-and-doun,
Under the Blee in Canterbury way?
Ther gan our Hoſte to jape and to play,
And ſayde; Sires, what? Dun is in the mire;
Is ther no man for praiere ne for hire
That wol awaken our ſelaw behind?
A theſe him might ful lightly rob and bind:
See how he nappeth, ſee, for cockes bones,
As he wold fallen from his hors atones.
Is that a coke of London, with meſchance?
Do him come forth, he knoweth his penance,

¶. 16961. *Do him come forth*] So mſſ. *Aſk.* 1, 2, and ſome others. The common reading is—*Do him comfort*. The alteration is material, not only as it gives a clearer ſenſe, but as it intimates to us that the narrator of a Tale was made to come out of the crowd, and to take his place within hearing of the Hoſt during his narration. Agreeably to this notion when the Hoſt calls upon Chaucer [ver. 13628,] he ſays,

Approche nere, and loke up merily.
Now ware you, ſires, and let this man have place.

It was neceſſary that the Hoſte, who was to be *juge and repor-*

For he ſhal tell a Tale by my fey,
Although it be not worth a botel hey.
Awake, thou coke, quod he; God yeve thee ſorwe,
What aileth thee to ſlepen by the morwe? 1696
Haſt thou had fleen al night, or art thou dronke?
Or haſt thou with ſom quene al night yſwonke
So that thou mayſt not holden up thin hed?

This coke, that was ful pale and nothing red,
Sayd to our Hoſte; So God my ſoule bleſſe, 1697
As ther is falle on me ſwiche hevineſſe,
N'ot I nat why, that me were lever to ſlepe
Than the beſt gallon wine that is in Chepe.

Wel, quod the Manciple, if it may don eſe
To thee, Sire Coke, and to no wight diſpleſe 1697
Which that here rideth in this compagnie,
And that our Hoſte wol of his curteſie,
I wol as now excuſe thee of thy Tale,
For in good faith thy viſage is ful pale:
Thin eyen daſen, ſothly as me thinketh, 1698
And wel I wot thy breth ful ſoure ſtinketh,
That ſheweth wel thou art not wel diſpoſed:
Of me certain thou ſhalt not ben ygloſed.

tour of the Tales, [ver. 816,] ſhould hear them all diſtinctly the others might hear as much as they could or as they cho of them. It would have required the lungs of a Stentor to ſpe audibly to a company of thirty people trotting on together a road of the 14th century.

℣. 1696. *to ſlepen by the morwe*] This muſt be underſtoo generally for the daytime, as it was then afternoon. It h been obſerved in the *Diſcourſe*, &c. §. 13, that in this epiſo *of the Coke no notice* is taken of his having told a Tale befor

v he galpeth, lo, this dronken wight,
igh he wold us ſwalow anon right!
loſe thy mouth, man, by thy father kin;
vil of helle ſet his foot therin,
rſed breth enfecten wol us alle:
king ſwine! fy, foul mote thee befalle!
:th heed, Sires, of this luſty man.
wete Sire! wol ye juſt at the fan?
me thinketh ye be wel yſhape:
:hat ye have dronken win of ape,

191. *wol ye juſt at the fan*] Some mſſ. read—*van*. The oth word is the ſame. The thing meant is the quinich is called a *fan* or *van*, from its turning round like ercock. See *Du Cange*, in v. *Vana*, *Menaſtrier ſur ces* as quoted by *Menage*, *Dict. Etymol.* in v. *Quintaine*, *ot's Paroch. Antiq.*

193. *win of ape*] This is the reading of mſſ. *HA. D. F.* v. 1, and I believe the true one. The explanation in : of this and the preceding paſſage from Mr. Speght is alous to be repeated. *Win of ape* I underſtand to mean as *vin de finge* in the old *Calendrier des Bergiers*, ſign. The author is treating of phiſiognomy, and in his deof the four temperaments he mentions, among other ances, the different effects of wine upon them. The ., he ſays, "*A vin de Lyon*; ceſt a dire, quant a bien ult tanſer noyſer et battre"—The ſanguine, "*A vin* : quant a plus beu tant eſt plus joyeux."—In the ſame he phlegmatick is ſaid to have *vin de mouton*, and the olick *vin de porceau*.—I find the ſame four animals o illuſtrate the effects of wine in a little rabbinical trahich I ſhall tranſcribe here from *Fabric. Cod. Pſeudo-* vol. i. p. 275.; "Vineas plantanti Noacho Satanam iſſe memorant, qui, dum Noa vites plantaret, macha- ſoud illas *ovem*, *leonem*, *ſimiam* et *ſuem*: quod princiis vini homo ſit inſtar *ovis*, virum ſumptum efficiat ine *leonem*, largius hauſtum mutet eum in ſaltantem

And that is whan men playen with a ſtraw.
And with this ſpeche the coke waxed all wraw,
And on the Manciple he gan nod faſt
For lacke of ſpeche, and doun his hors him caſt,
Wher as he lay til that men him up toke:
This was a faire chivachee of a coke:
Alas that he ne had hold him by his ladel!
And er that he agen were in the ſadel
Ther was gret ſhoving bothe to and fro
To lift him up, and mochel care and wo,
So unweldy was this ſely palled goſt;
And to the Manciple than ſpake our Hoſt.
Becauſe that drinke hath domination
Upon this man, by my ſalvation
I trow he lewedly wol tell his Tale;
For were it win or old or moiſty ale
That he hath dronke he ſpeketh in his noſe,
And ſneſeth faſt, and eke he hath the poſe;
He alſo hath to don more than ynough
To kepe him on his capel out of the ſlough,
And if he falle from of his capel eftſone
Than ſhul we alle have ynough to done
In lifting up his hevy dronken cors.
Tell on thy Tale, of him make I no force.

"*ſimiam*, ad ebrietatem infuſum transformet illum in pollu-
" tam et proſtratam *ſuem*." See alſo *Geſta Romanorum*, c. 159,
where a ſtory of the ſame purport is quoted from *Joſephus*, "in
" libro de caſu rerum naturalium."

℣. 16999. *a faire chivachee*] A fair expedition. See the n. *on* ver. 85. The common edits. read—*chevisince*.

But yet, Manciple, in faith thou art to nice
Thus openly to repreve him of his vice;
Another day he wol paraventure
Recleimen thee, and bring thee to the lure;
I mene he ſpeken wol of ſmale thinges,
As for to pinchen at thy rekeninges,
That were not honeſt if it came to prefe.
Quod the Manciple, That were a gret meſchefe;
So might he lightly bring me in the ſnare;
Yet had I lever payen for the mare
Which he rit on than he ſhuld with me ſtrive:
I wol not wrathen him, ſo mote I thrive:
That that I ſpake I ſayd it in my bourd.
And wete ye what? I have here in my gourd
A draught of win, ye of a ripe grape,
And right anon ye ſhul ſeen a good jape;
This coke ſhal drinke therof if that I may;
Up peine of my lif he wol not ſay nay.
And certainly, to tellen as it was,
Of this veſſell the coke dranke faſt, (alas!
What nedeth it? he dranke ynough beforne)
And whan he hadde pouped in his horne
To the Manciple he toke the gourd again;
And of that drinke the coke was wonder fain,
And thonked him in ſwiche wiſe as he coude.
Than gan our Hoſte to laughen wonder loude,
And ſayd; I ſee wel it is neceſſary
Wher that we gon good drinke with us to cary,

For that wol turnen rancour and diſeſe
To accord and love, and many a wrong apeſe.
O Bacchus, Bacchus! bleſſed be thy name,
That ſo canſt turnen erneſt into game;
Worſhip and thonke be to thy deitee.
Of that matere ye get no more of me.
Tell on thy Tale, Manciple, I thee pray.
Wel, Sire, quod he, now herkeneth what I ſay.

THE MANCIPLES TALE.

WHAN Phebus dwelled here in erth adoun,
As olde bookes maken mentioun,
He was the moſte luſty bacheler
Of all this world, and eke the beſt archer:
He ſlow Pithon the ſerpent as he lay
Sleping agains the ſonne upon a day,
And many another noble worthy dede
He with his bow wrought, as men mowen rede.
Playen he conde on every minſtralcie,
And ſingen that it was a melodie
To heren of his clere vois the ſoun:
Certes the King of Thebes Amphioun,
That with his ſinging walled the citee,
Coud never ſingen half ſo wel as he.

The Manciples Tale.] Phœbus kepeth a white crow which can ſpeak as a jay. The crow accuſeth his wife, of whom he was too jealous, to have played falſe in his abſence; hereupon with an arrow he ſlayeth his wife, but after repenting of his rathneſs he taketh revenge of the crow. *Urry.*

Therto he was the ſemelieſte man
That is or was ſithen the world began.
What nedeth it his feture to deſcrive?
For in this world n'is non ſo faire on live;
He was therwith fulfilled of gentilleſſe,
Of honour, and of parfite worthineſſe.
This Phebus, that was flour of bachelerie,
As wel in fredom as in chivalrie,
For his diſport, in ſigne eke of victorie
Of Phiton, ſo as telleth us the ſtorie,
Was wont to beren in his hond a bowe.
Now had this Phebus in his hous a crowe,
Which in a cage he foſtred many a day,
And taught it ſpeken, as men teche a jay.
Whit was this crowe, as is a ſnow-whit ſwan,
And contrefete the ſpeche of every man
He coude whan he ſhulde tell a tale;
Therwith in all this world no nightingale
Ne coude by an hundred thouſand del
Singen ſo wonder merily and wel.
Now had this Phebus in his hous a wif
Which that he loved more than his lif,
And night and day did ever his diligence
Hire for to pleſe and don hire reverence;
Save only, if that I the ſoth ſhal ſain,
Jelous he was, and wold have kept hire fain,
For him were loth yjaped for to be,
And ſo is every wight in ſwiche degree:

Lost all for nought, for it availeth nought.
A good wif, that is clene of werk and thought,
Should not be kept in non await certain;
And trewely the labour is in vain
To kepe a shrewe, for it wol not be. 1710
This hold I for a veray nicetee
To spillen labour for to kepen wives;
Thus writen olde clerkes in hir lives.
But now to purpos as I first began.
This worthy Phebus doth all that he can 1715
To plesen hire, wening thurgh swiche plesance,
And for his manhood and his governance,
That no man shulde put him from hire grace;
But God it wote ther may no man embrace
As to destreine a thing which that Nature 1721
Hath naturelly set in a creature.
Take any brid and put it in a cage,
And do all thin entente and thy corage
To foster it tendrely with mete and drinke
Of alle deintees that thou canst bethinke, 1725
And kepe it al so clenely as thou may,
Although the cage of gold be never so gay,
Yet had this brid by twenty thousand fold
Lever in a foreſt that is wilde and cold
Gon eten wormes and swiche wretchednesse: 1730
For ever this brid will don his besinesse

℣. 17112. *Take any brid.*] This passage is too like one which has occurred before in The Squieres Tale, ver. 10925. It thought is plainly taken from *Boethius*, l. iii. met. 2. See also *Rom. de la R.* ver. 14717—34.

To eſcape out of his cage whan that he may:
His libertee the bird deſireth ay.
Let take a cat, and foſter hire with milke
And tendre fleſh, and make hire couche of ſilke,
And let hire ſee a mous go by the wall,
Anon ſhe weiveth milke and fleſh and all,
And every deintee that is in that hous,
Swiche appetit hath ſhe to ete the mous.
Lo, here hath kind hire domination,
And appetit fiemeth diſcretion.
A ſhe-wolf hath alſo a vilains kind;
The lewedeſte wolf that ſhe may find,
Or leſt of reputation, wol ſhe take
In time whan hire luſt to have a make.
All thiſe enſamples ſpeke I by thiſe men
That ben untrewe, and nothing by women;
For men have ever a likerous appetit
On lower thing to parforme hir delit
Than on hir wives, be they never ſo faire
Ne never ſo trewe ne ſo debonaire.

℣. 17124. *Let take a cat*] This is imitated from *Rom. de la R.* ver. 14825.

℣. 17130. *Lo, here hath kind*] So mſſ. *Aſh.* 1, 2. The common editt. read *luſt*. *Kind* is nature. See the next line but one, and ver. 10922, 4.

℣. 17132. *A ſhe-wolf*] This is alſo from the *Rom. de la R.* ver. 8142.;

Tout ainſi comme fait la louve,
Que ſa folie tant empire,
Qu'elle preant de tous loups le pire.

Fleſh is ſo newefangle, with meſchance,
That we ne con in nothing have plaiſance
That ſouneth unto vertue any while.
This Phebus, which that thought upon no gile,
Diſceived was for all his jolitee,
For under him another hadde ſhe,
A man of litel reputation,
Nought worth to Phebus in compariſon:
The more harme is: it happeth often ſo,
Of which ther cometh mochel harme and wo.
And ſo befell whan Phebus was abſent
His wif anon hath for hire lemman ſent.
Hire lemman! certes that is a knaviſh ſpeche;
Foryeve it me, and that I you beſeche.
The wife Platu ſayth, as ye mow rede,
The word muſt nede accorden with the dede:
If men ſhul tellen proprely a thing
The word muſt coſin be to the werking.
I am a boiſtous man, right thus ſay I;
Ther is no difference trewely
Betwix a wif that is of high degree
(If of hire body diſhoneſt ſhe be)
And any poure wenche, other than this,
(If it ſo be they werken both amis)
But for the gentil is in eſtat above
She ſhal be cleped his Lady and his Love,
And for that other is a poure woman
She ſhal be cleped his Wenche and his Lemman;

rote, min owen dere brother! 17170
w that on as lith that other.
twix a titeles tiraunt
we, or any theſe errauntz
y; ther is no difference,
r told was this ſentence) 17175
rant is of greter might
ſmie for to ſle doun right,
hous and home, and make all plain,
s he cleped a Capitain;
utlawe hath but ſmale meinie, 17180
do ſo gret an harme as he,
ntree to ſo gret meſchiefe,
im an Outlawe or a Theſe.
n a man not textuel
of textes never a del; 17185
y Tale as I began.
ous wif had ſent for hire lemman
oughten all hir luſt volage.
owe, that heng ay in the eage,
rke, and ſayde never a word; 17190
it home was come Phebus the lord
ng Cuckow, cuckow, cuckow! [now?
l, quod Phebus, what ſong ſingeſt thou

my theſe] *Any* is from conjecture only, inſtead of all the m.ſſ. that I have conſulted. The readings—*or ever a theſe*—whether from authority cannot tell; but even as a conjecture I ſhould in preference to my own if I had taken notice

Ne were thou wont ſo merily to ſing,
That to my herte it was a rejoyſing
To here thy vois? Alas! what ſong is this?
By God, quod he, I ſinge not amis.
Phebus, (quod he) for all thy worthineſſe,
For all thy beautee and all thy gentilleſſe,
For all thy ſong and all thy minſtralcie,
For all thy waiting, blered is thin eye
With on of litel reputation,
Not worth to thee as in compariſon
The mountance of a gnat, ſo mote I thrive,
For on thy bedde thy wif I ſaw him ſwive.
What wol you more? the crowe anon him told,
By ſade tokenes and by wordes bold,
How that his wif had don hire lecherie
Him to gret ſhame and to gret vilanie,
And told him oft he ſawe it with his eyen.
This Phebus gan awayward for to wrien;
Him thought his woful herte braſt atwo;
His bowe he bent, and ſet therin a flo,
And in his ire he hath his wif yſlain:
This is the effect, ther is no more to ſain;
For ſorwe of which he brake his minſtralcie,
Both harpe and lute, giterne and ſautrie,
And eke he brake his arwes and his bowe,
And after that thus ſpake he to the crowe:
Traitour, quod he, with tonge of ſcorpion
Thou haſt me brought to my confuſion?

Alas that I was wrought! why n'ere I dede!
O dere wif, o gemme of luſtyhede!
That were to me ſo ſade and eke ſo trewe,
Now lieſt thou ded, with face pale of hewe,
Ful gilteles, that durſt I ſwere ywis.
O rakel hond! to do ſu foule a miſ:
O troubled wit, o ire recchеles!
That unaviſed ſmiteſt gilteles:
O wantruſt! ful of falſe ſuſpecion,
Wher was thy wit and thy diſcretion?
O! every man beware of rakelneſſe,
Ne trowe no thing withouten ſtrong witneſſe:
Smite not to ſone er that ye weten why,
And beth aviſed wel and ſikerly
Or ye do any execution
Upon your ire for ſuſpecion.
Alas! a thouſand folk hath rakel ire
Fully fordon, and brought hem in the mire.
Alas! for ſorwe I wol myſelven ſle.
And to the crowe, O falſe theſe! ſaid he,
I wol thee quite anon thy falſe tale;
Thou ſong whilom like any nightingale,
Now ſhalt thou, falſe theſe, thy ſong forgon,
And eke thy white fethers everich on,
Ne never in all thy lif ne ſhalt thou ſpeke;
Thus ſhul men on a traitour ben awreke.
Thou and thin ofspring ever ſhul be blake,
Ne never er ſwete noiſe ſhul ye make,

But ever crie ageins tempeſt and rain,
In token that thurgh thee my wif is ſlain.
And to the crowe he ſtert, and that anon,
And pulled his white fethers everich on,
And made him blak, and raft him all his ſong
And eke his ſpeche, and out at dore him ſlong
Unto the devil, which I him betake;
And for this cauſe ben alle crowes blake.
Lordings, by this enſample I you pray
Beth ware, and taketh kepe what that ye ſay,
Ne telleth never man in all your lif
How that another man hath dight his wif;
He wol you haten mortally certain.
Dan Salomon, as wiſe clerkes ſain,
Techeth a man to kepe his tonge wel;
But, as I ſayd, I am no textuel:
But natheles thus taughte me my dame;
My ſone, thinke on the crowe a Goddes name:
My ſone, kepe wel thy tonge, and kepe thy frend;
A wicked tonge is werſe than a fend:
My ſone, from a fende men may hem bleſſe:
My ſone, God of his endeles goodneſſe
Walled a tonge with teeth, and lippes eke,
For man ſhuld him aviſen what he ſpeke:
My ſone, ful often for to mochel ſpeche
Hath many a man ben ſpilt, as clerkes teche,
But for a litel ſpeche aviſedly
Is no man ſhent, to ſpeken generally:

ou reſtreine
ſt thy peine
l prayere: 17280
wolt lere,
ay tonge;
: they be yonge:
ril aviſed,
ſuffiſed, 17285
as me told and taught,
h naught.
re ſerveth?
d forkerveth
right ſo 17290
two:
ole.
nourable,
de Senek.
hyn hed thou beck;
that thou here 17296
natere.
if that thee leſt,
chel reſt.

ne *Rom. de la R.* ver. 7399,
ée;

. precept is alſo quoted in
to; it is extant l. i. diſt. 3.;
ſcere linguam.

My ſone, if thou no wicked word haſt ſaid
Thee thar not dreden for to be bewraid;
But he that hath miſſayd, I dare wel ſain,
He may by no way clepe his word again.
Thing that is ſayd is ſayd, and forth it goth;
Though him repent, or be him never ſo loth,
He is his thral to whom that he hath ſayd
A tale of which he is now evil apaid.
My ſone, beware, and be non auctour newe
Of tidings whether they ben falſe or trewe:
Wher ſo thou come, amonges high or lowe,
Kepe wel thy tonge, and thinke upon the crowe.

THE PERSONES PROLOGUE.

By that the Manciple had his Tale ended
The ſonne fro the ſouth line was deſcended
So lowe, that it ne was not to my ſight
Degrees nine-and-twenty as of hight.
Foure of the clok it was tho, as I geſſe,
For enleven foot, a litel more or leſſe,
My ſhadow was at thilke time as there,
Of ſwiche feet as my lengthe parted were

✝. 17308. *be non auctour newe*] This ſeems to be from *C. l. i. dift.* 12.;

Rumores fuge, ne incipias *novus auctor* haberi.

It looks as if Chaucer read

Rumoris fuge ne incipias *novus auctor* haberi.

✝. 17316. *Foure of the clok*] See the *Diſcourſe*, &c. § 41

In fix feet equal of proportion;
Therwith the mones exaltation,
In mene Libra, alway gan aſcende
As we were entring at the thorpes ende;
For which our Hoſte, as he was wont to gie
As in this cas our jolly compagnie,
Said in this wiſe; Lordings everich on,
Now lacketh us no Tales mo than on:
Fulfilled is my ſentence and my decree;
I trowe that we han herd of eche degree:

17320

17325

✝. 17321. *Therwith the mones exaltation---In mene Libra, alway gan aſcende*] This is a very obſcure paſſage. Some of the mſſ. read—*I mene Libra.* According to the reading which I have followed *exaltation* is not to be conſidered as a technical term, but as ſignifying ſimply riſing, and the ſenſe will be, that the moon's riſing, in the middle of Libra, was continually aſcending, *&c.*---If *exaltation* be taken in its technical meaning, as explained in the note on ver. 6284, it will be impoſſible to make any ſenſe of either of the readings, for the *exaltation* of the moon was not in *Libra*, but in Taurus. *Kalendrier des Bergiers*, ſign. l. *ult.* Mr. Speght, I ſuppoſe, being aware of this, altered *Libra* into *Taurus*; but he did not conſider that the ſun, which has juſt been ſaid to be deſcending, was at that time in *Taurus*, and that conſequently *Taurus* muſt alſo have been deſcending.—*Libra*, therefore, ſhould by no means be parted with. Being in that part of the zodiack which is nearly oppoſite to *Taurus*, (the place of the ſun) it is very properly repreſented as aſcending above the horizon toward the time of the ſun's ſetting. If any alteration were to be admitted I ſhould be for reading——

Therwith *Saturnes* exaltation,
I mene Libra, alway gan aſcende.——

The *exaltation* of *Saturn* was in *Libra*, *Kalendrier des Bergiers*, ſign. K i.

Almoſt fulfilled is myn ordinance; 17330
I pray to God ſo yeve him right good chance
That telleth us this Tale luſtily.
Sire Preeſt, quod he, art thou a vicary,
Or art thou a perſon? ſay ſoth by thy fay.
Be what thou be ne breke thou not our play, 17335
For every man ſave thou hath told his Tale.
Unbokel, and ſhew us what is in thy male;
For trewely me thinketh by thy chere
Thou ſhuldeſt knitte up wel a gret matere.
Tell us a fable anon, for cockes bones. 17340
This Perſon him anſwered al at ones;
Thou geteſt fable non ytold for me,
For Poule, that writeth unto Timothe,
Repreveth hem that weiven ſothfaſtneſſe,
And tellen fables and ſwiche wretchedneſſe. 17345
Why ſhuld I ſowen draf out of my fiſt
Whan I may ſowen whete if that me liſt?
For which I ſay, if that you liſt to here
Moralitee and vertuous matere,
And than that ye wol yeve me audience, 17350
I wold ful fain at Criſtes reverence
Don you pleſance leful, as I can;
But truſteth wel I am a ſotherne man;
I cannot geſte, rom, ram, ruf, by my letter,

v. 17354. *I cannot gyſte, rom, ram, ruf*] This is plainly a contemptuous manner of deſcribing alliterative poetry: and the Perſon's prefatory declaration that "he is a ſotherne man," would lead one to imagine that compoſitions in that ſtyle were at this time chiefly confined to the northern provinces. It was obſerved long ago by *William of Malmeſbury*, l. iii. *Pontif. Angl.* that the language of the north of England was ſo harſh and un-

And, God wote, rime hold I but litel better: 17355
And therfore if you liſt, I wol not gloſe,

poliſhed as to be ſcarce intelligible to a ſouthern man. "Quod "propter vinciniam barbararum gentium, et propter remotio- "nem regum quondam Anglorum modo Normanorum con- "tigit, qui magis ad Auſtrum quam ad Aquilonem diverſati "noſcuntur." From the ſame cauſes we may preſume that it was often long before the improvements in the poetical art which from time to time were made in the ſouth could find their way into the north, ſo that there the hobbling alliterative verſe might ſtill be in the higheſt requeſt even after Chaucer had eſtabliſhed the uſe of the heroick metre in this part of the iſland. Dr. Percy has quoted an alliterative poem by a Cheſhire man on the battle of Flodden in 1513, and he has remarked "that all ſuch poets as uſed this kind of metre retained along "with it many peculiar Saxon idioms." *Eſſay on Metre of P. P.* This may perhaps have been owing to their being generally inhabitants of the northern counties, where the old Saxon idiom underwent much fewer and ſlower alterations than it did in the neighbourhood of the capital.---*To geſte* here is to relate jeſts. In ver. 13861 he has called it *to telle in geſte*. Both paſſages ſeem to imply that *geſtes* were chiefly written in alliterative verſe, but the latter paſſage more ſtrongly than this. After the Hoſt has told Chaucer that he ſhall no longer *rime* he goes on——

> Let ſee wher thou canſt tellen ought *in geſte*,
> Or tellen *in proſe* ſom what at the leſte.——

Geſte there ſeems to be put for a ſpecies of compoſition which was neither rhyme nor proſe, and what that could be except alliterative metre I cannot gueſs. At the ſame time I muſt own that I know no other paſſage which authorizes the interpretation of *geſte* in this confined ſenſe. In the *H.* of *F.* ii. 114, Chaucer ſpeaks of himſelf as making—

> ——bokes, ſonges, ditees,
> In *rime*, or elles in *cadence*——

where *cadence*, I think, muſt mean a ſpecies of poetical compoſition diſtinct from rhyming verſes. The name might be pro-

I wol you tell a litel Tale in profe
To knitte up all this feſte and make an ende;
And Jeſu for his grace wit me ſende
To ſhewen you the way in this viage
Of hilke parfit glorious pilgrimage
That hight Jeruſalem celeſtial:
And if ye vouchefauf anon I ſhal
Beginne upon my Tale, for which I pray
Tel your avis: I can no better ſay.
But natheles this meditation
I put it ay under correction
Of clerkes, for I am not textuel:
I take but the ſentence, truſteth me wel:
Therfore I make a proteſtation
That I wol ſtanden to correction.
Upon this word we han aſſented ſone;
For as us ſemed it was for to don,
To enden in ſom vertuous ſentence,
And for to yeve him ſpace and audience,
And bade our Hoſte he ſhulde to him ſay
That alle we to tell his Tale him pray.
Our Hoſte had the wordes for us alle:
Sir Preeſt, quod he, now faire you befalle;

enough, applied to the metre uſed in the *Orymulum*, [See ... p. 52.] but no work of Chaucer in any ſuch ... with-out rhyme, has come within my obſervation.

... *Sovereintees ordes*] This is a French phraſe: it is ap... the Speaker of the Commons in *Rot. Parl.* 51, E. III. ... Mont. Thomas de Hungerford, Chivaler, qi ... ſes ... ples Communes d'Angleterre en cell Parle...

Say what you liſt, and we ſhul gladly here.
And with that word he ſaid in this manere;
Telleth, quod he, your meditatioun,
But haſteth you, the ſonne wol adoun:
Beth fructuous, and that in litel ſpace,
And to do wel God ſende you his grace.

THE PERSONES TALE.

Our ſwete Lord God of heven, that no man wol periſh, but wol that we comen all to the knowleching of him, and to the blisful lif that is pardurable, amoneſteth us by the prophet Jeremie, that ſayth in this wiſe, Stondeth upon the wayes, and ſeeth and axeth of the olde pathes, that is to ſay, of olde ſentences, which is the good way, and walketh in that way, and ye ſhul finde refreſhing for your ſoules. Many ben the wayes ſpirituel that leden folk to our Lord Jeſu Criſt and to the regne of glory, of which wayes ther is a ful noble way, and wel covenable, which may not faille to man ne to woman that thurgh ſinne hath miſgon fro the right way of Jeruſalem celeſtial, and this way is cleped Penance, of which man ſhuld gladly herken and enqueren with all his herte, to wete what is penance, and whennes it is cleped penance, and how many maneres ben of actions or werkings of penance, and how

The Perſones Tale] *Jerem.* vi.; "State ſuper vias, et videte, "et interrogate de ſemitis antiquis, quæ ſit via bona, et ambu- "late in eâ: et invenietis refrigerium animabus veſtris." *Urry.*

many spices ther ben of penance, and which thin
apperteinen and behoven to penance, and wh
thinges distroublen penance.

Seint Ambrose sayth that penance is the plainin
man for the gilt that he hath don, and no more to
any thing for which him ought to plaine: and f
doctour sayth, Penance is the waymenting of man t
forweth for his sinne, and peineth himself for he h
misdon. Penance with certain circumstances is ve
repentance of man, that holdeth himself in forwe
other peine for his giltes; and for he shal be veray
nitent he shal first bewailen the sinnes that he hath d
and stedfastly purposen in his herte to have shrif
mouth, and to don satisfaction, and never to don th
for which him ought more to bewayle or complai
and to continue in good werkes, or elles his repenta
may not availe: for, as Seint Isidor sayth, He is a ja
and a gabber, and not very repentant, that eftsi
doth thing for which him oweth to repent. Wepi
and not for to stint to do sinne, may not availe.
natheles men shuld hope that at every time that m
falleth, be it never so oft, that he may arise thu
penance, if he have grace; but certain it is gret dou
for, as saith Seint Gregorie, Unnethes ariseth he
of sinne that is charged with the charge of evil usa
and therfore repentant folk, that stint for to sinne,
forlete sinne or that sinne forlete hem*, holy chir

* *forlete sinne or that sinne forlete hem*] The same thou

holdeth hem ſiker of hir ſalvation: and he th
ſtrth and verraily repenteth him in his laſt da
chirche yet hopeth his ſalvation, by the grete
of our Lord Jeſu Criſt, for his repentance: b
ye the ſiker and certain way.

And now ſith I have declared you what thin
nance, now ye ſhul underſtond that ther ben th
tions of penance. The firſt is, that a man be b
after that he hath ſinned. Seint Auguſtine ſay
he be penitent for his old ſinful lif he may not l
the newe clene lif; for certes if he be baptiſed v
penitence of his old gilt he receiveth the marke
tiſme, but not the grace ne the remiſſion of hi
til he have very repentance. Another defaute
men don dedly ſinne after that they have receiv
tiſme. The thridde defaute is, that men fall in
ſinnes after hir baptiſme fro day to day: there
Seint Auguſtin that penance of good and hum
is the penance of every day.

The ſpices of penance ben three. That on o
ſolempne, another is commune, and the thri
vee. Thilke penance that is ſolempne is in t
neres, as to be put out of holy chirche in lent
ſlaughter of children, and ſwiche maner thin
Ther is whan a man hath ſinned openly, of
ane the ſame is openly ſpoken in the contr

ours, by way of precept, at the end of The Parson
r. 12220.;

Forſaketh ſinne or ſinne you *forſake*.

than holy chirche by jugement diſtreyneth him to do open penance: commun penance is that prec enjoinen men in certain cas, as for to go paravent naked on pilgrimage or bare foot: privee penan thilke that men don all day for privee ſinnes, of wl we ſhrive us prively, and receive privee penance.

Now ſhalt thou underſtond what is behoveful neceſſary to every parfit penance; and this ſtont three thinges, contrition of herte, confeſſion of mo and ſatisfaction; for which ſayth Seint John Chr ſtome, Penance diſtreineth a man to accept benig every peine that him is enjoined with contritio herte, and ſhrift of mouth, with ſatisfaction, and w ing of all maner humilitee. And this is fruitful pen ayenſt tho three thinges in which we wrathen Lord Jeſu Criſt; this is to ſay, by delit in thinking recheleſneſſe in ſpeking, and by wicked ſinful w ing: and ayenſt thiſe wicked giltes is penance, may be likened unto a tree.

The rote of this tree is contrition, that hideth in the herte of him that is veray repentant, right a rote of the tree hideth him in the erthe. Of this of contrition ſpringeth a ſtalke that bereth bran and leves of confeſſion, and fruit of ſatisfaction which Criſt ſayth in his Goſpell, Doth ye digne f of penitence, for by this fruit mow men underſto and knowe this tree, and not by the rote that is hi the herte of man, ne by the branches, ne the leve

confeſſion: and therfore our Lord Jeſu Criſt ſaith thus, By the fruit of hem ſhal ye knowe hem. Of this rote alſo ſpringeth a ſeed of grace, which ſeed is moder of ſikerneſſe, and this ſeed is eger and hote. The grace of this ſeed ſpringeth of God thurgh remembrance on the day of dome and on the peines of helle. Of this matere ſaith Salomon, that in the drede of God man forletteth his ſinne. The hete of this ſede is the love of God, and the deſiring of the joye perdurable. This hete draweth the herte of man to God, and doth him hate his ſinne; for ſothly ther is nothing that ſavoureth ſo ſote to a child as the milke of his norice, ne nothing is to him more abhominable than that milke whan it is medled with other mete. Right ſo the ſinful man that loveth his ſinne him ſemeth that it is to him moſt ſwete of any thing, but fro that time that he loveth ſadly our Lord Jeſu Criſt, and deſireth the lif perdurable, ther is to him nothing more abhominable; for ſothly the lawe of God is the love of God: for which David the prophet ſayth, I have loved thy lawe, and hated wickedneſſe: he that loveth God kepeth his lawe and his word. This tree ſaw the prophet Daniel in ſpirit upon the viſion of Nabuchodonoſor, whan he counſeiled him to do penance. Penance is the tree of lif to hem that it receiven; and he that holdeth him in veray penance is blisful, after the ſentence of Salomon

In this penance or contrition man ſhal underſtond

foure thinges, that is to ſay, what is contrition, and which ben the cauſes that moven a man to contrition, and how he ſhuld be contrite, and what contrition availeth to the ſoule. Than is it thus, that contrition is the veray ſorwe that a man receiveth in his herte for his ſinnes, with ſad purpõs to ſhriven him, and to do penance, and never more to don ſinne. And this ſorwe ſhal be in this maner, as ſayth Seint Bernard; it ſhal ben hevy and grevous, and ful ſharp and poinant in herte; firſt for a man hath agilted his Lord and his creatour, and more ſharpe and poinant for he hath agilted his father celeſtial, and yet more ſharpe and poinant for he hath wrathed and agilted him that boughte him, that with his precious blod hath delivered us fro the bondes of ſinne, and fro the crucltee of the devil, and fro the peines of helle.

The cauſes that ought to meve a man to contrition ben ſixe. Firſt, a man ſhal remembre him of his ſinnes; but loke that that remembrance ne be to him no delit by no way, but grete ſhame and ſorwe for his ſinnes; for Job ſayth, Sinful men don werkes worthy of confeſſion; and therfore ſayth Ezechiel, I wol remembre me all the yeres of my lif in the bitterneſſe of my herte: and God ſayth in the Apocalipſe, Remembre you fro whens that ye ben fall, for before the time that ye ſinned ye weren children of God, and limmes of the regne of God; but for your ſinne ye ben waxen thral, and foule membres of the fende, hate of angels, ſclaun-

der of holy chirche, and fode of the falſe ſerpent, perpetuel matere of the fire of helle, and yet more foule and abhominable for ye treſpaſſen ſo oft times as doth the hound that torneth again to ete his own ſpewing, and yet fouler for your long continuing in ſinne, and your ſinful uſage, for which ye be roten in your ſinnes as a beeſt in his donge. Swiche manere thoughtes make a man to have ſhame of his ſinne and no delit, as God ſayth by the prophet Ezechiel, Ye ſhul remembre you of your wayes, and they ſhul diſpleſe you. Sothly ſinnes ben the waies that lede folk to hell.

The ſecond cauſe that ought to make a man to have diſdeigne of ſinne is this, that, as ſaith Seint Peter, Who ſo doth ſinne is thral to ſinne, and ſinne putteth a man in gret thraldom; and therfore ſayth the prophet Ezechiel, I went forweful, and had diſdeigne of myſelf. Certes wel ought a man have diſdeigne of ſinne, and withdraw him fro that thraldom and vilany. And lo, what ſayth Seneke in this mater? He ſaith thus, Though I wiſt that neither God ne man ſhuld never know it, yet wold I have diſdeigne for to do ſinne. And the ſame Seneke alſo ſayth, I am borne to greter thinges than to be thral to my body, or for to make of my body a thral. Ne a fouler thral may no man no woman make of his body than for to yeve his body to ſinne: al were it the fouleſt chorle or the fouleſt woman that liveth, and leſt of value, yet is he than more foule and more in ſervitude. Ever fro the higher de-

gree that man falleth the more is he thral, and more to God and to the world vile and abhominable. O good God! wel ought a man have disdeigne of sinne, sith that thurgh sinne ther he was free he is made bond: and therfore sayth Seint Augustine, If thou hast disdeigne of thy servant, if he offend or sinne, have thou than disdeigne that thou thy self shuldest do sinne. Take reward of thin owen value that thou ne be to soule to thyself. Alas! wel oughten they than have disdeigne to be servants and thralles to sinne, and sore to be ashamed of hemselfe, that God of his endles goodnesse hath sette in high estat, or yeve hem witte, strength of body. hele, beautee, or prosperitee, and bought hem fro the deth with his herte blood, that they so unkindly agains his gentillesse quiten him so vilainsly, to slaughter of hir owen soules. O good God! ye women that ben of gret beautee remembreth you on the proverbe of Salomon, that likeneth a faire woman that is a fool of hire body to a ring of gold that is worne in the groine of a sowe, for right as a sowe wroteth in every ordure, so wroteth she hire beautee in stinking ordure of sinne.

The thridde cause that ought to meve a man to contrition is drede of the day of dome, and of the horrible peines of helle; for, as Seint Jerome sayth, At every time that me remembreth of the day of dome I quake; for whan I ete or drinke, or do what so I do, ever semeth me that the trompe sowneth in min eres, Riseth ye up that ben ded, and cometh to the jugement. O

good God! moche ought a man to drede swiche a jugement, ther as we shul be alle, as Seint Poule sayth, before the streit jugement of oure Lord Jesu Crist, wher as he shal make a general congregation wher as no man may be absent, for certes ther availeth non essoine ne non excusation; and not only that our defautes shul be juged, but eke that all our werkes shul openly be knowen. And, as sayth Seint Bernard, Ther ne shal no pleting availe ne no sleight: we shal yeve rekening of everich idle word: ther shal we have a juge that may not be deceived ne corrupt: and why? for certes all our thoughtes ben discovered as to him: ne for prayer ne for mede he wil not be corrupt; and therfore saith Salomon, The wrath of God ne wol not spare no wight for prayer ne for yeft; and therfore at the day of dome ther is non hope to escape; wherfore, as sayth Seint Anselme, Ful gret anguish shal the sinful folk have at that time: ther shal be the sterne and wroth juge sitting above, and under him the horrible pitte of helle open, to destroy him that wolde not beknowen his sinnes, which sinnes shullen openly be shewed before God and before every creature; and on the left side mo divels than any herte may thinke for to hary and drawe the sinful soules to the pitte of helle; and within the hertes of folk shal be the biting conscience, and without forth shal be the world all brenning. Whither than shal the wretched soule flee to hide him? Certes he may not hide him, he must come forth and

shewe him; for certes, as saith Seint Jerome, the erth shal cast him out of it, and the see, and also the aire, that shal be ful of thonder clappes and lightnings. Now sothly who so wil remembre him of these thinges I gesse that his sinnes shal not torne him to delit, but to grete sorwe for drede of the peine of helle; and therfore saith Job to God, Suffer, Lord, that I may a while bewaile and bewepe or I go without retorning to the derke londe ycovered with the derkenesse of deth to the londe of misese and of derkenesse, wheras is the shadowe of deth, wheras is non ordre ne ordinance, but grisly drede, that ever shal last. Lo, here may ye see that Job prayed respite a while to bewepe and waile his trespas, for sothely on day of respite is better than all the tresour of this world: and for as moche as a man may acquite himself before God by penitence in this world, and not by tresour, therfore shuld he pray to God to yeve him respite a while to bewepen and bewailen his trespas, for certes all the sorwe that a man might make fro the beginning of the world n'is but a litel thing at regard of the sorwe of helle. The cause why that Job clepeth helle the londe of derkenesse, understondeth that he clepeth it londe or erth for it is stable and never shal faile, and derke, for he that is in helle hath defaute of light naturel; for certes the derke light that shal come out of the fire that ever shal brenne shall torne hem all to peine that be in helle, for it sheweth hem the horrible divels that hem turmenten

:eneſſe of deth; that is to ſay,
: ſhal have defaute of the ſight
: ſight of God is the lif perdura-
of deth ben the ſinnes that the
don, which that diſtroublen him
d, right as a derke cloud betwene
.t is londe of miſeſe, becauſe that
.er of defautes ayenſt three thinges
orld han in this preſent lif, that is
ælites, and richeſſes. Ayenſt honour
.e ſhame and confuſion, for wel ye
epen honour the reverence that man
t in helle is non honour ne reverence,
re reverence ſhal be don ther to a king
; for which God ſayth by the prophet
olk that me deſpiſen ſhal be in deſpite.
cleped gret lordeſhip: ther ſhal no
ther but of harme and turment. Ho-
ied gret dignitee and highneſſe; but in
be alle fortroden of divels: as God
rible divels ſhul gon and comen upon
mpned folk; and this is, for as moche
hat they were in this preſent lif the
be abated and defouled in helle. Ayenſt
his world ſhul they have miſeſe of po-
poverte ſhal be in foure thinges, in de-
, of which David ſayth, The riche folk,
n and oneden all hir herte to treſour of

this world, shul slepe in the sleping of deth, and nothing ne shal they find in hir hondes of all hir trefour. And moreover, the misese of helle shul be in defaute of mete and drink; for God sayth thus by Moyses, They shul be wasted with honger, and the briddes of helle shul devoure hem with bitter deth, and the gall of the dragon shal ben hir drinke, and the venime of the dragon hir morsels. And further over hir misese shal be in defaute of clothing, for they shul be naked in body as of clothing, save the fire in which they brenne, and other filthes; and naked shul they be in soule of all maner vertues which that is the clothing of the soule. Wher ben than the gay robes, the softe shetes, and the fyn shertes? Lo, what sayth God of heven by the prophet Esaie? that under hem shul be strewed mothes, and hir coverture shul ben of wormes of helle. And further over, hir misese shal be in defaute of frendes, for he is not poure that hath good frendes: but ther is no frend, for neither God ne no good creature shal be frend to hem, and everich of hem shal hate other with dedly hate. The sonnes and the doughters shal rebel ayenst father and mother, and kinred ayenst kinred, and chiden and despisen eche other both day and night, as God sayth by the prophet Micheas; and the loving children, that whilom loveden so fleshly, everich of hem wold eten other if they might: for how shuld they love togeder in the peines of helle whan they hated eche other in the prosperitee of this

lif? for truſte wel hir fleſhly love was dedly hate; as ſaith the prophet David, Who ſo that loveth wickedneſſe he hateth his owen ſoule, and who ſo hateth his owen ſoule certes he may love non other wight in no manere; and therfore in helle is no folace ne no frendſhip, but ever the more kinredes that ben in helle the more curſing, the more chiding, and the more dedly hate, ther is among hem. And further over, ther they ſhul have defaute of all maner delites, for certes delites ben after the appetites of the five wittes, as ſight, hering, ſmelling, ſavouring, and touching. But in helle hir ſight ſhal be ful of derkeneſſe and of ſmoke, and hir eyen ful of teres, and hir hering ful of waimenting and grinting of teeth, as ſayth Jeſu Criſt, Hir noſethirles ſhul be ful of ſlinking; and, as ſayth Eſay the prophet, Hir ſavouring ſhal be ful of bitter galle; and touching of all hir body ſhal be covered with fire that never ſhal quenche, and with wormes that never ſhal die, as God ſayth by the mouth of Eſay. And for as moche as they ſhul not wene that they mow dien for peine, and by deth flee fro peine, that mow they underſtonde in the word of Job, that ſayth, Ther is the ſhadow of deth. Certes a ſhadowe hath likeneſſe of the thing of which it is ſhadowed, but ſhadowe is not the ſame thing of which it is ſhadowed: right ſo fareth the peine of helle; it is like deth for the horrible anguiſh: and why? for it peineth hem ever as though they ſhuld die anon; but certes they ſhul not

dien; for, as ſayth Seint Gregory, To wfetched caitifes ſhal be deth withouten deth, and ende withouten ende, and defaute withouten failing; for hir deth ſhal alway live, and hir ende ſhal ever more beginne, and hir defaute ſhal never faile: and therfore ſayth Seint John the Evangeliſt, They ſhul folow Deth and they ſhul not finde him, and they ſhul deſire to die and Deth ſhal flee from hem. And eke Job ſaith, that in helle is non ordre of rule. And al be it ſo that God hath create all thing in right ordre, and nothing withouten ordre, but all thinges ben ordred and nombred, yet natheles they that ben dampned ben nothing in ordre, ne hold non ordre; for the erth ſhal bere hem no fruite; (for, as the prophet David ſayeth, God ſhal deſtroy the fruite of the erth as fro hem) ne water ſhal yeve hem no moiſture, ne the aire no refreſhing, ne the fire no light: for, as ſayth Seint Baſil, The brenning of the fire of this world ſhal God yeve in helle to hem that ben dampned, but the light and the clereneſſe ſhal be yeve in heven to his children, right as the good man yeveth fleſh to his children and bones to his houndes. And for they ſhul have non hope to eſcape, ſayth Job at laſt, that ther ſhal horrour and grisly drede dwellen withouten ende. Horrour is alway drede of harme that is to come, and this drede ſhal alway dwell in the hertes of hem that ben dampned; and therfore han they lorne all hir hope for ſeven cauſes: firſt, for God, that is hir juge, ſhal be withouten mercie to hem,

and they may not plese him ne non of his halwes, ne they may yeve nothing for hir raunsom, ne they have no vois to speke to him, ne they may not flee fro peine, ne they have no goodnesse in hem that they may shew to deliver hem fro peine; and therfore sayth Salomon, The wicked man dieth, and whan he is sled he shal have non hope to escape fro peine. Who so than wold wel understonde these peines, and bethinke him wel that he hath deserved these peines for his sinnes, certes he shulde have more talent to sighen and to wepe than for to singe and playe; for, as sayth Salomon, Who so that had the science to know the peines that ben establisshed and ordeined for sinne he wold forsake sinne: That science, sayth Seint Austin, maketh a man to waimenten in his herte.

The fourthe point that oughte make a man have contrition is the sorweful remembrance of the good dedes that he hath lefte to don here in erthe, and also the good that he hath lorne. Sothly the good werkes that he hath lefte, either they be the good werkes that he wrought er he fell into dedly sinne, or elles the good werkes that he wrought while he lay in sinne. Sothly the good werkes that he did before that he fell in dedly sinne ben all mortified, astoned, and dulled, by the eft sinning; the other werkes that he wrought while he lay in sinne they ben utterly ded as to the lif perdurable in heven. Than thilke good werkes that ben mortified by eft sinning, which he did while he was

in charitee, moun never quicken ayen without veray penitence: and therof sayth God by the mouth of Ezechiel, If the rightful man retorne againfro his rightwisnesse and do wickednesse shal he liven? nay; for all the good werkes that he hath wrought shal never be in remembrance, for he shal die in his sinne. And upon thilke chapitre sayth Seint Gregorie thus, that we shal understonde this principally, that when we don dedly sinne it is for nought than to remembre or drawe into memorie the good werkes that we have wrought beforn, for certes in the werking of dedly sinne ther is no trust in no good werk that we have don beforn; that is to say, as for to have therby the lif perdurable in heven. But natheles the good werkes quicken again and comen again, and helpe and availe to have the lif perdurable in heven, whan we have contrition; but sothly the good werkes that men don while they ben in dedly sinne, for as moche as they were don in dedly sinne, they may never quicken; for certes thing that never had lif may never quicken; and natheles al be it so that they availen not to have the lif perdurable, yet availen they to abreggen the peine of helle, or elles to get temporal richesses, or elles that God wol the rather enlumine or light the herte of the sinful man to have repentance; and eke they availen for to usen a man to do good werkes, that the fende have the lesse power of his soule. And thus the curteis Lord Jesu Crist ne woll that no good werk that men

don be loſte, for in ſomwhat it ſhal availe. But for as moche as the good werkes that men don while they ben in good lif ben all amortiſed by ſinne folowing, and eke ſith all the good werkes that men don while they ben in dedly ſinne ben utterly ded, as for to have the lif perdurable, wel may that man that no good werk ne doth ſing thilke newe Frenſhe ſong, *J'ay tout perdu mon temps et mon labour*; for certes ſinne bereveth a man both goodneſſe of nature and eke the goodneſſe of grace; for ſothly the grace of the Holy Goſt fareth like fire that may not ben idle, for fire faileth anon as it forletteth his werking, and right ſo grace faileth anon as it forletteth his werking. Than leſeth the ſinful man the goodneſſe of glorie, that only is hight to good men that labouren and werken wel. Wel may he be ſory than that oweth all his lif to God as long as he hath lived, and alſo as long as he ſhal live, that no goodneſſe ne hath to paie with his dette to God, to whom he oweth all his lif; for truſt wel he ſhal yeve accomptes, as ſayth Seint Bernard, of all the goodes that han ben yeven him in this preſent lif, and how he hath hem diſpended, in ſo moche that ther ſhal not periſhe an here of his hed, ne a moment of an houre ne ſhal not periſhe of his time that he ne ſhal yeve therof a rekening.

The fifthe thing that ought to meve a man to contrition is remembrance of the paſſion that our Lord Jeſu Criſt ſuffered for our ſinnes; for, as ſayth Seint

Bernard, While that I live I ſhal have remembrance of the travailes that our Lord Jeſu Criſt ſuffered in preching, his werineſſe in traveling, his temptations whan he faſted, his long wakinges whan he prayed, his teres whan he wept for pitee of good peple, the wo, and the ſhame, and the filthe, that men ſayden to him, of the foule ſpitting that met ſpitten in his face, of the buffettes that men yave him, of the foule mouthes and of the foule repreves that men ſaiden to him, of the nayles with which he was nailed to the croſſe, and of all the remenant of his paſſion that he ſuffred for mannes ſinne, and nothing for his gilte. And here ye ſhul underſtand that in mannes ſinne is every maner order or ordinance tourned up ſo doun; for it is ſoth that God and reſon, and ſenſualitee, and the body of man, ben ordained that everich of thiſe foure thinges ſhuld have lordſhip over that other, as thus; God ſhuld have lordſhip over reſon, and reſon over ſenſualitee, and ſenſualitee over the body of man. But ſothly whan man ſinneth all this ordre or ordinance is turned up ſo doun; and therfore than, for as moche as reſon of man ne wol not be ſubget ne obeiſant to God, that is his Lord, by right therfore leſeth it the lordſhip that it ſhuld have over ſenſualitee, and eke over the body of man: and why? for ſenſualitee rebelleth than ayenſt reſon, and by that way leſeth reſon the lordſhip over ſenſualitee and over the body; for right as reſon is rebel to God, right ſo is ſenſualitee rebel to reſon and

the body alſo. And certes this diſordinance and this rebellion our Lord Jeſu Criſt abought upon his precious body ful dere: and herkeneth in whiche wiſe; for as moche as reſon is rebel to God, therfore is man worthy to have ſorwe, and to be ded: this ſuffred our Lord Jeſu Criſt for man after that he had be betraied of his diſciple, and diſtreined and bounde, ſo that his blood braſt out at every nail of his hondes, as ſaith Seint Auguſtin. And ferthermore, for as moche as reſon of man wol not daunt ſenſualitee whan it may, therfore is man worthy to have ſhame; and this ſuffered our Lord Jeſu Criſt for man whan they ſpitten in his viſage. And fertherover, for as moche as the caitif body of man is rebel both to reſon and to ſenſualitee, therfore it is worthy the deth; and this ſuffered our Lord Jeſu Criſt upon the croſſe, wheras ther was no part of his body free without grete peine and bitter paſſion; and all this ſuffred our Lord Jeſu Criſt that never forfaited: and thus ſayd he; To mochel am I peined for thinges that I never deſerved, and to moche defouled for ſhendſhip that man is worthy to have: and therfore may the ſinful man wel ſay, as ſayth Seint Bernard, Accurſed be the bitterneſſe of my ſinne, for whiche ther muſt be ſuffered ſo moche bitterneſſe: for certes after the divers diſcordance of our wickedneſſe was the paſſion of Jeſu Criſt ordeined in divers thinges, as thus; certes ſinful mannes ſoule is betraied of the divel by coveitiſe of temporel proſperitee,

and ſcorned by diſceite whan he cheſeth fleſhly delites, and yet it is turmented by impatience of adverſitee, and beſpet by ſervage and ſubjection of ſinne, and at the laſt it is ſlain finally. For this diſcordance of ſinful man was Jeſu Criſt firſt betraied, and after that was he bounde that came for to unbinde us of ſinne and of peine; than was he beſcorned that only ſhuld have ben honoured in alle thinges and of alle thinges; than was his viſage, that ought to be deſired to be ſeen of all mankind (in which viſage angels deſiren to loke) vilainſly beſpet; than was he ſcourged that nothing had treſpaſſed; and, finally, than was he crucified and ſlain: than were accompliſhed the wordes of Eſaie, He was wounded for our miſdedes, and defouled for our felonies. Now ſith that Jeſu Criſt toke on himſelf the peine of all our wickedneſſes, moche ought ſinful man to wepe and to bewaile that for his ſinnes Goddes ſone of heven ſhuld all this peine endure.

The ſixte thing that ſhuld move a man to contrition is the hope of three thinges, that is to ſay, foryeveneſſe of ſinne, and the yeft of grace for to do wel, and the glorie of heven, withwhiche God ſhal guerdon man for his good dedes: and for as moche as Jeſu Criſt yeveth us thiſe yeftes of his largeneſſe and of his ſoveraine bountee, therfore is he cleped *Jeſus Nazarenus Rex Judæorum*. Jeſus is for to ſay Saviour or Salvation, on whom men ſhul hopen to have foryeveneſſe of ſinnes,

which that is proprely ſalvation of ſinnes; and therfore ſayd the angel to Joſeph, Thou ſhalt clepe his name Jeſus that ſhal ſaven his peple of hir ſinnes. And hereof ſaith Seint Peter, Ther is non other name under heven, that is yeven to any man, by which a man may be ſaved but only Jeſus. Nazarenus is as moche for to ſay as Flouriſhing, in which a man ſhal hope that he that yeveth him remiſſion of ſinnes ſhal yeve him alſo grace wel for to do; for in the flour is hope of fruit in time coming, and in foryeveneſſe of ſinnes hope of grace wel to do. I was at the dore of thin herte, ſayth Jeſus, and cleped for to enter; he that openeth to me ſhal have foryeveneſſe of his ſinnes, and I wol enter into him by my grace, and ſoupe with him by the good werkes that he ſhal don, which werkes ben the food of God, and he ſhal ſoupe with me by the gret joye that I ſhal yeve him. Thus ſhal man hope that for his werkes of penance God ſhal yeve him his regne, as he behight him in the Goſpel.

Now ſhal man underſtande in which maner ſhal be his contrition. I ſay that it ſhal be univerſal and total; this is to ſay, a man ſhal be veray repentant for all his ſinnes that he hath don in delite of his thought, for delite is perilous: for ther ben two maner of conſentinges; that on of hem is cleped Conſenting of Affection, whan a man is meved to do ſinne, and than deliteth him longe for to thinke on that ſinne, and his reſon apperceiveth it wel that it is ſinne ayenſt the

lawe of God, and yet his reſon refraineth not his fo
delite or talent though he ſee wel apertly that it is
yenſt the reverence of God; although his reſon conſ
not to do that ſinne indede, yet ſayn ſom doctours t
ſwiche delite that dwelleth longe is ful perilous, al
it never ſo lite: and alſo a man ſhuld ſorow, nam
for all that ever he hath deſired ayenſt the lawe of G
with parfite conſenting of his reſon, for therof is
doute that it is dedly ſinne in conſenting; for cer
ther is no dedly ſinne but that it is firſt in man
thought, and after that in his delite, and ſo forth i
conſenting and into dede; wherfore I ſay that ma
men ne repent hem never of ſwiche thoughtes and
lites, ne never ſhriven hem of it, but only of the d
of gret ſinnes outward; wherfore I ſay that ſwi
wicked delites ben ſubtil begilers of hem that ſhul
dampned. Moreover, man ought to ſorwen for
wicked wordes as wel as for his wicked dedes, for c
tes repentance of a ſinguler ſinne, and not repent
of all his other ſinnes, or elles repenting him of all
other ſinnes and not of a ſinguler ſinne, may not avai
for certes God Almighty is all good, and therf
either he foryeveth all, or elles right nought; a
therfore ſayth Seint Auguſtin, I wote certainly t
God is enemy to every ſinner: and how than? he t
obſerveth on ſinne ſhal he have foryeveneſſe of the
menant of his other ſinnes? nay. And furtherov
contrition ſhuld be wonder ſorweful and anguiſho

and therfore yeveth him God plainly his mercie: and therfore whan my ſoule was anguiſhous, and forweful within me, than had I remembrance of God that my praier might come to him. Furtherover, contrition muſte be continuel, and that man have ſtedfaſt purpoſe to ſhrive him and to amend him of his lif; for ſothly while contrition laſteth man may ever hope to have foryeveneſſe: and of this cometh hate of ſinne, that deſtroyeth ſinne bothe in himſelf and eke in other folk at his power; for which ſayth David, They that love God hate wickedneſſe; for to love God is for to love that he loveth and hate that he hateth.

The laſt thing that men ſhull underſtand in contrition is this, wherof availeth contrition. I ſay that contrition ſomtime deliverech man fro ſinne; of which David ſaith, I ſay, (quod David) I purpoſed fermely to ſhrive me, and thou Lord releſedeſt my ſinne. And right ſo as contrition availeth not without ſad purpos of ſhrift and ſatisfaction, right ſo litel worth is ſhrift or ſatisfaction withouten contrition. And moreover, contrition deſtroyeth the priſon of helle, and maketh weke and feble all the ſtrengthes of the devils, and reſtoreth the yeftes of the Holy Goſt and of all good vertues, and it clenſeth the ſoule of ſinne, and deliver-eth it fro the peine of helle, and fro the compagnie of the devil, and fro the ſervage of ſinne, and reſtoreth it to all goodes ſpirituel, and to the compagnie and communion of holy chirche. And furtherover, it ma-

keth him that whilom was sone of ire to be the sone of grace: and all thes thinges ben preved by holy writ; and therfore he that wold set his entent to thise thinges he were ful wise; for sothly he ne shuld have than in all his lif corage to sinne, but yeve his herte and body to the service of Jesu Crist, and therof do him homage; for certes our Lord Jesu Crist hath spared us so benignely in our folies, that if he ne had pitee on mannes soule a fery fung might we alle singe.

Explicit prima pars penitentiæ, et incipit pars secunda.

The second part of penitence is confession, and that is signe of contrition. Now shul ye understonde what is confession, and whether it ought nedes to be don or non, and which thinges ben covenable to veray confession.

First shalt thou understande that confession is veray shewing of sinnes to the preest; this is to saie veray, for he must confesse him of all the conditions that belongen to his sinne as ferforth as he can: all must be sayd, and nothing excused, ne hid, ne forwrapped, and not avaunt him of his good werkes: also it is necessarie to understande whennes that sinnes springen, and how they encresen, and which they ben.

Of springing of sinnes saith Seint Poule in this wise; that right as by on man sinne entred first into this world, and thurgh sinne deth, right so deth entreth into alle men that sinnen; and this man was Adam, by

whom ſinne entred into this world whan he brake the commandement of God: and therfore he that firſt was ſo mighty that he ne ſhuld have died, became ſwiche on that he muſt nedes die whether he wold or no; and all his progenie in this world that in thilke maner ſinnen dien. Loke that in the eſtate of innocence, whan Adam and Eve weren naked in Paradiſe, and no thing ne hadden ſhame of hir nakedneſſe, how that the ſerpent, that was moſt wily of all other beſtes that God had made, ſayd to the woman, Why commanded God you that ye ſhuld not ete of every tree in Paradiſe? The woman anſwered, Of the fruit, ſayd ſhe, of the trees of Paradiſe we feden us, but of the fruit of the tree that is in the middel of Paradiſe God forbode us for to eten, ne to touche it, leſt we ſhuld die. The ſerpent ſayd to the woman, Nay, nay, ye ſhul not dien of deth; for ſoth God wote that what day that ye ete therof your eyen ſhul open, and ye ſhul be as goddes, knowing good and harme. The woman ſaw that the tree was good to feding, and faire to the eyen, and delectable to the ſight; ſhe toke of the fruit of the tree and did ete, and yave to hire huſbond, and he ete; and anon the eyen of hem both opened: and whan they knewe that they were naked they ſowed of a fig-tree leves in maner of breches to hiden hir members. Here mow ye ſeen that dedly ſinne hath firſt ſuggeſtion of the fende, as ſheweth here by the adder, and afterward the delit of the fleſh, as ſheweth here by Eve, and after

that the conſenting of reſon, as ſheweth by Adam: for truſt wel though ſo it were that the fende tempted Eve, that is to ſay, the fleſh, and the fleſh had delit in the beautee of the fruit defended, yet certes til that reſon, that is to ſay Adam, conſented to the eting of the fruit, yet ſtode he in the ſtate of innocence. Of thilke Adam toke we thilke ſinne original; from him fleſhly diſcended be we all, and engendred of vile and corrupt mater; and whan the ſoule is put in our bodies right anon is contract original ſinne, and that that was erſt but only peine of concupiſcence is afterward both peine and ſinne; and therfore we ben all yborne ſones of wrath and of dampnation perdurable, if ne were baptiſme that we receive, which benimeth us the culpe: but forſoth the peine dwelleth with us as to temptation, which peine hight Concupiſcence. This concupiſcence, whan it is wrongfully diſpoſed or ordeined in man, it maketh him coveit, by coveitiſe of fleſh, fleſhly ſinne by ſight of his eyen, as to erthly thinges, and alſo coveitiſe of highneſſe by pride of herte.

Now, as to ſpeke of the firſt coveitiſe, that is, concupiſence, after the lawe of our membres that were lawfully ymaked, and by rightful jugement of God, I ſay, for as moche as a man is not obeiſant to God that is his Lord, therfore is his herte to him diſobeiſant thurgh concupiſcence, which is called nouriſhing of ſinne, and occaſion of ſinne; therfore all the while

that a man haith within him the peine of concupiſence it is impoſſible but he be tempted ſomtime, and moved in his fleſh to ſinne. And this thing may not faile as long as he liveth; it may wel waxe feble by vertue of baptiſme, and by the grace of God thurgh penitence, but fully ne ſhal it never quenche, that he ne ſhal ſomtime be meved in himſelfe but if he were refreined by ſikeneſſe, or maleſice of ſorcerie, or cold drinkes. For lo, what ſayth Seint Poule? The fleſh coveiteth ayenſt the ſpirit, and the ſpirit ayenſt the fleſh; they ben ſo contrarie and ſo ſtriven that a man may not alway do as he wold. The ſame Seint Poule, after his gret penaunce in water and in lond; in water by night and by day in gret peril and in gret peine, in lond in grete famine and thurſt, cold and clothles, and ones ſtoned almoſt to deth, yet ſayd he, Alas! I caitif man, who ſhal deliver me fro the priſon of my caitif body? And Seint Jerom, whan he long time had dwelled in deſert, wheras he had no compagnie but of wilde beſtes, wheras he had no mete but herbes, and water to his drinke, ne no bed but the naked erth, wherfore his fleſh was black as an Ethiopian for hete, and nie deſtroyed for cold, yet ſayd he that the brenning of lecherie boiled in all his body: wherfore I wot wel ſikerly that they be deceived that ſay they be not tempted in hir bodies; witneſſe Seint James, that ſaid that every wight is tempted in his owen conſcience; that is to ſay, that eche of us hath mater

and occaſion to be tempted of the noriſhing of ſinne that is in his body; and therfore ſayth Seint John the Evangeliſt, If we ſay that we ben without ſinne we deceive ourſelf, and truth is not in us.

Now ſhul ye underſtonde in what maner ſinne wexeth and encreſeth in man. The firſt thing is that noriſhing of ſinne of which I ſpake before, that is, concupiſcence; and after that cometh ſuggeſtion of the divel, this is to ſay, the divels belous, with which he bloweth in man the fire of concupiſcence; and after that a man bethinketh him whether he wol do or no that thing to which he is tempted; and than if a man withſtond and weive the firſt entiſing of his fleſh and of the fend than it is no ſinne; and if ſo be he do not, than feleth he anon a flame of delit, and than it is good to beware and kepe him wel, or elles he wol fall anon to conſenting of ſinne, and than wol he do it if he may have time and place. And of this mater ſayth Moyſes* by the devil in this maner; The fend ſayth, I wol chace and purſue man by wicked ſuggeſtion, and I wol hent him by meving and ſtirring of ſinne, and I wol depart my pris or my prey by deliberation, and my luſt ſhal be accompliſed in delit; I wol draw my ſwerd in conſenting; (for certes right

* *ſayth Moyſes*] I cannot tell where: perhaps there may be ſome ſuch paſſage in the rabbinical hiſtories of Moſes which the learned Gaulmin publiſhed in the laſt century, [*Par.* 1629, 8vo,] and which among other traditions contain that alluded to by *S. Jude, Ep.* ver. 9.

as a ſwerd departeth a thing in two peces, right ſo conſenting departeth God fro man) and than wol I ſle him with my hond in dede of ſinne. Thus ſayth the fend, for certes than is a man al ded in ſoule; and thus is ſinne accompliſed by temptation, by delit, and by conſenting, and than is the ſinne actuel.

Forſoth ſinne is in two maners; either it is venial or dedly ſinne. Sothly whan a man loveth any creature more than Jeſu Criſt our creatour than it is dedly ſinne; and venial ſinne it is if a man love Jeſu Criſt leſſe than him ought. Forſoth the dede of this venial ſinne is ful perilous, for it amenuſeth the love that man ſhuld have to God more and more; and therfore if a man charge himſelf with many ſwiche venial ſinnes, certes but if ſo be that he ſomtime diſcharge him of hem by ſhrift they may wel lightly amenuſe in him all the love that he hath to Jeſu Criſt. And in this wiſe ſkippeth venial ſinne into dedly ſinne; for certes the more that a man chargeth his ſoule with venial ſinnes the more he is enclined to fall into dedly ſinne; and therfore let us not be negligent to diſcharge us of venial ſinnes; for the proverbe ſayth that many ſmal maken a gret. And herken this enſample: a gret wawe of the ſee cometh ſomtime with ſo gret a violence that it drencheth the ſhip; and the ſame harme do ſomtime the ſmal dropes of water that enteren thurgh a litel crevis in the thurrok *, and in the botom of the

* *in the thurrok*] The editt. have changed this word in this place into *timber*, though in another place they have left it as

ſhip, if men ben ſo negligent that they diſcharge l
not by time; and therfore although ther be differ
betwix thiſe two cauſes of drenching algates the
is dreint. Right ſo fareth it ſomtime of dedly ſi
and of anoious venial ſinnes, whan they multipli
man ſo gretly that thilke worldly thinges that h
veth, thurgh which he ſinneth venially, is as gre
his herte as the love of God, or more; and ther
the love of every thing that is not beſet in God
don principally for Goddes ſake, although that a
love it leſſe than God, yet is it venial ſinne; and d
ſinne is whan the love of any thing weigheth in
herte of man as moche as the love of God, or m
Dedly ſinne, as ſayth Seint Auguſtine, is whan a
tourneth his herte fro God, whiche that is veray ſi
raine bountee, that may not chaunge, and yeveth
herte to thing that may chaunge and flitte; and es

here; and Mr. Speght explains it to mean an heap. It is a S
word, which the Gloſſaries render *cymba*, *caupolus*, (origi
perhaps *campulus*, as it was ſometimes written. *Du Cange*,
Caupulus.) It ſeems to have ſignified any ſort of keeled v
and from thence what we call *the hold* of a ſhip. The fol
ing explanation of it, from an old book entitled *Oure L
Mirroure*, [*Lond.* 1530, fol. 57, b.] will fully juſtify Chau
uſe of it in both places, in the firſt literally, and in the ſe
metaphorically: "Ye ſhall underſtande that there ys a
"in the bottome of a ſhyppe wherin ys gathered all the f
"that cometh into the ſhyppe—and it is called in ſome
"tre of thys londe a *thorrocke*, other calle yt an *bamron*
"ſome calle yt the *bulcke* of the ſhyppe." I know not wh
make of *bamron*.

that is every thing ſave God of heven: for ſoth is that if a man yeve his love, which that he oweth to God with all his herte, unto a creature, certes as moche of his love as he yeveth to the ſame creature ſo moche he bereveth fro God, and therfore doth he ſinne; for he that is dettour to God ne yeldeth not to God all his dette, that is to ſayn, all the love of his herte.

Now ſith man underſtondeth generally which is venial ſinne, than is it covenable to tell ſpecially of ſinnes whiche that many a man peraventure demeth hem no ſinnes, and ſhriveth him not of the ſame, and yet natheles they be ſinnes ſothly, as thiſe clerkes writen; this is to ſay, at every tyme that man eteth and drinketh more than ſufficeth to the ſuſtenance of his body in certain he doth ſinne; eke whan he ſpeketh more than it nedeth he doth ſinne; eke whan he herkeneth not benignely the complaint of the poure; eke whan he is in hele of body and wol not faſt whan other folk faſt without cauſe reſonable; eke whan he ſlepeth more than nedeth, or whan he cometh by that encheſon to late to chirche, or to other werkes of charitee; eke whan he uſeth his wif withouten ſoveraine deſire of engendrure, to the honour of God, or for the entent to yeld his wif his dette of his body; eke whan he wol not viſite the ſike or the priſoner if he may; eke if he love wif or child, or other worldly thing, more than reſon requireth; eke if he flater or blandiſe more than him ought for any neceſſitee; eke if he amenuſe or with-

drawe the almesse of the poure; eke if he apparail his mete more deliciously than nede is, or ete it to ha stily by likerousnesse; eke if he talke vanitees in th chirche, or at Goddes service, or that he be a taler o idle wordes of folie or vilanie, for he shal yeld ac comptes of it at the day of dome; eke whan he be- highteth or assureth to don thinges that he may not perfourme; eke whan that he by lightnesse of foly missayeth or scorneth his neighbour; eke whan he hath ony wicked suspecion of thing ther he ne wot of it no sothfastnesse. Thise thinges, and mo withouten nombre, be sinnes, as sayth Seint Augustine. Now shul ye understonde that al be it so that non erthly man may eschewe al venial sinnes, yet may he refreine him by the brenning love that he hath to our Lord Jesu Crist, and by prayer and confession, and other good werkes, so that it shal but litel grieve: for, as sayth Seint Augustine, If a man love God in swiche maner that all that ever he doth is in the love of God, or for the love of God verayly, for he brenneth in the love of God, loke how moche that a drope of water which falleth into a fourneis ful of fire anoieth or greveth the brenning of the fire, in like maner anoieth or greveth a venial sinne unto that man whiche is stedfast and par- fite in the love of our Saviour Jesu Crist. Furthermore, men may also refreine and put away venial sinne by receiving worthily the precious body of Jesu Crist, by receiving eke of holy water, by almes dede, by go-

neral confeſſion of *confiteor* at maſſe, and at prime, and at complin, and by bleſſing of biſhoppes and preeſtes, and by other good werkes.

De Septem Peccatis Mortalibus.

Now it is behovely to tellen whiche ben dedly ſinnes, that is to ſay, chiefetaines of ſinnes, for as moche as all they ren in o lees, but in divers maners. Now ben they cleped Chiefetaines for as moche as they be chiefe, and of hem ſpringen all other ſinnes. The rote of thiſe ſinnes than is pride, the general rote of all harmes, for of this rote ſpringen certain braunches, as ire, envie, accidie or ſlouthe, avarice or coveitiſe, (to commun underſtonding) glotonie, and lecherie; and eche of thiſe chief ſinnes hath his braunches and his twigges, as ſhal be declared in hir chapitres folowing.

De Superbia.

And though ſo be that no man knoweth utterly the nombre of the twigges and of the harmes that comen of pride, yet wol I ſhew a partie of hem as ye ſhul underſtond. Ther is inobedience, avaunting, ipocriſie, deſpit, arrogance, impudence, ſwelling of herte, inſolence, elation, impatience, ſtrif, contumacie, preſumption, irreverence, pertinacie, vaine glorie, and many other twigges that I cannot declare. Inobedient is he that diſobeyeth for deſpit to the commandements of God, and to his ſoveraines, and to his goſtly fader; avauntour is he that boſteth of the harme or of the bountee that he hath don; ipocrite is he that

hideth to ſhew him ſwiche as he is, and ſheweth him to ſeme ſwiche as he is not; deſpitous is he that hath diſdain of his neighebour, that is to ſayn, of his even Criſten, or hath deſpit to do that him ought to do; arrogant is he that thinketh that he hath thoſe bountees in him that he hath not, or weneth that he ſhulde have hem by his deſerving, or elles that demeth that he be that he is not; impudent is he that for his pride hath no ſhame of his ſinnes; ſwelling of herte is whan man rejoyceth him of harme that he hath don; inſolent is he that deſpiſeth in his jugement all other folk as in regarde of his value, of his conning, of his ſpeking, and of his bering; elation is whan he ne may neither ſuffre to have maiſter ne felawe; impatient is he that wol not be taught ne undernome of his vice, and by ſtrif werrieth truth wetingly, and defendeth his foly: *contumax* is he that thurgh his indignation is ayenſt every auctoritee or power of hem that ben his ſoveraines; preſumption is whan a man undertaketh an empriſe that him ought not to do, or elles that he may not do, and this is called furquidrie; irreverence is whan man doth not honour ther as him ought to do, and waiteth to be reverenced; pertinacie is whan man defendeth his foly, and truſteth to moche in his owen wit; vaineglorie is for to have pompe and delit in his temporel highneſſe, and glorye him in his worldly eſtate; jangling is whan man ſpeketh to moche be-

fore folk, and clappeth as a mille, and taketh no kepe what he ſayth.

And yet ther is a privee ſpice of pride that waiteth firſt to be ſalewed or he wol ſalew, all be he leſſe worthy than that other is; and eke he waiteth to ſit or to go above him in the way, or kiſſe the pax, or ben encenſed, or gon to offring before his neighbour, and ſwiche ſemblable thinges, ayenſt his deutee peraventure, but that he hath his herte and his entente in ſwiche a proude deſire to be magnified and honoured beforn the peple.

Now ben ther two maner of prides; that on of hem is within the herte of a man, and that other is without; of whiche ſothly thiſe forefayd thinges, and mo than I have ſayd, apperteinen to pride that is woned in the herte of man; and ther be other ſpices of pride that ben withouten; but nathelesthat on of thiſe ſpices of pride is ſigne of that other, right as the bay leves fell at the taverne is ſigne of the win that is in the celler. And this is in many thinges, as in ſpeche and demeintenance, and outragious array of clothing*; for certes if ther had ben no ſinne in clothing Criſt wold not ſo ſone have noted and ſpoken of the clothing of thilke rich man in the Goſpel; and, as Seint Gregory ſayth, that precious clothing is culpable for the derthe of it,

* *outragious array of clothing*] What follows ſhould be read carefully by any antiquary who may mean to write *Vestiaria* of the Engliſh nation in the 14th century.

and for his ſoftneſſe, and for his ſtrangeneſſe and diſguiſing, and for the ſuperfluitee or for the inordinate ſcantneſſe of it. Alas! may not a man ſee as in our daies the ſinneful coſtlewe array of clothing, and namely in to moche ſuperfluitee, or elles in to diſordinate ſcantneſſe.

As to the firſte ſinne, in ſuperfluitee of clothing, whiche that maketh it ſo dere, to the harme of the peple, not only the coſte of the enbrouding, the diſguiſing, endenting or barring, ounding, paling, winding, or bending, and ſemblable waſt of cloth in vanitee, but ther is alſo the coſtlewe furring in hir gounes, ſo moche pounſoning of cheſel to maken holes, ſo moche dagging of ſheres, with the ſuperfluitee in length of the foreſaide gounes, trailing in the dong and in the myre, on hors and eke on foot, as wel of man as of woman, that all thilke trailing is verayly (as in effect) waſted, conſumed, thredbare, and rotten with dong, rather than it is yeven to the poure, to gret damage of the foreſayd poure folk, and that in ſondry wiſe; this is to ſayn, the more that cloth is waſted the more muſt it coſt to the poure peple for the ſcarceneſſe: and furtherover, if ſo be that they wolden yeve ſwiche pounſoned and dagged clothing to the poure peple it is not convenient to were for hir eſtate, ne ſuffiſant to bote hir neceſſitee, to kepe hem fro the diſtemperance of the firmament. Upon that other ſide, to ſpeke of the horrible diſordinat ſcantneſſe of clothing, as

ben thise cutted sloppes or hanselines, that thurgh hir shortenesse cover not the shameful membres of man to wicked entente; alas! som of hem shewen the boce and the shape of the horrible swollen membres that semen like to the maladie of Hernia, in the wrapping of hir hosen, and eke the buttokkes of hem like bukkes, that faren as it were the hinder part of a fine ape in the ful of the mone. And moreover, the wretched swollen membres that they shew thurgh disguising, in departing of hir hosen in white and rede, semeth that half hir shameful privee membres were flaine: and if so be that they departe hir hosen in other colours, as is white and blewe, or white and blake, or blake and rede, and so forth, than semeth it, as by variance of colour, that the half part of hir privee membres ben corrupt by the fire of Seint Anthonie, or by cancre, or other swiche mischance. Of the hinder part of hir buttokkes it is ful horrible for to see, for certes in that partie of hir body, ther as they purgen hir stinking ordure, that foule partie shewe they to the peple proudely in despite of honestee, which honestee that Jesu Crist and his frendes observed to shewe in hir lif. Now as to the outrageous array of women, God wote that though the visages of some of hem semen ful chaste and debonaire, yet notifien they in hir array of attire likerousnesse and pride. I say not that honestee in clothing of man or woman is unreprevable, but certes the superfluitee or disordinat lust-

citee of clothing is reprevable. Alſo the ſinne of ornament or of apparaile is in thinges that apperteine to riding, as in to many delicat hors that ben holden for delit, that ben ſo faire, fatte, and coſtlewe; and alſo in many a vicious knave that is ſuſteined becauſe of hem; in curious harneis, as in ſadles, cropers, peitrels, and bridles, covered with precious cloth and rich, barred and plated of gold and of ſilver; for which God ſayth by Zacharie the prophet, I wol confounde the riders of ſwiche hors. Theſe folke taken litel regard of the riding of Goddes ſone of heven, and of his harneis, whan he rode upon the aſſe, and had non other harneis but the poure clothes of his diſciples, ne we rede not that ever he rode on ony other beſte. I ſpeke this for the ſinne of ſuperfluitee, and not for honeſtee, whan reſon it requireth. And moreover, certes pride is gretly notified in holding of gret meinie, whan they ben of litel profite or of right no profite, and namely whan that meinie is felonous and damageous to the peple by hardineſſe of high lordeſhip, or by way of office; for certes ſwiche lordes ſell than hir lordeſhip to the devil of helle whan they ſuſteine the wickedneſſe of hir meinie; or elles whan thiſe folk of low degree, as they that holden hoſtelries, ſuſteinen theſte of hir hoſtellers, and that is in many maner of deceites; thilke maner of folk ben the flies that folowen the hony, or elles the houndes that folowen the caraine: ſwiche foreſayde folk ſtranglen ſpirituelly hir lorde-

shipes; for which thus saith David the prophet, Wicked deth not come unto thilke lordeshipes, and God yeve that they mot descend into helle all doun, for in hir houses is iniquitee and shrewednesse, and not God of heven: and certes but if they don amendement, right as God yave his benison to Laban by the service of Jacob, and to Pharao by the service of Joseph, right so God wol yeve his malison to swiche lordeshipes as sustein the wickednesse of hir servants, but they come to amendement. Pride of the table appereth eke ful oft, for certes riche men be cleped to festes, and poure folk be put away and rebuked; and also in exceſſe of divers metes and drinkes, and namely swiche maner bake metes and dishe metes brenning of wilde fire, and peinted and castelled with paper, and semblable wast, so that it is abusion to thinke; and eke in to gret preciousnesse of vessell, and curiositee of minstralcie, by which a man is stirred more to the delites of luxurie, so be that he sette his herte the lesse upon oure Lord Jesu Crist, it is a sinne; and certainely the delites might be so gret in this cas that a man might lightly fall by them into dedly sinne. The spices that sourden of pride, namely whan they sourden of malice imagined, avised, of forecaste, or elles of usage, ben dedly sinnes it is to leve; and whan they sourden by freeltee unavisedly, and sodenly withdraw again, al be they no dedly sinnes I gesse that they be not dedly. Now can ye aske wherof that pride sourdeth and spring-

eth? I say that somtime it springeth of the goodes of nature, somtime of the goodes of fortune, and somtime of the goodes of grace. Certes the goodes of nature stonden only in the goodes of the body or of the soule; certes the goodes of the body ben hele of body, strength, deliverneſſe, beautee, gentrie, franchiſe; the goodes of nature of the soule ben good wit, sharpe understonding, subtil engine, vertue naturel, good memorie; goodes of fortune ben riches, high degree of lordshipes, and preisinges of the peple; goodes of grace ben science, power to suffre spirituel travaile, benignitee, vertuous contemplation, withstonding of temptation, and semblable thinges; of which foresayd goodes certes it is a gret folie a man to priden him in ony of hem all. Now as for to speke of goodes of nature, God wote that somtime we have hem in nature as moche to our damage as to our profite. As for to speke of hele of body, trewely it passeth ful lightly, and also it is ful ofte encheson of sikeneſſe of the soule, for God wote the flesh is a gret enemy to the soule, and therfore the more that the body is hole the more be we in peril to falle; eke for to priden him in his strength of body it is a grete folie, for certes the flesh coveiteth averst the spirite, and ever the more strong that the flesh is the forier may the soule be; and, over all, this strength of body and worldly hardineſſe causeth ful oft to many man peril and mischance: also to have pride of gentrie is right gret folie, for oft time the gen-

trie of the body benimeth the gentrie of the ſoule: and alſo we ben all of o fader and of o moder, and all we ben of o nature, rotten and corrupt, bothe riche and poure. Forſoth o maner gentrie is for to preiſe, that appareilleth mannes corage with vertues and moralitees, and maketh him Criſtes child, for truſteth wel that over what man that ſinne hath maiſtrie he is a veray cherl to ſinne.

Now ben ther general ſignes of gentilneſſe, as eſchewing of vice and ribaudrie, and ſervage of ſinne in word, and in werk and contenance, and uſing vertue, as courteſie and cleneneſſe, and to be liberal, that is to ſay, large by meſure, for thilke that paſſeth meſure is folie and ſinne; another is to remember him of bountee that he of other folk hath received; another is to be benigne to his ſubgettes; wherfore ſaith Seneke, Ther is nothing more covenable to a man of high eſtate than debonairtee and pitee; and therfore thiſe flies that men clepen Bees, whan they make hir king they cheſen on that hath no pricke wherwith he may ſting. Another is, man to have a noble herte and a diligent, to atteine to high vertuous thinges: now, certes a man to priden him in the goodes of grace is eke an outrageous folie, for thilke yeftes of grace that ſhuld have tourned him to goodneſſe and to medicine tourneth him to venime and confuſion, as ſayth Seint Gregorie. Certes alſo, who ſo prideth him in the goodneſſe of Fortune he is a gret fool, for ſomtime is a man

a gret lord by the morwe that is a caitife and a wretel or it be night: and ſomtime the richeſſe of a man i cauſe of his deth; and ſomtime the delites of a mai ben cauſe of grevous maladie thurgh which he dieth Certes the commendation of the peple is ful falſe an brotel for to truſt; this day they preiſe, to-morwe the blame. God wote deſire to have commendation of th peple hath cauſed deth to may a beſy man.

Remedium Superbie.

Now ſith that ſo is that ye have underſtond wha is pride, and which be the ſpices of it, and how mennes pride ſourdeth and ſpringeth, now ye ſhu underſtond which is the remedie ayenſt it. Humili tee or mekeneſſe is the remedy ayenſt pride; that i a vertue thurgh which a man hath veray knowleg of himſelf, and holdeth of himſelf no deintee ne m pris, as in regard of his deſertes, conſidering ever hi freeltee. Now ben ther three maner of humilitees, a humilitee in herte, and another in the mouth, an the thridde in werkes. The humilitee in herte is i foure maners; that on is whan a man holdeth him ſelf as nought worth before God of heven; the ſe cond is whan he deſpiſeth non other man; the thridd is whan he ne recketh nat though men holde hin nought worth; and the fourth is whan he is not ſor of his humiliation. Alſo the humilitee of mouth is i foure thinges; in attemperate ſpeche, in humilite of ſpeche, and whan he confeſſeth with his owe

outh that he is swiche as he thinketh that he is in his herte; another is whan he preiseth the bountee of another man, and nothing therof amenuiseth. Humilitee eke in werkes is in foure maners: the first is whan he putteth other men before him; the seconde is to chese the loweste place of alle; the thridde is lightly to assent to good conseil; the fourth is to stonde stedily to the award of his soveraine, or of him that is hyer in degree: certain this is a gret werk of humilitee.

De Invidia.

After pride wol I speke of the foule sinne of envie, which that is, after the word of the philosopher, sorwe of other mennes prosperitee; and after the word of Seint Augustine it is sorwe of other mennes welthe and joye of other mennes harme. This foule sinne is contrarie ayenst the Holy Goste: al be it so that every sinne is ayenst the Holy Goste, yet natheles for as muche as bountee apperteineth proprely to the Holy Goste, right so envie cometh proprely of malice, therfore is it proprely ayenst the bountee of the Holy Goste. Now been there malice two spices, that is to sey, hardinesse of herte, that is in wickednesse, or elles the flesh of man is so blinde that he considereth not that he is in sinne, or elles he recketh not that he is in sinne, which is the hardinesse of the divel. That other spice of envie is whan that a man werrieth trouthe whan he wot that it is trouthe, and also whan he werrieth the grace of God that is yeve to his neighbour; and all this is by the suggestion

tes than is envie the werſt ſinne that is, for ſothly al other ſinnes be ſomtime only ayenſt an ſpecial vertue, but certes envie is ayenſt al maner vertuous goodneſſe, for it is ſory of all bountee of his neighbour: and in this maner it is divers from all othir ſinnes, for wel unnethe is ther any ſinne that it hath ſom delit in himſelf ſave only envie, that only in himſelf anguiſh and ſorwe. The ſpices of ben theſe; ther is firſt ſorwe of other mennes goodneſſe and of hir proſperitee, and proſperitee ought to be kindly mater of joye; than is envie a ſinne of kinde. The ſeconde ſpice of envie is joye of mennes harme, and that is proprely like to the devel, that ever rejoyſeth him of mannes harme. Of thiſe two ſpices cometh backbiting; and this ſinne backbiting or detracting hath certain ſpices, as ſom man preiſeth his neighbour by a wicked ende for he maketh alway a wicked knotte at the laſte ende alway he maketh a *but* at the laſt ende, that is digne more blame than is worth all the preiſing: the ſeconde ſpice is, that if a man be good, or doth or ſayth a thing to good entente, the backbiter wol turne all that goodneſſe up ſodoun to his ſhrewde entente: the thridde is to amenuſe the bountee of his neighbour: the fourthe ſpice of backbiting is this, that if men ſpeke goodneſſe of a man than wol the backbiter ſay, Parfay ſwiche a man is yet better than he, in diſpreiſing of him that men preiſe: the fifth ſpice is this, for to conſent glad-

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mouth that he is fwiche as he thinketh that he is in his herte; another is whan he preiſeth the bountee of another man, and nothing therof amenuſeth. Humilitee eke in werkes is in foure maners: the firſt is whan he putteth other men before him; the ſecond is to cheſe the loweſt place of alle; the thridde is gladly to aſſent to good conſeil; the fourth is to ſtond gladly to the award of his ſoveraine, or of him that is higher in degree: certain this is a gret werk of humilitee.

De Invidia.

After pride wol I ſpeke of the foule ſinne of envie, which that is, after the word of the philoſopher, ſorwe of other mennes proſperitee; and after the word of Seint Auguſtine it is ſorwe of other mennes wele, and joye of other mennes harme. This foule ſinne is platly ayenſt the Holy Goſt: al be it ſo that every ſinne is ayenſt the Holy Goſt, yet natheles for as moche as bountee apperteineth proprely to the Holy Goſt, and envie cometh proprely of malice, therfore it is proprely ayenſt the bountee of the Holy Goſt. Now hath malice two ſpices, that is to ſay, hardineſſe of herte in wickedneſſe, or elles the fleſh of man is ſo blind that he conſidereth not that he is in ſinne, or recketh not that he is in ſinne, which is the hardineſſe of the divel. That other ſpice of envie is whan that a man werrieth trouth whan he wot that it is trouth, and alſo whan he werrieth the grace of God that God hath yeve to his neighbour; and all this is by envie: cer-

tes than is envie the werſt ſinne that is, for ſoth other ſinnes be ſomtime only ayenſt on ſpecial tue, but certes envie is ayenſt al maner vertues an goodneſſe; for it is ſory of all bountee of his n bour: and in this maner it is divers from all othe nes, for wel unnethe is ther any ſinne that it ne ſom delit in himſelf ſave only envie, that ever in himſelf anguiſh and ſorwe. The ſpices of e ben theſe; ther is firſt ſorwe of other mennes g neſſe and of hir proſperitee, and proſperitee ougl be kindly mater of joye; than is envie a ſinne a kinde. The ſeconde ſpice of envie is joye of o mennes harme, and that is proprely like to th vel, that ever rejoyſeth him of mannes harme. thiſe two ſpices cometh backbiting; and this ſin backbiting or detracting hath certain ſpices, as t ſom man proiſeth his neighbour by a wicked ente for he maketh alway a wicked knotte at the laſte e alway he maketh a *but* at the laſt ende, that is digr more blame than is worth all the preiſing: the ſec ſpice is, that if a man be good, or doth or ſayth a t to good entente, the backbiter wol turne all that g neſſe up ſodoun to his ſhrewde entente: the thrid to amenuſe the bountee of his neighbour: the fou ſpice of backbiting is this, that if men ſpeke goodn of a man than wol the backbiter ſay, Parfay ſwic man is yet better than he, in diſpreiſing of him t men preiſe: the fifth ſpice is this, for to conſent g

ly to herken the harme that men speke of other folk: this sinne is ful gret, and ay encreseth after the wicked entent of the backbiter: after backbiting cometh grutching or murmurance, and somtime it springeth of impatience ayenst God, and somtime ayenst man: ayenst God it is whan a man grutcheth ayenst the peine of helle, or ayenst poverte, or losse of catel, or ayenst rain or tempest, or elles grutcheth that he wol have prosperitee, or elles that good men have adversitee: and all thise thinges shuld men suffre patiently, for they comen by the rightful jugement and ordinance of God. Somtime cometh grutching of avarice, as Judas grutched ayenst the Magdeleine whan she anointed the hed of our Lord Jesu Crist with hire precious oynement: this maner murmuring is lyche as whan man grutcheth of goddesse that he himself doth or that other folk don of his owen catel. Somtime cometh murmur of pride, as whan Simon the Pharisee grutched ayenst the Magdeleine whan she approched to Jesu Crist and wept at his feet for hire sinnes: and somtime it sourdeth of envie, whan men discover a mannes harme that was privee, or berie him on hond thing that is falce. Murmur also is ofte among servants, that grutchen whan hir soverains bidden hem do lesful thinges: and for asmoche as they dare not openly withsay the commaundements of hire soverines, yet wol they say harme, and grutche, and murmure privily for veray despit, which wordes they

call the *divels Pater noster*, though so be that the devil had never *Pater noster*, but thus lewed folke yeven it fwiche a name. Somtime it cometh of ire or privee hate, that norisheth rancour in the herte, as afterward I shal declare. Than cometh eke bitternesse of herte, thurgh which bitternesse every good dede of his neighbour semeth to him bitter and unsavory. Than cometh discord, that unbindeth all maner of frendshipe: than cometh scorning of his neighbour, al do he never so wel: than cometh accusing, as whan a man seketh occasion to annoyen his neighbour, which is like the craft of the divel, that waiteth both day and night to accusen us alle: than cometh malignitee, thurgh which a man annoieth his neighbour prively if he may, and if he may not algate his wicked will shal not let as for to brenne his hous prively, or empoison him, or slo his bestes, and semblable thinges.

Remedium Invidie.

Now wol I speke of the remedie ayenst this foule sinne of envie. Firste is the love of God principally, and loving of his neighbour as himself, for sothly that on ne may not be without that other; and trust wel that in the name of thy neighbour thou shalt understande the name of thy brother, for certes all we have on fader fleshly and on moder, that is to say, Adam and Eve, and also on fader spirituel, that is to say, God of heven. Thy neighbour art thou bounde for to love and will him all goodnesse, and therfore sayth God, Love thy neighbour as thyself, that is to say, to sal-

vation both of lif and ſoule; and moreover, thou ſhalt love him in word, and in benigne amoneſting and chaſtiſing, and comfort him in his anoyes, and praye for him with all thy herte; and in dede thou ſhalt love him as ſwiche wife that thou ſhalt do to him in charitee as thou woldeſt that it were don to thine owen perſon, and therfore thou ne ſhalt do him ne damage in wicked word, ne harme in his body, ne in his catel, ne in his ſoule, by entiſing of wicked enſamples: thou ſhalt not deſire his wif ne non of his thinges. Underſtondeeke that in the name of Neighbour is comprehended his enemy; certes man ſhal love his enemy for the commandement of God and ſothly thy frend thou ſhalt love in God: I ſay thin enemy ſhalt thou love for Goddes ſake by his commandement for if it were reſon that man ſhulde hate his enemy forſoth God n'olde not receive us to his love that ben his enemies. Ayenſt three manir of wronges that his enemy doth to him he ſhal do three things, as thus: ayenſt hate and rancour of herte he ſhal love him in herte: ayenſt chiding and wicked wordes he ſhal praye for his enemy; ayenſt the wicked dede of his enemy he ſhal do him bountee; for Criſt ſayth, Love your enemies, and prayeth for hem that ſpeke yow harme, and for hem that chaſen and purſuen you, and do bountee to hem that haten you. Lo, thus commaundeth us our Lord Jeſu Criſt to do to our enemies. Forſoth nature driveth us to love our frendes, and parfay

our enemies have more nede of love than our frendes, and they that more nede have certes to hem shal men do goodnesse; and certes in thilke dede have we remembrance of the love of Jesu Crist that died for his enemies; and in as moche as thilke love is more greveus to performe, so moche is more gret the merite, and therfore the loving of our enemy hath confounded the venime of the divel; for right as the divel is confounded by humilitee, right so is he wounded to the deth by the love of our enemy: certes than is love the medicine that casteth out the venime of envie fro mannes herte.

De Ira.

After envy wol I declare of the sinne of ire, for sothly who so hath envy upon his neighbour anon communly wol finde him mater of wrath in word or in dede ayenst him to whom he hath envie. And as wel cometh ire of pride as of envie, for sothly he that is proude or envious is lightly wroth.

This sinne of ire, after the discriving of Seint Augustin, is wicked will to be avenged by word or by dede; ire, after the philosophre, is the fervent blode of man yquicked in his herte, thurgh which he wold harme to him that he hateth; for certes the herte of man by enchausing and meving of his blood waxeth so troubled that it is out of al maner jugement of reson. But ye shul understonde that ire is in two maners, that on of hem is good, and that other is wicked. The good

ire is by jalousie of goodnesse, thargh the which man is wroth with wickednesse, and again wickednesse, and therfore saith the wise man that ire is better than play. This ire is with debonairtee, and it is wrothe without bitternesse; not wrothe ayenst the man, but wrothe with the misdede of the man; as saith the prophet David, *Irascimini, et nolite peccare.* Now understond that wicked ire is in two maners, that is to say, soden ire or hasty ire, without avisement and consenting of reson; the meaning and the sense of this is, that the reson of a man ne consenteth not to that soden ire, and than it is venial. Another ire is that is ful wicked, that cometh of felonie of herte, avised and cast before, with wicked will to do vengeance, and therto his reson consenteth; and sothly this is dedly sinne. This ire is so displesant to God that it troubleth his hous, and chaseth the Holy Gost out of mannes soule, and wasteth and destroyeth the likenesse of God, that is to say, the vertue that is in mannes soule, and putteth in him the likenesse of the devil, and benimeth the man fro God that is his rightful Lord. This ire is a ful gret plesance to the devil, for it is the devils forneis that he enchaufeth with the fire of helle; for certes right so as fire is more mighty to destroie erthly thinges than any other element, right so ire is mighty to destroie all spirituel thinges. Loke how that fire of smal gledes, that ben almost ded under asshen, wol quicken ayen whan they ben touched with brimstone; right so ire

wol evermore quicken ayen whan it is touched with pride that is covered in mannes herte; for certes fire ne may not come out of nothing but if it were first in the same thing naturelly, as fire is drawne out of flintes with stele; and right so as pride is many times mater of ire, right so is rancour norice and keper of ire. Ther is a maner tree, as sayth Seint Isidore, that whan men make a fire of the saide tree, and cover the coles of it with ashen, sothly the fire therof wol last all a yere or more: and right so fareth it of rancour whan it is ones conceived in the herte of som men; certes it wol lasten peraventure from on Easterne day until another Easterne day, or more; but certes the same man is ful fer from the mercie of God all thilke while.

In this foresaid devils forneis ther forgen thres shrewes, Pride, that ay bloweth and encreseth the fire by chiding and wicked wordes; than stondeth Envie, and holdeth the hot yren upon the herte of man with a pair of longe tonges of longe rancour; and than stondeth the sinne of contumelie, or strif and chaste, and batereth and forgeth by vilains reprevinges. Certes this cursed sinne annoyeth both to the man himself and eke his neighbour, for sothly almost all the harme or damage that ony man doth to his neighbour cometh of wrath, for certes outrageous wrathe doth all that ever the foule fende willeth or commandeth him; for he ne sparcth neyther for our Lord Jesu Crist ne his swete moder: and in his outrageous anger and ire, alas! alas, ful many on at that time feleth in his herte

ful wickedly both of Crift and alfo of all his halwes. Is not this a curfed vice? yes, certes. Alas! it benimmeth fro man his witte and his refon, and all his debonaire lif fpirituel, that fhuld kepe his foule: certes it benimmeth alfo Goddes due lordfhip (and that is mannes foule) and the love of his neighbours: it ftriveth alfo all day ayenft trouth; it reveth him the quiet of his herte, and fubverteth his foule.

Of ire comen thife ftinking engendrures; firft hato, that is olde wrath; difcord, thurgh which a man forfaketh his olde frend that he hath loved ful long; and than cometh werre, and every maner of wrong that a man doth to his neighbour in body or in catel. Of this curfed finne of ire cometh eke manflaughter. And underftondeth wel that homicide (that is manflaughter) is in diuers wife. Som maner of homicide is fpirituel, and fom is bodily. Spirituel manflaughter is in fix thinges. Firft, by hate, as fayth Seint John, He that hateth his brother is an homicide. Homicide is alfo by backbiting, of which backbitours fayth Salomon, that they have two fwordes with which they flay hir neighbours; for fothly as wicked it is to benime of him his good name as his lif. Homicide is alfo in yeving of wicked confeil by fraude, as for to yeve confeil to areife wrongful cuftomes and talages, of which fayth Salomon, A lion roring, and a bere hungrie, ben like to cruel lordes in withholding or abregging of the hire or of the wages of fervantes, or elles in

...withdrawinge of the almesse of poure folk; ...which the wife may sayth, Fedeth him that almoſt dieth for honger, for lothly but if thou fede him thou sleest him: and all thilke ben dedly sinnes. Bodily manslaughter is whan thou sleest him with thy tonge in other maner, as whan thou commandest to slee a man, or elles yevest conseil to slee a man. Manslaughter in dede is in foure maners. That on is by lawe, right as a justice dampneth him that is culpable to the deth; but let the justice beware that he do it rightfully, and that he do it not for delit to spill blood, but for keping of rightwisenesse. Another homicide is don for necessitee, as whan a man sleeth another in his defence, and that he ne may non other wise escapen fro his owen deth; but certain and he may escape withouten slaughter of his adversarie he doth sinne, and he shal bere penance as for dedly sinne. Also if a man by cas or aventure shote an arowe or cast a stone with which he sleeth a man he is an homicide. And if a woman by negligence overlyeth hire child in hire slepe, it is homicide and dedly sinne. Also whan a man disturbleth conception of a childe, and maketh a woman barein by drinkes of venimous herbes thurgh which she may not conceive, or sleeth hire child by drinkes, or elles putteth ...ing in hire secret place to slee hire ch... kinde sinne, by which man or w... ore in place ther as a childe ma... elles if a woman hath con-

ceived and hurteth hircſelf, and by that miſhappe the childe is ſlaine, yet is it homicide. What ſay we eke of women that murderen hir children for drede of worldly ſhame? certes it is an horrible homicide. Eke if a man approche to a woman by deſir of lecherie thurgh which the childe is periſhed, or elles ſmiteth a woman wetingly, thurgh which ſhe leſeth hire child, all thiſe ben homicides, and horrible dedly ſinnes. Yet comen ther of ire many mo ſinnes, as wel in worde as in thought and in dede; as he that arretteth upon God, or blameth God of the thing of which he is himſelf gilty, or deſpiſeth God and all his halwes, as don thiſe curſed haſardours in divers contrees. This curſed ſinne don they whan they ſelen in hir herte ful wickedly of God and of his halwes: alſo whan they treten unreverently the ſacrament of the auter, thilke ſinne is ſo gret that unneth it may be releſed, but that the mercy of God paſſeth all his werkes, it is ſo gret, and he ſo benigne. Than cometh alſo of ire attry anger, whan a man is ſharpely amoneſted in his ſhrift to leve his ſinne; than wol he be angry, and anſwere bokerly and angerly, to defend or excuſen his ſinne by unſtedfaſtneſſe of his fleſh; or elles he did it for to hold compagnie with his felawes; or elles he ſayeth the fend enviced him; or elles he did it for his youthe; or elles his complexion is ſo corageous that he may not forbere; or elles it is his deſtinee, he ſayth, unto a certain age; or elles he ſayth it cometh him of gentilneſſe of his

auncestres, and semblable chinges. All thilke maner of folke so wrappen hem in his sinnes that they ne wol not deliver hemself, for sothly no wight that excuseth himself wilfully of his sinne may not be delivered of his sinne til that he meekely beknoweth his sinne. After this than cometh swering, that is expresse ayenst the commandement of God; and that bestialleth often of anger and of ire: God sayth, Thou shalt not take the name of thy Lord God in idel: also our Lord Jesu Crist sayth by the word of Seint Mathew, Ne shal ye not swere in all maniere, neyther by heven, for it is Goddes trone, ne by erthe, for it is the benche of his feet, ne by Jerusalem, for it is the citee of a gret king, ne by thin hed, for thou ne mayst not make an here white ne black; but he sayth, Be your word ye, ye, nay, nay; and what that is more it is of evil. Thus sayth Crist, for Cristes sake swere not so smatchfully, in dismembring of Crist, by soule, herte, bones, and body; for certes it semeth that ye thinken that the cursed Jewes dismembred him not ynough, but ye dismembre him more. And if so be that the lawe compell you to swere, than reuleth you after the lawe of God in your swering, as sayth Jeremie, Thou shalt kepe three conditions; thou shalt swere in trouth, in dome, and in rightwisenesse; this is to say, thou shalt swere soth, for every lesing is ayenst Crist, for Crist is veray trouth: and thinke wel this, that every gret swerer, not compelled lawfully to swere, the plage shal not depart fro his hous

while he uſeth unleful ſwering. Thou ſhalt ſwere alſo in dome, when thou art conſtreined by the domeſman to witneſſe a trouth. Alſo thou ſhalt not ſwere for envie, neyther for favour ne for mede, but only for rightwiſeneſſe, and for declaring of crouthe to the honour and worſhip of God, and to the aiding and helping of thin even Criſten: and therfore every man that taketh Goddes name in idel, or falſely ſwereth with his mouth, or elles taketh on him the name of Criſt, to be called a Criſten man, and liveth agenſt Criſtes living and his teching, all they take Goddes name in idel. Loke alſo what ſayth Seint Peter, *Actuum* iv. *Non eſt aliud nomen ſub cælo, &c.*; Ther is non other name (ſayth Seint-Peter) under heven yeven to men in which they may be ſaved, that is to ſay, but the name of Jeſu Criſt. Take kepe eke how precious is the name of Jeſu Criſt, as ſayth Seint Poule *ad Philipenſes* ii. *In nomine Jeſu, &c.*; that in the name of Jeſu every knee of hevenly creature, or erthly, or of helle, ſhuld bowen; for it is ſo high and worſhipful that the curſed fend in helle ſhuld tremble for to here it named. Than ſemeth it that men that ſwere ſo horribly by his bleſſed name, that they deſpiſe it more boldely than did the curſed Jewes, or elles the divel, that trembleth whan he hereth his name.

Now certes ſith that ſwering (but if it be lawfully don) is ſo highly defended, moche worſe is for to ſwere falſely and eke nedeles.

What say we eke of hem that deliten hem in swering, and hold it a genterie or manly dede to swere gret othes? and what of hem that of veray usage ne cese not to swere gret othes, al be the cause not worth a strawe? certes this is horrible sinne: swering sodenly without avisement is also a gret sinne. But let us go now to that horrible swering of adjuration and conjuration, as don thise false enchauntours and nigromancers in basins ful of water, or in a bright sword, in a cercle, or in a fire, or in a sholder bone of a shepe? I cannot say/n but that they do cursedly and damnably ayenst Crist, and all the faith of holy chirche.

What say we of hem that beleven on divinales, as by flight or by noise of briddes or of beestes, or by sorte of geomancie, by dremes, by chirking of dores, or craking of houses, by gnawing of rattes, and swiche maner wretchednesse? certes all thise thinges ben defended by God and holy chirche, for which they ben accursed, till they come to amendement, that on swiche filth set hir beleve Charmes for woundes. or for malalies of men or of beestes, if they take any effect it may be peraventure that God suffreth it for folk shuld yeve the more feith and reverence to his name.

Now wol I speke of lesinges, which generally is falsе signifiance of word, in entent to deceive his even Cristen. Some lesing is of which ther cometh non avantage to no wight; and som lesing turneth to the prow

e and ese of a man, and to the dammage of another
in; another lesing is for to saven his lif or his catel;
ot her lesing cometh of delit for to lie, in which de-
they wol forge a long tale, and peint it with all cir-
mstances, wher all the ground of the tale is falſe:
ne lesing cometh for he wol sustein his word; and
n lesing cometh of recchelesnesse withouten avise-
nt, and semblable thinges.

Let us now touche the vice of flaterie, which ne
meth not gladly, but for drede or for covetise. Fla-
rie is generally wrongful preising: flaterers ben the
vils nourices, that nourish his children with milke
losengerie. Forsoth Salomon sayth that flaterie is
rse than detraction, for somtime detraction maketh
hautein man be the more humble, for he dredeth
traction, but certes flaterie maketh a man to en-
unce his herte and his contenance. Flaterers ben the
vils enchauntours, for they maken a man to wenen
mself be like that he is not like: they be like to Ju-
s that betrayed God; and thise flaterers betrayen
an to selle him to his enemy, that is the devil. Fla-
rers ben the devils chappeleines, that ever singen
lacebo. I reken flaterie in the vices of ire, for oft time
a man be wroth with another than wol he flater som
ight to susteine him in his quarrel.

Speke we now of swiche cursing as cometh of irous
rte. Malison generally may be said every maner
wer of harme: swiche cursing bereveth man the

What say we eke of hem that deliten hem in fwering, and hold it a genterie or manly dede to fwere gret othes? and what of hem that of veray uſage ne ceſe not to fwere gret othes, al be the cauſe not worth a ſtrawe? certes this is horrible ſinne: fwering ſodenly without avifement is alſo a gret ſinne. But let us go now to that horrible fwering of adjuration and conjuration, as don thiſe falſe enchaentours and nigromancers in bidding ful of water, or in a bright fwerd, in a cercle, or in a fire, or in a ſhulder bone of a ſhepe! I cannot ſayn but that they do curſedly and damnably ayenſt Criſt, and all the faith of holy chirche.

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site and ese of a man, and to the dammage of another man; another lesing is for to saven his lif or his catel; another lesing cometh of delit for to lie, in which delit they wol forge a long tale, and peint it with all circumstances, wher all the ground of the tale is falsе: some lesing cometh for he wol sustein his word; and som lesing cometh of recchelesnesse withouten avisement, and semblable thinges.

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parting felaws with the devil, for they have joye whan the devil winneth, and forwe if he leseth; they ben adversaries to Jesu Crist, for they hate that he loveth, that is to say, salvation of soule.

Speke we now of wicked conseil, for he that wicked conseil yeveth is a traitour, for he deceiveth him that trusteth in him; but natheles yet is wicked conseil first ayenst himself; for, as sayth the wis man, Every false living hath this propertee in himself, that he that wol annoy another man he annoyeth first himself. And men shul understond that man shal not take his conseil of false folk, ne of angry folk, or grevous folk, ne of folk that loven specially hir owen profit, ne of to moche worldly folk, namely in conseiling of mannes soule.

Now cometh the sinne of hem that maken discord among folk, which is a sinne that Crist hateth utterly; and no wonder is, for he died for to make concord; and more shame don they to Crist than did they that him crucified; for God loveth better that frendship be amonges folk than he did his owen body, which that he yave for unitee; therfore ben they likened to the devil, that ever is about to make discord.

Now cometh the sinne of double tonge, swiche as speke faire before folk and wickedly behind, or elles they make semblaunt as though they spake of good entention, or elles in game and play, and yet they speken of wicked entente.

Now cometh bewreying of conseil, thurgh which a

man is defamed: certes unnethe may he reſtore the damage: now cometh manace, that is an open folie, for he that oft manaceth he threteth more than he may performe ful oft time: now comen idel wordes that be without profite of him that ſpeketh the wordes, and eke of him that herkeneth the wordes, or elles idel wordes ben tho that ben nedeles, or without entente of natuřel profit; and al be it that idel wordes be ſomtime venial ſinne, yet ſhuld men doute hem, for we ſhul yeve rekening of hem before God. Now cometh jangling, that may not come withouten ſinne; and, as ſayth Salomon, it is a ſigne of apert folie; and therfore a philoſophre ſayd, whan a man axed him how that he ſhuld pleſe the peple, he anſwered, Do many good werkes, and ſpeke few jangelinges. After this cometh the ſinne of japeres, that ben the devils apes, for they make folk to laugh at hir japerie, as folk don at the gaudes of an ape; ſwiche japes defendeth Seint Poule. Loke how that vertuous wordes and holy comforten hem that travaillen in the ſervice of Criſt, right ſo comforten the vilains words and the knakkes of japeres hem that travaillen in the ſervice of the devil. Thiſe ben the ſinnes of the tonge, that comen of ire, and other ſinnes many mo.

Remedium Iræ.

The remedie ayenſt ire is a vertue that cleped is Manſuetude, that is debonairtee, and eke another vertue that men clepen Patience or Sufferaunce.

Debonairtee withdraweth and refreineth the ſtir-rings and mevings of mannes corage in his herte in ſwich maner that they ne ſkip not out by anger ne ire; ſufferance ſuffereth ſwetely all the annoyance and the wrong that is don to man outward Seint Jerome ſayth this of debonairtee, that it doth no harme to no wight ne ſayth, ne for no harme that men do ne ſay he ne chafeth not ayenſt reſon. This vertue ſomtime cometh of nature; for, as ſayth the philoſophre, A man is a quick thing, by nature debonaire and tretable to good-neſſe; but whan debonairtee is enformed of grace than it is the more worth.

Patience is another remedy ayenſt ire, and is a vertue that ſuffereth ſwetely every mannes goodneſſe, and is not wroth for non harme that is don to him. The philoſophre ſayth that patience is the vertue that ſuffreth debonairly al the outrage of adverſitee and every wicked word. This vertue maketh a man like to God, and maketh him Goddes owen childe, as ſayth Criſt: this vertue diſcomfiteth thin enemies; and therfore ſayth the wiſe man, If thou wolt vanquiſh thin enemie ſee thou be patient And thou ſhalt underſtond that a man ſuffereth foure maner of grevances in outward thinges, ayenſt the which foure he muſt have foure maner of patiences.

The firſt grevance is of wicked wordes: thilke grevance ſuffred Jeſu Criſt, without grutching, ful patiently, whan the Jewes deſpiſed him and repreved *him ful oft: ſuffer* thou therfore patiently, for the wiſe

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d other ſinnes many mo.

Remedium Ire.

maiſter, all weping, thou ſayeſt ſoth; have thou the yerde, my dere ſone! and correct me for min impatience. Of patience cometh obedience, thurgh which a man is obedient to Criſt, and to all hem to which he ought to be obedient in Criſt. And underſtand wel that obedience is parfite whan that a man doth gladly and haſtily, with good herte entirely, all that he ſhuld do. Obedience generally, is to performe haſtily the doctrine of God and of his ſoveraines, to which him ought to be obeiſant in all rightwiſeneſſe.

De Accidia.

After the ſinne of wrath now wol I ſpeke of the ſinne of accidie or ſlouth; for envie blindeth the herte of a man, and ire troubleth a man, and accidie maketh him hevy, thoughtful, and wrawe. Envie and ire maken bitterneſſe in herte, which bitterneſſe is mother of accidie, and benimeth him the love of alle goodneſſe; than is accidie the anguiſh of a troubled herte: and Seint Anguſtine ſayth, It is annoye of goodneſſe and annoye of harme. Certes this is a damnable ſinne, for it doth wrong to Jeſu Criſt, in as moche as it benimeth the ſervice that men ſhulde do to Criſt with alle diligence, as ſayth Salomon; but accidie doth non ſwiche diligence: he doth all thing with annoye, and with wrawneſſe, ſlackneſſe, and excuſation, with idelneſſe and unluſt; for which the book ſayth, Accurſed be he that doth the ſervice of God negligently. Than is accidie enemy to every eſtate of man; for certes the

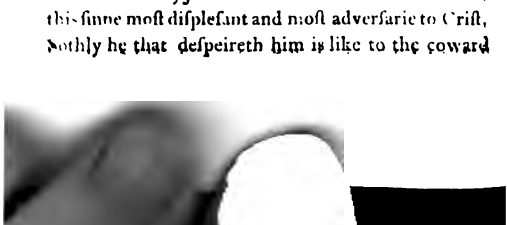
estate of which is in three manners: either it is the estate of innocence, as was the estate of Adam before that he fell into sinne, in which estate he was holden to werk, as in serving and adoring of God. Another estate is the estate of sinful men, in which estate men been holden to labour in praying to God for amendement of hir sinne, and that he wold graunt hem to rise out of hir sinne. Another estate is the estate of grace, in which estate he is holden to werken of penitence; and certes he all these thinges is mortal enemie and contrary, for he loveth no bestiality at all. Now certes this foule sinne of accidie is lyke a ful gret enemie to the flesshe of the body, for it ne hath no purveyance ayenst temporel necessitee, for it forsleuthith, destroyeth, and destroieth all goodes temporel by reccheleslesse.

The fourthe thing is that accidie is like hem that been in the peine of helle because of hir sloothe and of hir recchelesse, for they that been dampned been so bound that they may neyther do wel ne thinke wel. Of accidie cometh first that a man is annoied and accombred to do any goodnesse, and that maketh that God hath abhominacion of Swiche accidie, as sayth Seint John.

Swiche contek sloothe, that wol not suffre no hardnesse ne penaunce; for soothly sloothe is so tendre and so delicat, as sayth Salomon, that he wol suffre non hardnesse ne peinance, and therfore he shendeth all that he doth. Ayenst this roten sinne of accidie and

slouthe shuld men exercise hemselfe, and use hemselfe to do good werkes, and manly and vertuously cachen corage wel to do, thinking that our Lord Jesu Crist quiteth every good deed, be it never so lite. Usage of labour is a gret thing, for it maketh, as sayth Seint Bernard, the labourer to have strong armes and hard sinewes, and slouthe maketh hem feble and tendre. Than cometh drede for to beginne to werke any good werkes; for certes he that enclineth to sinne, him thinketh it is to gret an empryse for to undertake the werkes of goodnesse, and casteth in his herte that the circumstances of goodnesse ben so grevous and so chargeant for to suffre that he dare not undertake to do werkes of goodnesse, as sayth Seint Gregorie.

Now cometh wanhope, that is, despeir of the mercy of God, that cometh somtime of to moche outrageous sorwe, and somtime of to moche drede, imagining that he hath do so moche sinne that it wolde not availe him though he wolde repent him and forsake sinne, thurgh which despeire or drede he abandoneth all his herte to every maner sinne, as sayth Seint Augustine; which dampnable sinne, if it continue unto his end, it is cleped the sinne of the Holy Gost. This horrible sinne is so perilous that he that is despeired ther n'is no felonie ne no sinne that he douteth for to do, as shewed wel by Judas. Certes aboven all sinnes than is this sinne most displesant and most adversarie to Crist. Nothly he that despeireth him is like to the coward



champion recreant that flieth withouten nede Alas! alas! nedeles is he recreant and nedeles despeired certes the mercy of God is ever redy to the penitent person. and is above all his werkes Alas! cannot a man bethinke him on the Gospel of Seint Luke, chap xv.; wheras Crist sayeth, that as wel shal ther be joye in heven upon a sinful man that doth penitence as upon ninety-and-nine rightful men that neden no penitence? Loke further in the same gospel the joye and the feste of the good man that had lost his sone, whan his sone was retourned with repentance to his fader. Can they not remembre hem also (as sayth Seint Luke, chap. xxiii,) how that the these that was honged beside Jesu Crist sayd, Lord, remembre on me whan thou comest in thy regne? Forsoth, said Crist, I say to thee to-day shalt thou be with me in Paradis. Certes ther is non so horrible sinne of man that ne may in his lif be destroyed by penitence thurgh vertue of the passion and of the deth of Crist. Alas! what nedeth man than to be despeired, sith that his mercy is so redy and large? Axe and have. Than cometh sompnolence, that is, sluggy slumbring, which maketh a man hevy and dull in body and in soule, and this sinne cometh of slouthe; and certes the time that by way of reson man shuld not slepe is by the morwe, but if ther were cause resonable; for sothly in the morwe tide is most covenable to a man to say his prayers, and for to thinke on God, and to honour God, and to yeve almesse to

the poure that cannot fyft in the name of Jesu Crist. Lo, what sayth Salomon? Who so wol by the morwe awake to seke me he shal find me. Than cometh negligence or rechelesnesse, that recketh of nothing; and though that ignorance be mother of all harmes certes negligence is the norice: negligence ne doth no force whan he shal do a thing whether he do it wel or badly.

The remedie of thise two sinnes is, as sayth the wise man, that he that dredeth God sparath not to do that him ought to do; and he that loveth God he wol do diligence to plese God by his werkes, and abandon himself with all his might wel for to do. Than cometh idelnesse, that is the yate of all harmes. An idel man is like to a place that hath no walles, theras devilen may enter on every side, or shoot at him at discoverte by temptation on every side: this idelnesse is the thurrok of all wicked and vilains thoughtes, and of all janegeles, trifles, and all ordure: certes heven is yeven to hem that will labour, and not to idel folk: also David sayth, They ne be not in the labour of men, ne they shul not ben whipped with men, that is to say, in Purgatorie: certes than semeth it they shul ben tormented with the devil in helle but if they do penance.

Than cometh the sinne that men clepen *Tarditas*, as whan a man is latered or taryed or he wol tourne to God; and certes that is a gret folie: he is like him that falleth in the diche and wol not arise. And this vice cometh of false hope, that thinketh that he shal live long; but that hope failleth ful oft.

Than cometh Lacheſſe, that is he that whan he be-
ginneth any good werk anon he wol forlete it and
lint, as don they that have any wight to governe, and
e take of him no more kepe anon as they find any
ontrary or any annoy. Thiſe ben the newe ſhepherdes
hat let hir ſhepe wetingly go renne to the wolf that
in the breres, and do no force of hir owen governance.
If this cometh poverte and deſtruction both of ſpirit-
uel and temporel thinges: than cometh a maner cold-
neſſe that freſeth all the herte of man; than cometh
indevotion, thurgh which a man is ſo blont, as ſayth
Seint Bernard, and hath ſwiche langour in his ſoule,
hat he may neyther rede ne ſing in holy chirche, ne
here ne thinke of no devotion, ne travaile with his
hondes in no good werk, that it n'is to him unſavory
and all apalled: than wexeth he ſluggiſh and ſlombry,
and ſone wol he be wroth, and ſone is he inclined to
hate and to envie: than cometh the ſinne of worldly
ſorwe, ſwiche as is cleped *Triſtitia*, that ſleth a man: as
ſayth Seint Poule; for certes ſwiche ſorwe werketh
to the deth of the ſoule and of the body alſo, for ther-
of cometh that a man is annoied of his owen lif, wher-
fore ſwiche ſorwe ſhorteth the lif of many a man or
that his time is come by way of kinde.

Remedium Accidie.

Ayenſt this horrible ſinne of accidie, and the braun-
ches of he ſame, ther is a vertue that is cal[illegible]

fitude or Strength, that is, an affection thurgh wh
a man dispiteth noyous thinges. This vertue is
mighty and so vigorous that it dare withstond migh
ly, and wraffle ayenst the assautes of the devil, a
wisely kepe himself fro pesiles that ben wicked,
it enhaunseth and enforceth the soule, right as acci
abateth and maketh it feble; for this *fortitudo* may
dure with long sufferance the travailles that ben
venable.

This vertue hath many spices: the first is clep
Magnanimitee, that is to say, gret corage; for cer
ther behoveth gret corage ayenst accidie, lest that
swalowe the soule by the same of sorwe, or destroy
with wanhope. Certes this vertue maketh folk to u
dertake hard and grevous thinges by hir own w
wisely and resonably. And for as moche as the de
fighteth ayenst man more by queinteffe and sleig
than by strength, therfore shal a man withstond hi
by wit, by reson, and by discretion. Than ben th
the vertues of feith, and hope in God and in his seinte
to achieven and accomplice the good werks, in tl
which he purposeth fermely to continue. Than c
meth seurtee or sikernesse, and that is whan a ma
no doubteth no travaile in time coming of the goo
werkes that he hath begonne: than cometh magnif
cence, that is to say, whan a man doth and performet
his werkes of goodnesse that he hath begonne, an
not for the end why that men shuld do good werke

for in the accomplishing of good werkes lieth the gret guerdon: than is ther constance, that is stablenesse of corage, and this shuld be in herte by stedfast feith, and in mouth, and in bering, in chere and in dede. Eke ther ben mo special remedies ayenst accidie, in divers werkes, and in consideration of the peines of helle and of the joyes of hewen, and in trust of the grace of the Holy Gost, that will yeve him might to performe his good entent.

De Avaritia.

After accidie wol I speke of avarice and of coveitise: of which sinne Seint Poule sayth, The rote of all harmes is coveitise; for sothly whan the herte of man is confounded in itself and troubled, and that the soule hath lost the comfort of God, than seketh he an idel solas of worldly thinges.

Avarice, after the description of Seint Augustine, is a likerousnesse in herte to have erthly thinges. Som other folk sayn that avarice is for to purchase many erthly thinges, and nothing to yeve to hem that han nede. And understond wel that avarice standeth not only in land ne catel, but som time in science and in glorie, and in every maner outrageous thing, is avarice: and the difference betwene avarice and coveitise is this: coveitise is for to coveit swiche thinges as thou hast not, and avarice is to withholde and kepe swiche thinges as thou hast without rightful nede. Sothly this avarice is a sinne that is ful dampnable, for

all holy writ curseth it, and speketh ayenst it, for it doth wrong to Jesu Crist, for it bereveth him the love that men to him owen, and turneth it backwards ayenst all reson, and maketh that the avaricious man hath more hope in his catel than in Jesu Crist, and doth more obeisance in heping of his tresour than he doth in the service of Jesu Crist; and therfore seyth Seint Poul that an avaricious man is the thraldome of idolatrie.

What difference is ther betwix an idolastre and an avaricious man, but that an idolastre peraventure an hath not but o maumet or two, and the avaricious man hath many? for certes every florin is his maumet: and certes the synne of maumetrie is the first that God defended in the ten commandements, as bereth witnesse *Exod.* chap. xx.; Thou shalt have no false goddes before me, ne thou shalt make to thee no graven thing. Thus is an avaricious man that loveth his tresour before God an idolastre. And thurgh this cursed synne of avarice and coveitise cometh thise hard lordships thurgh which men ben distreined by talages, customes, and cariages, more than hir dutee or reson is; and eke take they of hir bondmen amercimentes, which might more resonably be called extorcions than amercementes; of which amercementes, or raunsoming of bondmen, som lordes stewardes say that it is rightful, for as moche as a cherl hath no temporel thing that it ne is his lordes, as they say. But

ordeyn, [illegible] upon hem wrong, that bereven hir bondemen thinges, that they nought yave hem. *Augustinus de Civitate Dei, libro quinto* seith in that the condition of thraldom and the first cause of thraldom was for [illegible]

Thus may ye see that the gilt deserved thraldom, but not nature; wherfore thise lordes ne shuld not to muche glorifie hem in hir lordshipes, sith that they by nature ben nought hir lordes of hir thralles, but thral-dom came forth by the desert of sinne. And forthy seith, there as the laste seyth that temporel goodes ben deled amonges folk, late the goodes of hir lord, ye, that ben of youre evenfelawes, the goodes of the emperour, ne defraud him in hir right, but not to robbe hem ne to reve hem; therfore seyth Seneca, The prudent shuld live benignely with the thral, tho that thou clepest thy thralles ben Goddes peple; for humble folk ben Cristes frendes, they ben cosins eemal with the Lord thy king.

Thinke also that of swiche seed as cherles springen of swiche seed springen lordes, as wel may the cherl be lyned as the lord. The same doth that taketh the cherl; swiche doth taketh the lord; wherfore I rede de right so with thy cherl as thou woldest that thy lord did with thee if thou were in his plight. Every sinful man is a cherl to sinne. I rede thee, thou lord, that thou reule thee in swiche wise that thy cherles rather love thee than drede thee. I wote wel that ther

kſinges and falſe othes, is right curſed and dampnable. Spirituel marchandiſe is proprely ſimonie, that is, ententif deſire to buy thing ſpirituel, that is, thing which apperteineth to the ſeintuarie of God and to the cure of the ſoule. This deſire, if ſo be that a man do his diligence to performe it, al be it that his deſire ne take non effect, yet it is to him a dedly ſinne, and if he be ordered he is irreguler. Certes ſimonie is cleped of Simon Magus, that wold have bought for temporel catel the yefte that God had yeven by the Holy Goſt to Seint Peter and to the apoſtles; and therfore underſtond ye that both he that ſelleth and he that byeth thinges ſpirituel ben called Simoniackes, be it by catel, be it by procuring, or by fleſhly praier of his frendes fleſhly frendes or ſpirituel frendes, fleſhly in two maners, as by kinrede or other frendes; ſothly if they pray for him that is not worthy and able it is ſimonie, if he take the benefice, and if he be worthy and able ther is non. That other maner is whan man or woman prayeth for folk to advancen hem only for wicked fleſhly affection which they have unto the perſons, and that is foule ſimonie; but certes in ſervice, for which men yeven thinges ſpirituel unto hir ſervants, it muſt be underſtonde that the ſervice muſt be honeſt or elles not, and alſo that it be without bargaining, and that the perſon be able; for (as ſayth Seint Damaſcen) All the ſinnes of the world, at regard of this ſinne, ben as thing of nought, for it is the gre-

reft finne that may be after the finne of Lucifer and of Antecrift; for by this finne God forleſeth the chirche and the ſoule, which he bought with his precious blood, by hem that yeven chirches to hem that ben not digne, for they put in theves, that ſtelen the ſoules of Jeſu Crift, and deſtroyen his patrimonie. By ſwiche undigne preeſtes and curates han lewed men leſſe reverence of the ſacramentes of holy chirche; and ſwiche yeeres of chirches put the children of Crift out, and put into chirches the divels owen ſones; they ſellen the ſoules that lambes ſhuld kepe to the wolf, which ſtrangleth hem, and therfore ſhall they never have part of the paſture of lambes, that is, in the bliſſe of heven. Now cometh hafardrie, with his apertenauntes, as tables and raffes, of which cometh deceit, falſe othes, chidings, and all raving, blaſpheming, and reneying of God, hate of his neyghbours, waſt of goodes, miſpending of time, and ſomtime manſlaughter. Certes hafardours ne mow not be without grete ſinne. Of avarice comen eke leſinges, theft, falſe witneſſe, and falſe othes; and ye ſhul underſtonde that theſe be gret ſinnes, and expreſſe ayenſt the commandements of God, as I have ſayd. Falſe witneſſe is eke in word and in dede; in word, as for to bereve thy neighbours good name by thy falſe witneſſe, or bereve him his catel or his heritage by thy falſe witneſſing, whan thou for ire, or for mede, or for envie, bereſt falſe witneſſe, or accuſeſt him, or excuſeſt thyſelf falſely. Ware, ye queſtmongers and notaries! certes for falſe witneſſing

was Susanna in ful gret sorwe and peine, and many another mo. The sinne of theft is also expresse ayenst Goddes heft, and that in two manere, temporel and spirituel. The temporel theft is as for to take thy neighbours catel ayenst his will, be it by force or by sleighe, be it in meting or mesure, by steling, by false enditements upon him, and in borowing of thy neighbours catel in entent never to pay it ayen, and semblable thinges. Spirituel theft is sacrilege, that is to say, hurting of holy thinges, or of thinges sacred to Crist, in two maneres; by reson of the holy place, as chirches or chirches hawes; (for every vilains sinne that men don in swiche places may be called sacrilege, or every violence in semblable places) also they that withdrawe falsely the rentes and rightes that longen to holy chirche; and, plainly and generally, sacrilege is to reve holy thing fro holy place, or unholy thing out of holy place, or holy thing out of unholy place.

Remedium Avaritiæ.

Now shul ye understond that releving of avarice is misericorde and pitee largely taken. And men might axe why that misericorde and pitee are releving of avarice? Certes the avaricious man sheweth no pitee ne misericorde to the nedeful man, for he deliteth him in the keping of his tresour, and not in the refscouing ne releving of his even Cristen: and therfore speke I first of misericorde. Than is misericorde (as sayth the philosophre) a vertue by which the corage of man is

ſtirred by the miſeſe of him that is miſeſed; upon which miſericorde foloweth pitee, in performing and fulfilling of charitable werkes of mercie, helping and comforting him that is miſeſed. And certes this meveth a man to miſericorde of Jeſu Criſt, that he yave himſelf for our offence, and ſuffred deth for miſericorde, and foryaf us our original ſinnes, and therby releſed us fro the peine of hell, and amenuſed the peines of Purgatory by penitence, and yeveth us grace wel to do, and at the laſt the bliſſe of heven. The ſpices of miſericorde ben for to lene, and eke for to yeve, and for to foryeve and releſe, and for to have pitee in herte, and compaſſion of the miſcheſe of his even Criſten, and alſo to chaſtiſe ther as nede is Another maner of remedy ayenſt avarice is reſonable largeſſe; but ſothly here behoveth the conſideration of the grace of Jeſu Criſt, and of the temporel goodes, and alſo of the goodes perdurable that Jeſu Criſt yave to us, and to have remembrance of the deth which he ſhal receive, he wote not whan; and eke that he ſhal forgon all that he hath, ſave only that which he hath diſpended in good werkes.

But for as moche as ſom folk ben unmeſurable, men oughten for to avoid and eſchue fool-largeſſe, the whiche men clepen Waſte. Certes he that is fool-large he yeveth not his catel but he leſeth his catel: ſothly what thing that he yeveth for vaine-glory, as to minſtrals, and to folk that bere his renome in the world, he hath do ſinne therof, and non almeſſe: ex-

tes he leseth soule his good thewes he hath, & his the yefte of his good nothing but sinne: & he is like to an hors that seketh rather to drink drasty & troubled water than for to drink water of the clere well: and for as moche as they yeven ther as they shuld not yeven, to hem appertineth thilke malison that Crist shal yeve at the day of doome to hem that shal be dampned.

De Gula.

After avarice cometh glotonie, which is expressly ayenst the comandement of God. Glotonie is unmesurable appetit to ete or to drinke, or elles to do ought to the unmesurable appetit and disordeined coveitise to ete or drinke. This sinne corrupted all this world, as is wel shewed in the sinne of Adam and of Eve. Loke also what sayth Seint Poule of glotonie; Many (sayth he) gon, of which I have ofte said to you, and now I say it weping, that they ben the enemies of the croffe of Crist, of which the end is deth, and of which hir wombe is hir God and hir glorie, in confusion of hem that so serven erthly thinges. He that is usant to this sinne of glotonie he ne may no sinne withstond, he must be in servage of all vices, for it is the devils horde ther he hideth him and resteth. This sinne hath many spices: the first is dronkennesse, that is the horrible sepulture of mannes reson, and therfore whan a man is dronke he hath lost his reson; and this is dedly sinne: but sothly whan that a man

went to ſtrong drinkes, and peraventure ne
th not the ſtrength of the drinke, or hath fe-
e in his hed, or hath travailled, thurgh which
keth the more, al be he ſodenly caught with
it is no dedly ſinne but venial. The ſecond
f glotonie is, that the ſpirit of a man wexeth all
: for dronkenneſſe, and bereveth a man the diſ-
n of his wit. The thridde ſpice of glotonie is
a man devoureth his mete, and hath not right-
.ner of eting. The fourthe is, whan thurgh the
bundance of his mete the humours in his body
iltempered. The fifthe is foryetfulneſſe by to
drinking, for which ſometime a man forgeteth
morwe what he did over eve.

ther maner ben diſtinct the ſpices of glotonie,
ieint Gregorie. The firſt is for to ete before
the ſecond is whan a man geteth him to deli-
iete or drinke; the thridde is whan men taken
:he over meſure; the fourth is curioſitee, with
ient to maken and appareille his mete; the fifth
o ete gredily. Thiſe ben the five fingers of the
hond, by which he draweth folk to the ſinne.

Remedium Gulæ.

·nſt glotonie the remedie is abſtinence, as ſayth
i; but that I holde not meritorie, if he do it only
: hele of his body. Seint Auguſtine wol that ab-
:e be don for vertue, and with patience. Abſti-
(ſayth he) is litel worth but if a man have good

will therto, and but it be enforced by patience and charitee, and that men don it for Goddes ſake, and in hope to have the bliſſe in heven.

The feliwes of abſtinence ben attemperance, that holdeth the mene in alle thinges; alſo ſhame, that eſcheweth all diſhoneſtee; ſuffiſance, that ſeketh no riche metes ne drinkes, ne doth no force of noon outrageous appareilling of mete; meſure alſo, that reſtreineth by reſon the unmeſurable appetit of eting; ſoberneſſe alſo, that reſtreineth the outrage of dronke; ſparing alſo, that reſtreineth the delicat eſe to ſe long at mete; wherfore ſom folk ſtanden of hir owen will whan they ete, becauſe they wol ete as leſſe leiſer.

De Luxurié.

After glotonie cometh lecherie, for thiſe two ſinnes ben ſo nigh cofins that oft time they wol not depart. God wote this ſinne is ful diſpleſant to God, ſeith ſaid himſelf, Do no lecherie; and therfore he putteth gret peine ayenſt this ſinne: for in the old lawe if a woman thrall were taken in this ſinne ſhe ſhuld be beten with ſtaves to the deth, and if ſhe were a gentilwoman ſhe ſhuld be ſlain with ſtones, and if ſhe were a biſhoppes doughter ſheſhuld be brent by Goddes commandement. Moreover, for the ſinne of lecherie God dreint all the world, and after that he brent five citees with thonder and lightning, and ſanke hem doun into hell.

Now let us ſpeke than of the ſaid ſtinking ſinne of lecherie, that men clepen Avoutrie, that is of wedded

alle, that is to say, If that on of hem be wedded or elles both. Saint John sayth, that avoutrers shul ben in helle in a stacke brenning of fire and of brimstone: in fire for hir lecherie, in brimstone for the stenche of hir ordure. Loke this teching of this sacrament is an horrible thing; it was made of God himself in Paradis, and confermed by Jesu Crist, as witnesseth Saint Mathew in the Gospel; A man shal let fader and moder, and take him to his wif, and they shal be two in on flesh. This sacrament betokeneth the knitting together of Crist and holy chirche. And not only that God forbad fornerie in dede, but also he commanded that shou shuldest not coveite thy neighbours wif. In this book (sayth Saint Augustine) is forboden all manor coveitise to do lecherie. Lo, what sayth Saint Mathew in the Gospel, that who so seeth a woman to coveitise of his wif, he hath don lecherie with hire in his herte. Herk nowe ye sir that not only the dede of this sinne forbidden, but eke the desire to don that sinne. This cursed sinne annoyeth greuously hem that it haunt; and first to the soule, for he obligeth it to sinne and to peine of helle, which is perdurable; and to the body anoyeth it grievously also, for it drieth him and wasteth and shendeth, and of his blood he maketh sacrifice to the fend of helle: it wasteth eke his catel and his substance; and certes if it be a foule thing a man to waste his catel on women, yet is it a fouler thing when that for swiche ordure women dispenden upon

men hir catel and hir ſubſtance. This ſinne, as ſaith the prophet, bereveth man and woman hir good fame and all hir honour; and it is ful pleſant to the devil, for therby winneth he the moſte partie of this wretched world: and right as a marchant deliteth him moſt in that chaffare which he hath moſt avantage and profite of, right ſo deliteth the fend in this ordure.

This is that other hond of the devil, with five fingers, to eaccbe the peple to his vilanie. The firſt finger is the foole loking of the foole woman and of the foole man, that ſleth right as the baſilicok ſleth folk by venime of his ſight, for the coveitiſe of the eyen folowith the coveitiſe of the herte. The ſecond fingre is the vile lains touching in wicked maner; and therfore ſaith Salomon, that who ſo toucheth and handleth a woman he fareth as the man that handleth the ſcorpion, which ſtingeth and fodenly ſleth thurgh his enviſe ming, or as who ſo that toucheth warme pitch it ſmitteth his fingers. The thridde is foule wordes, whiche fareth like fire, which right anon brenneth the herte. The fourth finger is kiſſing, and trewely he were a gret foole that wold kiſſe the mouthe of a brenning oven or of a fourneis; and more fooles ben they that kiſſen in vilainie, for that mouth is the mouth of helle; and namely thiſe olde dotardes holours, which wol kiſſe and flicker, and befie hemſelf though they may nought do: certes they ben like to houndes, for an hound whan he cometh by the roſe or by other buſhes, though ſo be that he may not piſſe yet wol he heve up

his leg and make a contenance to piſſe. And for that many man weneth that he may not ſinne for no like-abuſioneſſe that he doth with his wif, trewely that opinion is falſe; God wote a man may flee himſelf with his owen knif, and make himſelf dronken of his owen tonne. Certes be it wif, be it childe, or any worldly thing, that he loveth before God it is his mawmet, and he is an idolaſtre. A man ſhold love his wif by diſcretion, pacientely and attemprely, and than is he as though it were his ſuſter. The fifth fingre of the divels hond is the ſtinking dede of lecherie. Trewely the five fingers of glotonie the fend putteth in the wombe of a man, and with his five fingers of letherle he gripeth him by the members for to throwe him into the fourneis of helle, ther as they ſhul have the fire and the wormes that ever ſhul laſten, and weping and wayling, and ſharpe hunger and thurſt, and griſlineſſe of divels whiche ſhul all to-trede hem withouten reſpite and withouten ende. Of leecherie, as I ſayd, ſourden and ſpringen divers ſpices; as fornication that is betwene man and woman which ben not maried, and is dedly ſinne, and ayenſt nature. All that is enemy and deſtruction to nature is ayenſt nature. Parfay the reſon of a man eke telleth him wel that it is dedly ſinne, for as moche as God forbad lecherie; and Seint Poule yeveth hem the regne that n'is dewe to no wight but to hem that don dedely ſinne. Another ſinne of lecherie is, to bereven a maid of hire maidenhed, for he that ſo doth, certes he caſt-

eth a mayden out of the higheſt degree that is in this preſent lif, and bereveth hire thilke precious fruit that the book clepeth the Hundreth Fruit; I ne can telle non otherwiſe in Engliſh, but in Latine it highte *centeſimus fructus*. Certes he that ſo doth is the cauſe of many damages and vilanies mo than any man can reken: right as he ſomtime is cauſe of all damages that beſtes do in the feld that breketh the hedge of thilke pure, thurgh which he deſtroyeth that many not beſtes ſtored; for certes no more may maidenhed be reſtored than an arme that is ſmitten fro the body may retourne ayen and were: ſhe may have mercy, this wote I wel, if that ſhe have will to do penitence, but never ſhall be but that ſhe is corrupte. And all be it ſo that I have ſpoke ſomwhat of avoutrie, it is good to ſhewe thurgh riles that longen to avoutrie, for to eſchewe that foule ſinne. Avoutrie, in Latine, is for to ſaye, approching of another mannes bedde, thurgh whiche tho that ſomtime were on fleſhe abandone hir bodies to other perſons. Of this ſinne, as ſayth the wife man, folowe many harmes: firſte breking of feith; and certes feith is the key of Criſtendom, and whan that key is broken and lorne ſothly Criſtendom is lorne, and ſtont vaine and without fruit. This ſinne alſo is theft, for theft generally is to reve a wight his thinges ayenſt his will. Certes this is the fouleſt theft that may be whan that a woman ſteleth hire body from hire huſbond, and yeveth it to hire holour to defoule it, and ſteleth hire ſoule fro Criſt and yeveth it to the devil: this is a

foule thefte than for to breke a chirche and ſtele away the chalice; for thiſe avouterers breken the temple of God ſpirituelly, and ſtelen the veſſell of grace, that is, the body and the ſoule, for which Criſte ſhal deſtroy hem, as ſayth Seint Poule. Sothly of this theft douted gretly Joſeph, whan that his lordes wif prayed him of vilainie, whan he ſayde, Lo, my Lady, how my Lord hath take to me under my warde all that he hath in this world, ne nothing is out of my power but only ye, that ben his wif: and how ſhuld I than dò this wickednesſe, and ſinne ſo horribly ayenſt God and ayenſt my Lord? God it forbede! Alas! all to litel is ſwiche trouth now yfounde. The thridde harme is the filth thurgh which they breke the commandement of God and defoule the auter of matrimonies, that is Criſt; for certes in ſo moche as the ſacrament of mariage is ſo noble and ſo digne, ſo moche is it the greter ſinne for to breke it, for God made mariage in Paradis, in the eſtate of innocencie, to multiplie mankinde to the ſervice of God, and therfore is the breking therof the more grevous, of which breking come falſe heires oft time, that wrongfully occupien folkes heritages, and therfore wol Criſt put hem out of the regne of heven, that is heritage to good folk. Of this breking cometh eke oft time that folk unware wedde or ſinne with hir owen kinrede; and namely thiſe harlottes that haunten bordelles of thiſe foule women that may be likened to a commune gong wheras men purge hir ordure. What ſay we alſo of putours, that live by the horrible

sinne of puterie, and constreide wedmanto folle lust a certain rent of his bodily puterie, yea, Sarasinis his owen wif or his childe, as doth thilke lustelees Crist thise ben cursed sinnes. Understond also that stranglyng is set in the ten commandements betwixe theft and manslaughter, for it is the gretest theft, that may be for it is theft of body and of soule: and it is likned to homicide, for it destroubleth atwo and breketh atwo kinde that first were made on flesh; and therfore, by the olde lawe of God they shuld be slaine, but nathelesse by the lawe of Jesu Crist, that is the lawe of pitee, whan he sayd to the woman that was found in avoutrie, that shuld have be slain with stones, after the will of the Jewes, as was his lawe, Go, sayd Jesu Crist, and sinne no more will to do sinne. Sothly the vengeaunce upon voutrie is awarded to the peine of helle, but if this be that it be disconbered by penitence. Yet ben there mo spices of this cursed sinne, as whan that on of hemself religious, or elles both; or of folk that ben entred into ordre, as sub-deken, deken, or preest, or hospitaler; and ever the higher that he is in ordre the greter is the sinne. The thinges that gretly agrege hir sinne is the breking of hir avow of chastitee whan they received the ordre. And moreover, soth is that holy ordre is chefe of all the treserie of God, and is a special signe and marke of chastitee, to shew that they ben joined to chastitee, which is the moste precious lif that is. And thise ordered folk ben specially titled to God, and of the special meinie of God, for which whan they don

dedly sinne they ben the special traitours of God and of his peple, for they live by the peple to praye for the peple, and whiles they ben swiche traitours hir prayeres avails not to the peple. Preestes ben as angels as by the mysterie of hir dignitee; but forteth Seint Poule saith that Sathanas transfourmeth him in an angel of light. Soothly the preest that haunteth dedly sinne he may be likened to an angel of derkenesse transfourmed into an angel of light; he semeth an angel of light, but for soth he is an angel of derkenesse. Swiche preestes be the sones of Hely, as is shewed in the Book of Kinges that they were the sones of Belial, that is, the diuel. Belial is to say withouten juge, and so faren they; hem thinketh that they be free, and have no juge, no more than hath a free boll, that taketh which cow that him liketh in the toun. So faren they by women, for right as on free boll is ynough for all a toun, right so is a wicked preest corruption ynough for all a parish or for all a countree. Thise preestes, as saith the book, ne cannot minister the mysterie of preesthood to the peple, ne they knowe not God, ne they hold hem not apaied, as saith the book, of sodden flesh that was to hem offred, but they take by force the flesh that is raw. Certes right so thise shrewes ne hold hem not apaied of rosted flesh and sodden with which the peple feden hem in gret reverence, but they wol have raw flesh, as folkes wives and hir doughters. And certes thise women that consenten to hir harlotrie don gret wrong to Crist and to holy chirche, and to

all halowes and to all ſoules, for they hetven all thilk hem that ſhuld worſhip Criſt and holy chirche and pray for Criſten ſoules; and therfore han ſwiche prerogatifes, and hir lemmans alſo that confeſſen to hir lecherie, the aſſiſon of the court Criſten tilleth to amendement. The thridde ſpice of avoutrie is ſothly time betwix a man and his wif, and that is whan they take no regard in his aſſembling but only to his fleſhly delit, as ſaith Seint Jerome, and no reckon of no thing but that they ben aſſembled becauſe they ben maried: all is good ynough, as thinketh to hem. In ſwiche folk hath the divel power, as ſaid the angel Raphael to Tobie, for in his aſſembling they putten Jeſu Criſt out of hir herte, and yeven hemſelf to ordure. The fourth ſpice is of hem that aſſemble with hir kinredes or with hem that ben of on aſſiſe with eiles with hem with which hir fathers or hir kinnes have deled in the ſinne of lecherie: this ſinne maketh hem like to houndes, that taken no kepe of kinredes. And certes parentele is in two maners, eyther goſſib or fleſhly: goſſily is for to delen with hir godſibbes; for right ſo as he that engendreth a child is his fleſhly father, right ſo is his godfather his father ſpirituel; for which a woman may in no leſſe ſinne aſſemble with hire godſib than with hire owen fleſhly broder. The fifthe ſpice is that abhominable ſinne, of which abhominable ſinne no man unneth ought to ſpeke ne write, natheles it is openly reherſed in holy writ. This curſednеſſe don men and women in diverſe en-

tent and in diverſe maner: but though that holy writ ſpeke of horrible ſinne, certes holy writ may not be defouled, no more than the ſonne that ſhineth on the myxene. Another ſinne apperteineth to lecherie that cometh in ſleping, and this ſinne cometh often to hem that ben maidens, and eke to hem that ben corrupt, and this ſinne men call Pollution, that cometh of foure maners: ſomtime it cometh of languiſhing of the body, for the humours ben to ranke and haboundant in the body of man; ſomtime of infirmitee, for feblenesſe of the vertue retentif, as phiſike maketh mention; ſomtime of ſurfet of mete and drinke; and ſomtime of vilains thoughtes that ben enclоſed in mannes minde whan he goth to ſlepe, which may not be withouten ſinne, for whiche men muſt kepe hem wiſely, or elles may they ſinne ful grevously.

Remedium Luxuriæ.

Now cometh the remedy ayenſt lecherie, and that is generally chaſtitee and continence, that reſtreineth all diſordinate mevings that comen of fleſhly talents, and ever the greter merite ſhal he have that moſt reſtreineth the wicked enchauſinge or ardure of this ſinne; and this is in two maners, that is to ſay, chaſtitee in mariage and chaſtitee in widewhood. Now ſhalt thou underſtonde that matrimony is leful aſſenbling of man and woman that receiven by vertue of this ſacrement the bonde thurgh whiche they may not be departed in all hir lif, that is to ſay, while that they live bothe. This, as ſaith the book, is a ful gret ſacrement;

God made it (as I have ſaid) in Paradis, and wold himſelf be borne in mariage; and for to halowe mariage he was at a wedding wheras he tourned water into wine, whiche was the firſt miracle that he wrought in erthe before his diſciples. The trewe effect of mariage clenſeth fornication, and repleniſheth holychirche of good lignage, for that is the ende of mariage, and chaungeth dedly ſinne into venial ſinne betwene hem that ben wedded, and maketh the hertes all on of hem that ben ywedded as wel as the bodies. This is veray mariage that was eſtabliſhed by God er that ſinne began, whan nature! lawe was in his right point in Paradis; and it was ordeined that o man ſhuld have but o woman, and o woman but o man, as ſayth Seint Auguſtine, by many reſons.

Firſt, for mariage is figured betwix Criſt and holy chirche; and another is, for a man is hed of the woman, (algate by ordinance it ſhuld be ſo) for if a woman had mo men than on than ſhuld ſhe have mo hedes than on, and that were an horrible thing before God; and alſo a woman mighte not pleſe many folk at ones; and alſo ther ſhuld never be pees ne reſt among hem, for everich of hem wold axe his owen right. And furthermore, no man ſhuld knowe his owen engendrure, ne who ſhuld have his heritage, and the woman ſhuld be the leſſe beloved for the time that ſhe were conjunct to many men.

Now cometh how that a man ſhuld bere him with *his wif*, and namely in two thinges, that is to ſay, in

suffisaunce and in reverence, and wisly shewed Crist whan he first made woman; for he ne made hire of the hed of Adam, for she shuld not clayme to gret lordshippe, for thus as the woman hath the maistrie she maketh to moche disturay; ther nede non ensamples of this, the experience that we have day by day ought ynough suffice: also certes God ne made not woman of the feet of Adam, for she shuld not be holden to lowe, for she cannot paciently suffer; but God made woman of the syde of Adam, for woman shuld be felaw unto man. Man shuld have him to his wif in feith, in trouth, and in love, as sayth Seint Poule, that a man shuld love his wif as Crist loved holy chirche, that loved it so wel that he died for it: so shuld a man for his wif, if it were nede.

Now how that a woman shuld be subget to hire husbond that telleth Seint Peter: first in obedience; and eke, as sayth the decree, A woman that is a wif, as longe as she is a wif, she hath non auctoritee to swere ne bere witnesse without leve of hire husbonde, that is hire lord; algate he shuld be so by reson: she shuld also serve him in all honestee, and ben attempre of hire array. I wote wel that they shuld set hir entent to plese hire husbonde, but not by queintise of hir array. Seint Jerom sayth, Wives that ben appareilled in silke and precious purple ne mow not cloth hem in Jesu Crist: Seint Gregorie sayth also, that no wight seketh precious array but only for vain glorie, to be honoured the more of the peple. It is a gret folie a woman

Another remedie ayenst lecherie is, that a man or a woman eschewe the compagnie of hem by which he douteth to be tempted; for all be it so that the deede be withstonden yet is ther gret temptation. Soothly a whit wall, although it ne brenne nat fully with flicking of a candle, yet is the wall blak of the leyte. Pat oft time I rede that no man trust in his owen perfeccion but he be stronger than Sampson, or holier than David, or wiser than Salomon.

Now after that I have declared you as I can of the Seven Deedly Sinnes, and som of hir braunches, and the remedies, soothly if I coude I wold tell you the ten commandements; but so high doctrine I lete to divines *: nathèles I hope to God they ben touched in this tretise everich of hem alle.

Now for as moche as the second part of penitence stont in confession of mouth, as I began in the first

* *so high doctrine I lete to divines*] See before ver. 17366—70, and p. 218, l. 14.; "The expoſition of this—I betake to the "maiſters of theologie." The ſecular clergy in the time of Chaucer being generally very ignorant, it would not have been in character, I ſuppoſe, to repreſent the Perſone as a deep divine, though a very pious worthy prieſt. The Frere (whoſe brethren had the largeſt ſhare of the learning which was then in faſhion) is made to ſpeak with great contempt of the parochial paſtors, ver. 7590.;

This every *lewed* vicar and perſon
Can ſay, &c.

And yet in the Perſon's character, ver. 402, we are told that—

He was alſo a *lerned* man, a *clerk*.

It may be doubted therefore whether in theſe paſſages Chaucer may not ſpeak for himſelf, forgetting or neglecting the character of the real ſpeaker.

chapitre, I ſay Seint Auguſtine ſaith, Sinne is every word and every dede, and all that men coveiten, ayenſt the law of Jeſu Criſt; and this is for to ſinne in herte, in mouth, and in dede, by the five wittes, which ben ſight, hering, ſmelling, taſting or ſavouring, and feling. Now is it good to underſtond the circumſtances that agregen moche every ſinne. Thou ſhalt conſider what thou art that doſt the ſinne, whether thou be male or female, yonge or olde, gentil or thrall, free or ſervant, hole or ſike, wedded or ſingle, ordered or unordered, wiſe or foole, clerk or feculer, if ſhe be of thy kinred bodily or goſtly or non, if any of thy kinred have ſinned with hire or no, and many mo thinges.

Another circumſtaunce is this, whether it be don in fornication or in advoutrie or no, in maner of homicide or non, a horrible gret ſinne or ſmal, and how long thou haſt continued in ſinne. The thridde circumſtance is the place ther thou haſt don ſinne, whether in other mennes houſes or in thin owen, in feld, in chirche, or in chirchhawe, in chirche dedicate or non; for if the chirche be halowed, and man or woman ſpille his kinde within that place, by way of ſinne or by wicked temptation, the chirche were enterdited til it were reconciled by the biſhop; and if it were a preeſt that did ſwiche vilanie, the terme of all his lif he ſhuld no more ſing maſſe; and if he did he ſhuld do dedly ſinne at every time that he ſo ſong maſſe. The fourth circumſtance is by whiche mediatours, as by

messagers, or for entisement, or for consentynge, to bere compagnie with felawship, for many a wrecche for to bere felawship wol go to the devel of helle; wherfore they that eggen or consenten to the synne ben partners of the synne, and of the dampnacion of the synner. The fifth circumstance is, how many tymes that he hath synned; if it be in his minde, and how ofte he hath fallen; for he that oft falleth in synne he despiseth the mercy of God, and encreseth his synne, and is unkind to Crist, and he waxeth the more feble to withstande synne, and sinneth the more lightly, and the later ariseth, and is more slow to shrive him, and namely to him that hath ben his confessour; for which that folk, whan they fall ayen to hir old folies, either they forleten hir old confessour al utterly, or elles they departen hir shrift in divers places: but sothly swiche departed shrift deserveth no mercie of God for hir synnes. The sixte circumstance is, why that a man sinneth, as by what temptation, and if himself procured thilke temptation, or by exciting of other folk, or if he synne with a woman by force or by hire owen assent, or if the woman maugre hire hed have ben enforced or non; this shal she tell, and wheder it were for covetise or poverte, and if it were by hire procuring or non, and swiche other thinges. The seventh circumstance is, in what maner he hath don his synne, or how that she hath suffered that folk have don to hire: and the same shal the man tell plainly, with all the circumstances, and wheder he hath synned with

common bordel women or non, or don his sinne in holy times or non, in fasting times or non, or before his shrift, or after his later shrift, and hath peraventure broken therby his penance enjoined, by whos helpe or whos conseil, by sorcerie or crafte; all must be told. All thise thinges, after that they ben gret or smale, engreggen the conscience of man or woman. And eke the preest that is thy juge may the better be aviséd of his jugement in yeving of penance, and that shal be after thy confession: for understond wel that after the time that a man hath defouled his baptisme by sinne if he wol come to salvation ther is non other way but by penance, and shrifte, and satisfaction; and namely by the two, if ther be a confessour to whom he may shrive him, and that he first be veray contrite and repentant, and the thridde if he have lif to performe it.

Than shal a man loke and consider that if he wol make a trewe and a profitable confession ther must be foure conditions. First, it must be in sorowful bitternesse of herte, as sayth the King Ezechiel to God, I wol remember all the yeres of my lif in the bitternesse of my herte. This condition of bitternesse hath five signes; the first is that confession must be shamefast, not for to coveren ne hide his sinne, but for he hath agilted his God and defouled his soule: and hereof sayth Seint Augustin, The herte travaileth for shame of his sinne, and for he hath gret shamfastnesse he is digne to have gret mercie of God. Swiche was the confession of the Publican that wold not heve up his

eyen to heven for he had offended God of heven, for which shamefastnesse he had anon the mercy of God; and therfore saith Seint Augustine, that swiche shamefast folk ben next foryevenesse and mercy. Another signe is humilitee in confession, of whiche sayth Seint Peter, Humbleth you under the might of God; the hond of God is mighty in confession, for therby God foryeveth thee thy sinnes, for he alone hath the power. And this humilitee shal be in herte and in signe outwarde; for right as he hath humilitee to God in his herte, right so shuld he humble his body outward to the preest that sitteth in Goddes place; for which in no maner, sith that Crist is soveraine, and the preest mene and mediatour betwix Crist and the sinner, and the sinner is lift by way of reson, than shuld not the sinner sitte as high as his confessour, but knele before him or at his feet, but if maladie distrouble it; for he shal not take kepe who sitteth ther, but in whos place he sitteth. A man that hath trespassed to a lord, and cometh for to axe mercie and maken his accorde, and setteth him doun anon by the lord, men wolde holde him outrageous, and not worthy so sone for to have remission ne mercy. The thridde signe is, that the shrift shuld be ful of teres, if men mowen wepe, and if they mowe not wepe with hir bodily eyen than let hem wepe in hir herte: swiche was the confession of Seint Peter, for after that he had forsake Jesu Crist he went out and wept ful bitterly. The fourth signe is that he ne lete not for shame to shrive him and shewe his

confeſſion; ſwiche was the confeſſion of Magdeleine, that ne ſpared for no ſhame of hem that weren at the feſte to go to our Lord Jeſu Criſt and beknowe to him hire ſinnes. The fifthe ſigne is, that a man or a woman be obeiſant to receive the penance that hem is enjoined, for certes Jeſu Criſt for the gilt of man was obedient to the deth.

The ſecond condition of veray confeſſion is, that it behaſtily don; for certes if a man hadde a dedly wound, ever the lenger that he taried to wariſhe himſelf the more wold it corrupt and haſte him to his deth, and alſo the wound wold be the werſe for to hele. And right ſo fareth ſinne that long time is in a man unſhewed: certes a man ought haſtily to ſhewe his ſinnes for many cauſes; as for drede of deth, that cometh oft ſodenly, and is in no certain what time it ſhal be ne in what place; and eke the drenching of o ſinne draweth in another; and alſo the lenger that he tarieth the ferther is he fro Criſt; and if he abide to his laſt day ſcarcely may he ſhrive him, or remembre him of his ſinnes, or repent him for the grevous maladie of his deth. And for as moche as he ne hath in his lif herkened Jeſu Criſt whan he hath ſpoken unto him, he ſhal crie unto our Lord at his laſt day, and ſcarcely wol he herken him. And underſtonde that this condition muſte have foure thinges; firſt that the ſhrift be purveyed afore, and aviſed, for wicked haſt doth not profite; and that a man confeſſe him of his ſinnes, be it of pride, or envie, and ſo forth, with the ſpices

and circumſtances, and that he have comprehended in his minde the nombre and the gretneſſe of his ſinnes; and how longe he hath lien in ſinne, and eke that he be contrite for his ſinnes, and be in ſtedfaſt purpoſe (by the grace of God) never eſte to fall into ſinne; and alſo that he drede and countrewaite himſelf that he flee the occaſions of ſinne to whiche he is inclined: alſo thou ſhalt ſhrive thee of all thy ſinnes to o man, and not parcelmele to o man and parcelmele to another; that is to underſtonde, in entent to depart thy confeſſion for ſhame or drede, for it is but ſtrangling of thy ſoule; for certes Jeſu Criſt is entierly all good, in him is non imperfection, and therfore either he forgeveth all parfitly or elles never a dele. I ſay not that if thou be aſſigned to thy penitencer for certain ſinne that thou art bounde to ſhewe him all the remenant of thy ſinnes of whiche thou haſt ben ſhriven of thy curat but if it like thee of thyn humilitee; this is no departing of ſhrift: ne I ſay not, ther as I ſpeke of diviſion of confeſſion, that if thou have licence to ſhrive thee to a diſcrete and an honeſt preeſt, and wher thee liketh, and by the licence of thy curat, that thou ne mayeſt wel ſhrive thee to him of all thy ſinnes: but lete no bloc be behind; lete no ſinne be untolde as fer as thou haſt remembrance. And whan thou ſhalt be ſhriven of thy curat tell him eke all the ſinnes that thou haſt don ſith thou were laſte ſhriven: this is no wicked entente of diviſion of ſhrift.

Alſo the veray ſhrift axeth certain conditions. Firſt,

that thou shrive thee by thy free will, not constreined, ne for shame of folk, ne for maladie, or swiche other thinges, for it is reson that he that trespasseth by his free will that by his free will he confesse his trespas, and that non other man telle his sinne but himself; ne he shal not say ne deny his sinne, ne wrath him ayenst the preest for amonesting him to lete his sinne. The second condition is, that thy shrift be lawful, that is to say, that thou that shrivest thee, and eke the preest that hereth thy confession, be verayly in the feith of holy chirche, and that a man ne be not dispeired of the mercie of Jesu Crist, as Cain and Judas were. And eke a man muste accuse himself of his owen trespas, and not another; but he shal blame and wite himselfe of his owen malice and of his sinne, and non other: but natheles if that another man be encheson or enticer of his sinne, or the estate of the person be swiche by which his sinne is agregged, or elles that he may not plainly shrive him but he tell the person with whiche he hath sinned, than may he tell, so that his entent ne be not to backbite the person, but only to declare his confession.

Thou ne shalt not also make no lesinges in thy confession for humilitee, peraventure to say that thou hast committed and don swiche sinnes of which that thou ne were never gilty; for Seint Augustine sayth, If that thou, because of thin humilitee, makest a lesing on thyself, though thou were not in sinne before yet arte thou than in sinne thurgh thy lesing. Thou must also shew

thy ſinne by thy propre mouth, but thou be dombe; and not by no letter; for thou that hath don the ſinne thou ſhalt have the ſhame of the confeſſion. Thou ſhalt not eke peint thy confeſſion with faire and fubtil wordes, to cover the more thy ſinne, for than begileſt thee thyſelf and not the preeſt: thou muſt tell it plainly, be it never ſo foule ne ſo horrible. Thou ſhalt chefe ſhrive thee to a preeſt that is diſcrete to conſeille thee; and eke thou ſhalt not ſhrive thee for vaine glorie, ne for ypocriſie, ne for no cauſe, but only for the deute of Jeſu Criſt and the hele of thy ſoule. Thou ſhalt not eke renne to the preeſt al ſodenly to tell him lightly thy ſinne, as who telleth a jape or a tale, but avisedly and with good devotion; and generally ſhrive thee ofte: if thou ofte fall ofte arife by confeſſion. And though thou ſhrive thee ofter than ones of ſinne whiche thou haſt be ſhriven of it is more merite; and, aſkyth Seint Auguſtine, Thou ſhalt have the more lightly releſe and grace of God both of ſinne and of peine. And certes ones a yere at the leſt way it is lawful to be houſeled, for ſothely ones a yere all thinges in the ere the renovelen.

Explicit ſecunda pars penitentie, et ſequitur tertia pars.

Now have I told you of veray confeſſion, that is the ſeconde part of penitence; the thridde part is ſatiſfaction, and that ſtont moſt generally in almeſſe dede and in bodily peine. Now ben ther three maner of almeſſe; contrition of herte, wher a man offreth himſelf to God; another is to have pitee of the defaute of

his neighbour; and the thridde is in yeving of good conseil goſtly and bodily wher as men have nede, and namely in ſuſtenance of mannes food. And take kepe that a man hath nede of thiſe thinges generally; he hath nede of food, of clothing, and of herberow, he hath nede of charitable conſeilling and viſiting in priſon and in maladie, and ſepulture of his ded body. And if thou maieſt not viſite the nedeful in priſon in thy perſon, viſite hem with thy meſſage and thy yeftes: thiſe ben generally the almeſſes and werkes of charitee of hem that have temporel richeſſes or diſcretion in conſeilling. Of thiſe werkes ſhalt thou heren at the day of dome.

This almeſſe ſhuldeſt thou do of thy propre thinges, and haſtily and prively, if thou mayeſt; but natheles if thou mayeſt not do it prively thou ſhalt not forbere to do almeſſe though men ſee it, ſo that it be not don for thanke of the world, but only to have thanke of Jeſu Criſt; for, as witneſſeth Seint Mathewe, *Capite v.* A citee may not be hid that is ſette on a mountaine, ne men light not a lanterne to put it under a buſſell, but ſetten it upon a candleſticke, to lighten the men in the hous: right ſo ſhal your light lighten bifore men, that they mowe ſee your good werkes, and glorifie your fader that is in heven.

Now as for to ſpeke of bodily peine, it ſtant in praiers, in waking, in faſting, and in vertuouſe labour. Of orifons ye ſhul underſtond, that orifons or prayere

is to ſay a pitous will of herte, that ſetteth it in God, and expreſſeth it by word outward, to remeve harme, and to have thinges ſpirituel and perdurable, and ſom-time temporel thinges; of which oriſons certes in the oriſon of the *Pater noſter* hath Jeſu Criſt encloſed moſt thinges: certes it is privileged of three thinges in his dignitee, for whiche it is more digne than any other prayer, for that Jeſu Criſt himſelf made it; and it is ſhort, for it ſhuld be coude the more lightly, and to hold it the more eſie in herte, and helpe himſelf the ofter with this oriſon, and for a man ſhuld be the leſſe wery to ſay it, and for a man may not excuſe him to lerne it, it is ſo ſhorte and ſo eſie, and for it comprehendeth in himſelf all good prayers. The expoſicion of this holy prayer, that is ſo excellent and ſo digne, I betake to the maiſters of theologie; ſave thus moche wol I ſay, that whan thou prayeſt that God ſhuld forveve thee thy giltes as thou foryeveſt hem that have agilted thee, be wel ware that thou be not out of charitee. This holy oriſon amenuſeth eke venial ſinne, and therfore it apperteineth ſpecially to penitence.

This prayer muſt be trewely ſayd, and in perfect feith, and that men prayen to God ordinately, diſcretely, and devoutly: and alway a man ſhal put his will to be ſubgette to the will of God. This oriſon muſt eke be ſayd with gret humbleſſe, and ful pure and honeſtly, and not to the annoyance of any man or woman: it muſt eke be continued with werkes of charitee: it availeth eke ayenſt the vices of the ſoule;

for, as ſayth Seint Jerome, By faſting ben ſaved the vices of the fleſh, and by prayer the vices of the ſoule.

After this thou ſhalt underſtonde that bodily peine ſtont in waking; for Jeſu Criſt ſayth, Wake ye and pray ye that ye ne enter into wicked temptation. Ye ſhul underſtond alſo that faſtingſtont in three thinges, in forbering of bodily mete and drinke, in forbering of worldly jolitee, and in forbering of dedly ſinne; this is to ſay, that a man ſhall kepe him frodedly ſinne with all his might.

And thou ſhalt underſtonde alſo that God ordeined faſting, and to faſting apperteineth foure thinges; largeneſſe to poure folk, gladneſſe of herte ſpirituel, not to be angry ne annoied, ne grutch for he faſteth, and alſo reſonable houre for to ete by meſure, that is to ſay, a man ſhal not ete in untimie, ne ſit the longer at the table for he faſteth.

Than ſhalt thou underſtonde that bodily peine ſtont in diſcipline, or teching by word or by writing, or by enſample, alſo in wering of here or of ſtamin, or of habergeons, on hir naked fleſh for Criſtes ſake. But ware thee wel that ſwiche maner penances nē make not thin herte bitter or angry, ne annoied of thyſelf, for better is to caſt away thin here than to caſt away the ſweteneſſe of our Lord Jeſu Criſt; and therfoe ſayth Seint Poule, Clothe you as they that ben choſen of God in herte, of miſericorde, debonairtee, ſuffrance, and ſwiche maner of clothing, of whiche Jeſu Criſt is more pleſed than with the heres or habergeons.

Than is disciplina thein knocking of thy flesh, in scourging with yerdes, in kneling, in tribulacion, in suffring patiently wronges that ben don to thee; and eke in patient suffring of maladies, or lesing of worldly catel, or wif, or child, or other frendes.

Than shalt thou understond which thinges diffoure ben penance, and this is in foure maners; that is, drede, shame, hope, and wanhope, that is, desperacion. And for to speke first of drede, for which he weneth that he may suffre no penance, ther ayenst is remedie for to thinke that bodily penance is but short, and litel at regard of the peine of helle, that is so cruel and so longe that it lasteth withouten ende.

Now ayenst the shame that a man hath to shrive him, and namely thise ipocrites, that wold be holden so parfit that they have no nede to shrive hem, ayenst that shame shuld a man thinke, that by way of reson he that hath not ben ashamed to do foule thinges, certes him ought not be ashamed to do faire thinges, and that is confessions. A man shuld also thinke that God seeth and knoweth al his thoughtes, and al his werkes, and to him may nothing be hid ne covered. Men shuld eke remembre hem of the shame that is to come at the day of dome to hem that ben not penitent in this present lif; for all the creatures in heven, and in erthe, and in helle, shul see apertly all that they hiden in this world.

Now for to speke of the hope of hem that ben so

negligent and ſlowe to ſhrive hem, that ſtondeth in two maners; that on is that he hopeth for to live long, and for to purchaſe moche richeſſe for his delit, and than he wol ſhrive him, and, as he ſayeth, he may, as him ſemeth, than timely ynough come to ſhrift; another is the ſurquedrie that he hath in Criſtes mercie. Ayenſt the firſt vice he ſhal thinke that our lif is in no ſikerneſſe, and eke that all the richeſſe in this world ben in aventure, and paſſen as a ſhadowe on a wall; and, as ſayth Seint Gregorie, that it apperteineth to the gret rightwiſneſſe of God that never ſhal the peine ſtinte of hem that never wold withdrawe hem from ſinne, hir thankes, but ever continue in ſinne. For thilke perpetuel will to don ſinne ſhall they have perpetuel peine.

Wanhope is in two maners: the firſt wanhope is in the mercie of God; that other is that they think that they ne might not long perſever in goodneſſe. The firſt wanhope cometh of that, he demeth that he hath ſinned ſo gretly and ſo oft, and ſo long lyen in ſinne, that he ſhal not be ſaved. Certes ayenſt that curſed wanhope ſhulde he thinke that the paſſion of Jeſu Criſt is more ſtronge for to unbinde than ſinne is ſtrong for to binde. Ayenſt the ſecond wanhope he ſhal thinke that as often as he falleth he may ariſen again by penitence; and though he never ſo longe hath lyen in ſinne the mercie of Criſt is alway redy to receive him to mercie. Ayenſt that wanhope that he demeth he

ſhuld not long perſever in goodneſſe he ſhal think, that the febleneſſe of the devil may nothing do but if men wol ſuffre him; and eke he ſhal have ſtrength of the helpe of Jeſu Criſt, and of all his chirche, and of the protection of angels, if him liſt.

Than ſhul men underſtonde what is the fruit of penance; and after the wordes of Jeſu Criſt it is an endeles bliſſe of heven, ther joye hath no contrariositee of wo ne grevance; ther all harmes ben paſſed of this preſent lif; ther as is ſikerneſſe from the peines of helle; ther as is the blisful compagnie that rejoycen hem ever mo everich of others joye; ther as the body of man, that whilom was foule and derke, is more clere than the ſonne; ther as the body that whilom was ſike and freele, feble and mortal, is immortal, and ſo ſtrong and ſo hole that ther ne may nothing appeire it; ther as is neither hunger, ne thurſte, ne colde, but every ſoule repleniſhed with the ſight of the parfit knowing of God. This blisful regne mowe men purchaſe by poverte ſpirituel, and the glory by lowlineſſe, the plentee of joye by hunger and thurſt, and the reſte by travaile, and the lif by deth and mortification of ſinne: to which life he us bring that bought us with his precious blood! *Amen.*

Now preye I to hem alle* that herken this litel tre-

* *Now preye I to hem alle, &c.*] What follows being found, with ſome ſmall variations, in all complete mſſ. (I believe) of The Canterbury Tales, and in both Caxton's editions, which were undoubtedly printed from mſſ. there was no pretence to leave it out in this edition, however difficult it may be to give

tiſe or reden it, that if ther be any thing in it that liketh hem that therof they thanken our Lord Jeſu Criſt,

any ſatisfactory account of it.---I muſt firſt take notice that this paſſage in mſ. *Aſk.* 1, is introduced by theſe words———

Here taketh the maker his leve——

and is concluded by theſe——

Here endeth The Perſonnys Tale.

In mſ. *Aſk.* 2, there is a ſimilar introduction and concluſion in Latin: at the beginning—"Hic capit auctor licentiam"—and at the end—"Explicit narratio Rectoris, et ultima inter narrationes hujus libri de quibus compoſuit Chaucer, cujus anime propicietur Deus. *Amen.*"---Theſe two mſſ. therefore, may be conſidered as agreeing in ſubſtance with thoſe mſſ. mentioned in the *Diſcourſe, &c.* § 42, in which this paſſage makes part of The Perſones Tale. One of them is deſcribed by Hearne in his letter to Bagford, *App. to R. G.* p. 661, 2.----In ed. *Ca.* 2, as quoted by *Ames*, p. 56, it is clearly ſeparated from The Perſones Tale, and entitled---*The Prayer.*---In the mſſ. in which it is alſo ſeparated from The Perſones Tale I do not remember to have ſeen it diſtinguiſhed by any title either of Prayer, or Revocation, or Retractation, as it is called in the Preface to ed. *Urr.* If we believe what is ſaid in p. 225, l. 4, Chaucer had written a diſtinct piece entitled his *Retractions*, in which he had revoked his blameable compoſitions.—The juſt inference from theſe variations in the mſſ. is perhaps, that none of them are to be at all relied on, that different copiſts have given this paſſage the title that pleaſed them beſt, and have attributed it to the Perſone or to Chaucer, as the matter ſeemed to them to be moſt ſuitable to the one or the other.——Mr. Hearne, whoſe greateſt weakneſs was not his incredulity, has declared his ſuſpicion "that the Revocation (meaning this "whole paſſage) is not genuine, but that it was made by the "monks." [*App. to R. G.* p. 603.] I cannot go quite ſo far: I think if the monks had ſet about making a Revocation for Chaucer, to be annexed to The Canterbury Tales, they would have made one more in form. The ſame objection lies to the ſuppoſal that it was made by himſelf.——The moſt probable hypotheſis which has occurred to me for the ſolution of theſe difficulties is to ſuppoſe that the beginning of this paſſage (except the words *or redenit*, above, l. 1,) and the end make together the

of whom procedeth all witte and all goodneſſe; and if ther be any thing that diſpleſeth hem, I preye hem alſo that they arrette it to the defaute of myn unkonning, and not to my wille, that wold fayn have ſeyd better if I hadde had konning; for oure boke ſeyth, All that is writen is writen for oure doctrine, and that is myn entente: wherfore I beſeke yow meekely, for

genuine concluſion of The Perſones Tale, and that the middle part, which I have encloſed between hooks, is an interpolation. ——It muſt be allowed, I think, (as I have obſerved before in the *Diſcourſe*, &c. § 42,) that the appellation of *litel* *ſiſter* ſuits better with The Perſones Tale taken ſingly than with the whole work. The doubt expreſſed above, l. 2, "If there be any "thing that diſpleſeth," &c. is very agreeable to the manner in which the Perſone ſpeaks in his Prologue, ver. 17366. [See the note on p. 208.] The mention of "verray penance, con-"feſſion, and ſatisfaction," in p. 227, l. 11, ſeems to refer pointedly to the ſubject of the ſpeaker's preceding diſcourſe; and the title given to Chriſt, in p. 228, l. 1, *Preſte of alle preſtes*, ſeems peculiarly proper in the mouth of a prieſt.---So much for thoſe parts which may be ſuppoſed to have originally belonged to the Perſone. With reſpect to the middle part, I think it not improbable that Chaucer might be perſuaded, by the religious who attended him in his laſt illneſs to revoke or retract certain of his Works, or at leaſt that they might give out that he had made ſuch retractions as they thought proper. In either caſe it is poſſible that the ſame zeal might think it expedient to join the ſubſtance of theſe retractions to The Canterbury Tales, the antidote to the poiſon, and might accordingly procure the preſent interpolation to be made in the Epilogue to The Perſones Tale, taking care at the ſame time, by the inſertion of the words *or redemit*, in p. 223, l. 1, to convert that Epilogue from an addreſs of the Perſone to his *hearers* into an addreſs of Chaucer to his *readers*.——But leaving theſe very uncertain ſpeculations I will ſay a few words upon thoſe *enditinges of worldly vanitees* which are here ſuppoſed to have fitten heavy on our Author's conſcience.

the mercie of God, that ye preye for me that Crist have mercie of me and forgeve me my giltes, [and namely of myn Translations and enditinges of worldly vanitees, the which I revoke in my Retractions; as The Boke of Troilus *, The Boke also of Fame †, The Boke of The Five-and-twenty Ladies ‡, The Boke of The

* *The Boke of Troilus*] It has been said in the *Essay*, &c. n. 62, that the Troilus is borrowed from the Filostrato of Boccace. This is evident not only from the fable and characters, which are the same in both poems, but also from a number of passages in the English which are literally translated from the Italian: at the same time there are several long passages and even episodes in the Troilus of which there are no traces in the Filostrato; of these therefore it may be doubted whether Chaucer has added them out of his own invention, or taken them either from some completer copy of Boccace's poem than what we have in print, or from some copy interpolated by another hand. He speaks of himself as a translator *out of Latin*, b. ii. 14, and in two passages he quotes his author by the name of *Lollius*, b. i. 394—424, and b. v. 1652. The latter passage is in the Filostrato, but the former (in which the 102d sonnet of Petrarch is introduced) is not. What he says of having translated out of Latin need not make any difficulty, as the Italian language was commonly called *Latino volgare*; [see the quotation from the Theseide, *Discourse*, &c. n. 9,] and Lydgate [*Prol. to Boccace*] expressly tells us that Chaucer translated—

> A book which called is *Troyle*,
> In Lombard tonge, as men may rede and see.

How Boccace should have acquired the name of Lollius, and the Filostrato the title of *Troyle*, are points which I confess myself unable to explain.

† *The Boke of Fame*] Chaucer mentions this among his Works in *The Leg. of G. W.* ver. 417. He wrote it while he was Comptroller of the Custom of Wools, &c. [see b. ii. ver. 144—8,] and consequently after the year 1374. See *App. to Pref. C.* vol. I.

‡ *The Boke of The Five-and-twenty Ladies*] This is the reading of all the mss.; if it be genuine it affords a strong proof that this enumeration of Chaucer's Works was not drawn up by himself;

Duchesse *, The Boke of Seint Valentines Day † of the Parlement of Briddes, The Tales of Canterbury ‡, thilke that founen unto sinne, The Boke of The Leon ‖,

as there is no ground for believing that The Legende of Good Women ever contained, or was intended to contain, the histories of five-and-twenty ladies. See the note on ver. 4481. It is possible however that xxv may have been put by mistake for xix.

* *The Boke of The Duchesse*] See the note on ver. 4467. One might have imagined that this poem, written upon a particular occasion, was in all probability an original composition; but upon comparing the portrait of a beautiful woman, which M. de la Ravaliere [*Poes. du R. de N. Gloss.* v. *Belee*] has cited from mss. *Du Roi*, N° 7612, with Chaucer's description of his heroine, [ver. 817, *et seq.*] I find that several lines in the latter are literally translated from the former; I should not therefore be surprised if upon a further examination of that ms. it should appear that our Author, according to his usual practice, had borrowed a considerable part of his work from some French poet.

† *The Boke of Seint Valentines Day, &c.*] In the editt. *The Assemblee of Foules*. Chaucer himself, in *The Leg. of G. W.* ver. 419, calls it *The Parlement of Foules*. See the note on ver. 1920, and *App. to Pref. C.* note (*e.*) vol. I.

‡ *The Tales of Canterbury, &c.*] If we suppose that this passage was written by Chaucer himself, to make part of the conclusion of his Canterbury Tales, it must appear rather extraordinary that he should mention those Tales in this general manner, and in the midst of his other Works; it would have been more natural to have placed them either at the beginning or at the end of his catalogue.

‖ *The Boke of The Leon*] This book is also ascribed to Chaucer by Lydgate, [*Prol. to Boccace,*] but no ms. of it has hitherto been discovered. It may possibly have been a translation of *Le dit du Lion*, a poem of Guillaume de Machaut, composed in the year 1342. *Acad. des Inscr.* t. xx. p. 379, 408. Some lines from this poem, as I apprehend, are quoted in the Glossary to *Roy. du Roi de N.* v. *Arrouser*s Bachelier.—Whether we suppose this list of Chaucer's exceptionable Works to have been

and many an other Bokes, if they were in my remembraunce, and many a Song and many a lecherous Lay, Crist of his grete mercie foryeve me the finne! but of The translation of Boes of Consolation, and other Bokes of Legendes of Seints, and of Omelies, and Moralite, and Devotion, that thanke I oure Lord Jesu Crist and his blisful mother, and alle the seintes in heven, beseking hem that they fro hensforth unto my lyves ende sende me grace to bewaile my giltes, and to studien to the savation of my soule,] and graunte me grace, of verray penance, confession and satisfaction to don in this present lif, thorgh the benigne grace of him

drawn up by himself or by any other person, it is unaccountable that his translation of the *Rom. de la Rose* should be omitted. If he translated the whole of that very extraordinary composition (as is most probable) he could scarce avoid being guilty of a much greater licentiousness in sentiment as well as diction than we find in any of his other writings. His translation, as we have it, breaks off at ver. 5370 of the original, [ver. 5810, ed. *Urr.*] and beginning again at ver. 11253, ends imperfect at ver. 13105. In the latter part we have although proof of the negligence of the first editor, who did not perceive that two leaves in his ms. were misplaced. The passage from ver. 7013 to ver. 7062 incl. and the passage from ver. 7257 to ver. 7304 incl. should be inserted after ver. 7160. The later editors have all copied this, as well as many other blunders of less consequence, which they must have discovered if they had consulted the French original.——A bacheler who dances with Franchise is said to resemble

The Lordes sonne of Wyndesore —— *R. R.* ver. 1270.

This seems to be a compliment to the young princes in general, rather than to any particular son of Edward III. who is certainly meant by the Lord of Windsor. In the French it is simply—*Il semble filz de Roy.*

that is King of kinges and Preſte of alle preſtes, that bought us with the precious blode of his herte, ſo that I mote ben on of hem atte the laſte day of dome that ſhullen be ſaved; *Qui cum Deo patre et Spiritu ſancto vivis et regnas Deus per omnia ſecula. Amen.*

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From the APOLLO PRESS,
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Nov. 23. 1782.

END OF VOLUME FIFTH.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

GEOFF. CHAUCER.

IN FOURTEEN VOLUMES.

THE MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

From *Urry's* Edition 1721,

THE CANTERBURY TALES

From *Tyrwhitt's* Edition 1775.

Grete well CHAUCER when ye mete.....
Of dites and of ſongis glade,
The which he.....made,
The londe fulfillid is over all. GOWER.

My maiſter CHAUCER.....chiefe poete of Brutayne.....
Whom all this londe ſchalde of ryght preferre,
Sith of our language he was the lode-ſterre.....
That made firſt to dyſtylle and rayne
The gold dewe dropys of ſpeche and eloquence
Into our tunge through his excellence. LYDGATE.

The honour of Engliſh tong is dede.....
My mayſter CHAUCER, floure of eloquence,
Mirrour of fruitfulneſs entendement,
Univerſel fadir in ſcience.....
This londis verray treſour and richeſſe.....
The firſte fynder of our fayre langage. OCCLEVE.

Venerabill CHAUCER, principall poete but pere,
Flevinly trumpet, orlege and regulere,
In eloquence balme, conduct and diall,
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Of freſche endite throw Albioun iland braid. DOUGLAS.

O reverend CHAUCER! roſe of rethouris all,
As in oure toung flour imperial
That raiſe in Brittane evir, quha reidis right
Thou beiris of Makers the triumphe royall,
The freſche ennamilt termes celeſtiall:
This mater couth haif illumynit full bricht,
Was thou nocht, of our Inglis all the light,
Surmounting every toung terreſtriall
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GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

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Of olde time, as knoweth many a man;
And if he have not fayd hem, leve brother,
In o book, he hath fayd hem in another.—
Who fo that wol his large Volume feke. TALES, *ver.* 4465.

Dan CHAUCER, well of English undefil'd,
On Fame's eternal bead-roll worthy to be fil'd.—
Old Dan Geffrey, in whofe gentle fpright
The pure well-head of poetry did dwell.—
He whilft he lived was the foveraigne head
Of fhepherds all——— SPENSER.

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His light thofe mifts and clouds diffolv'd
Which our dark nation long involv'd;
But he defcending to the fhades
Darkneſs again the age invades. DENHAM.

CHAUCER, him who firſt with harmony inform'd
The language of our fathers.—His legends blithe
He fang of love or knighthood, or the wiles
Of homely life, thro' each eſtate and age
The fafhions and the follies of the world
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:OKE'S TALE OF GAMELYN.

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of mochil game.

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Thre sonnis this knight had, and with
His bodi he them wan;
The eldeſt was a mochè ſhrew,
And ſonè he began.
His brotherin lov'd thir fadir,
And of him were agaſt;
Th' eldiſt deſerv'd his fadir's curſe,
And had it at the laſt.
The godè knighte his fadir did
Ylive ſo long and yore,
That Deth was comin him unto,
And handlid him full ſore.
The godè knight ycarid moch,
Sore ſike there as he lay,
How that his childerin ſhuldè
Lyvin after his day.
He haddè ben widè where, but
Noon hufbondè he was;
Allè the londe which that he had
It was verray purchas;
And fayn he woldè that it were
Dreſſid among them all,
That everich of them had his part
As it mightè befall.
Tho ſent he into the contrè
Aftir wifè knightis,
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POETICAL WORKS

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GEOFF. CHAUCER.

IN FOURTEEN VOLUMES.

THE MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

From *Urry's* Edition 1721,

THE CANTERBURY TALES

From *Tyrwhitt's* Edition 1775.

Grete well CHAUCER whan ye mete——
Of ditees and of fonges glade,
The which he—made,
The londe fulfilled is over all. GOWER.

My maiſter CHAUCER—chiefe poete of Bretayne——
Whom all this londe ſchulde of ryght preferre,
Sith of our langage he was the lode-ſterre——
That made fyrſt to dyſtylle and rayne
The gold dewe dropys of ſpeche and eloquence
Into our tunge thrugh his excellence. LYDGATE.

The honour of Engliſh tong is dede——
My mayſter CHAUCER, fluure of eloquence,
Mirrour of fructuous entendement,
Univerſel fadir in ſcience——
This londis verray treſour and richeſſe——
The firſte fynder of our fayre langage. OCCLEVE.

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Hevinly trumpet, oriege and regulere,
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Thou beiris of Makers the triumphs royall,
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Herkinith you aright,
And ye ſhullin herè me tell
You of a doughti knight.
Sir Johan of Boundis clepid was
This ilkè knight'is name;
Wele coudin he of noriture,
And eke of mochil game.

The Coke's Tale of Gamelyn] So many of the mſſ. have this Tale that I can hardly think it could be unknown to the former editors of this poet's Works; nor can I think of a reaſon why they neglected to publiſh it. Poſſibly they met only with thoſe mſſ. that had not this Tale in them, and contented themſelves with the number of Tales they found in thoſe mſſ. If they had any of thoſe mſſ. in which it is I cannot give a reaſon why they did not give it a place amongſt the reſt, unleſs they doubted of its being genuine; but becauſe I find it in ſo many mſſ. I have no doubt of it, and therefore make it publick, and call it the fifth Tale. In all the mſſ. it is called The Coke's Tale, and therefore I call it ſo in like manner: but had I found it without an inſcription, and had been left to my fancy to have beſtowed it on which of the pilgrims I had pleaſed, I ſhould certainly have adjudged it to the Squire's Yeoman, who though as minutely deſcribed by Chaucer and characterized in the third place, yet I find no Tale of his in any of the mſſ.: and becauſe I think there is not any one that would ſit him ſo well as this, I have ventured to place his picture before this Tale, tho' I leave the Cook in poſſeſſion of the title. *Urry.*

Thre ſonnis this knight had, and with
His bodi he them wan;
The eldeſt was a mochè ſhrew,
And ſonè he began.
His brotherin lov'd thir ſadir,
And of him were agaſt;
Th' eldiſt deſerv'd his ſadir's curſe,
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The godè knighte his ſadir did
Ylive ſo long and yore,
That Deth was comin him unto,
And handlid him full ſore.
The godè knight ycarid moch,
Sore ſike there as he lay,
How that his childerin ſhuldè
Lyvin after his day.
He haddè ben widè where, but
Noon huſbondè he was;
Allè the londe which that he had
It was verray purchas;
And fayn he woldè that it were
Dreſſid among them all,
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As it mightè befall.
Tho ſent he into the contrè
Aftir wifè knightis,
To helpin dele his londis, and
Dreſſin them to rightis.

He ſent them word by letteris
That they ſhuld hyd blyve
If that they wol ſpekin with him
While that he was on live.
Sone as thoſe knightis herdin how
Thus ſekè that he lay,
Tho haddè they no mannir reſt
Nothir by night nor day
Tyll that they comin unto him,
There as he layd him ſtill,
Upon his deth'is beddè for to
Abidin Godd'is will.
Thus then ſaidin the godè knight,
Sekè there as he lay,
Lordis, I warnè you forſothe,
Withoutin any nay,
I may no lengir livin here
In this ſorowful ſtound,
For thorough Godd'is will ſupreme
Dethe drawith me to ground.
There ne was no one of them alle,
That herdin him aright,
That thei ne haddè mochil routh
Upon that ilkè knight;
And ſeidè, Sir, for Godd'is love
Ne diſmayin you nought,
God may don botè of balè
Which that is now ywrought.

Then anſwerid them the gode knaighs,
Sikè there as he lay,
Botè of balè God may ſend,
I wote it is no nay.
But I beſekè you knightis,
Al for the love of me,
Goith and dreſſith my londis
Among my ſonis thre.
And, frendis, for the love of God
Delith them nat amys,
And forgettith not Gamèlyn,
My yongè ſone that is.
Takith hedè unto that one
As well as to that other;
Seldome ye ſein any heir
That helpè woll his brother.
Tho lettin they the knighte liggin
Which that was not in hele,
And in thei wentin to counſaile
His londis for to dele;
For to delin them all to oon
That was ther only thought,
And for that Gamelyn yongiſt was
He ſhuldè havin nought.
Al the londè which that there was
They deltin it in two,
And letè Gamèlyn the yonge
Withoutin londè go.

And everich of them faidin
Till othir fulle loude,
His bretherin mowe give him loude
Whan that he godis houde.
Whan they had delid the londis
Aftir their owne will,
Tho camin they unto the knight
There as he lay full ftill,
And toldin unto him anon
How that they hadd ywrought,
And the knight there as he feke lay
Ylikid it right nought.
Then faidè the knight angrily,
I fware by ſeint Martyn
For all that which ye have ydone
Yet is the londè myn.
For Godd's love, my neighbouris,
Standith ye allè ſtill,
And I woll delin my londe
Aftir myn ownè will.
Johan myn eldeſt ſone ſhall
Y havè plowis five,
That was my fadir's heritage
While that he was on live;
And my middilliſt ſonè ſhall
Five plowis have of lond
That I holpe for to gettin
With myn owa rightè hond;

And all myn othir purchaſis
Of landis and of ledes,
That I bequethè Gamèlyn,
And allè my gode ſtedes.
And I beſekè you, gode men,
That lawis con of lond,
For Gamèlyn'is love that
Thus my bequeſt may ſtond.
Thus delid hath the gode knightè
His londè bc his dai,
Right upon his deth'is beddè,
Sore ſike there as he lay:
And ſone aftirwerdis he
Lay as a ſtonè ſtill,
And dyid whan the tymè came,
As it was Criſt'is will.
Anon aftir that he was dede.
And undir graſs ygrave,
Tho ſonè the eldir brothir
Begylid the yongè knave.
He tokin into his hondis
His londis and his lede,
And alſo Gamèlyn himſelf
To clothin and to fede.
He clothid him and feddè him
Evil and ckè wroth,
And letin his londis for fare,
And als his houſis both;

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Aftir camè his brothir in
Ywalkyng ſtatelich thare,
And ſeidè unto Gamèlyn,
What? is our metè yare?
Tho Gamèlyn ywrothid hym,
And ſwore by Godd'is boke,
Thou ſhalt y go bake, luke, thy ſelf;
I wol not be thy coke.
How, brothir Gamèlyn, quod he,
Thus anſweriſt me thou?
Thou ſpakiſt nevir ſoche a word
Yet as thou doiſt now.
By my faith, ſeidè Gamèlyn,
Now me it thinkith nede;
Of all the harmis that I have
I nevir yit toke hede.
My parkis ben y brokin, and
My deir ben yreved;
Of myn harnis and my ſtedis
Noght is there me beleved.
Al that my fadir me bequethe
Al goith now to ſhame,
And therefore have thou Godd'is curſe,
Brothir John by thy name.
Than thus beſpakin his brothir,
That rapè was of vees,
Stondith ſtillè, thou gadiling,
And holdith right thy pees:

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And right anon his brothir did,
In that his gretè hete,
Makin his meinè fett flavis,
This Gamèlyn to bete.
Whan everich of them had a ſtaff
Into his hond nomin,
Gamèlyn was awarè tho,
He forſaugh them comin.
Tho Gamèlyn ſaugh them comin
He lokid ovir all,
And was warè of a peſtil
Stodè undir the wall.
And Gamèlyn was fully light,
And thidir gan he lepe,
And droffe alle his brother's men
Right ſonè on an hepe.
He lokid like a wild lion,
And laidin on gode wone;
Tho whan his brothir ſeyè that
He begannè to gonne.
He fleigh up untill a loftè,
And ſhet the dorè faſt:
Thus Gamèlyn with his peſtil
Madè them all agaſt.
Somè for Gamèlyn'is love,
And ſome for his envie,
Allè withdrowin them to halves
Tho he began to pleie:

What now? ſeide Gamèlyn; brothir,
Evil motè ye the;
Wollè ye beginnin contek
And than ſo ſonè fle?
Gamèlyn fought his brothir tho
Whithir he was yflowe,
And ſaugh where that he lokid out
At a ſolere windowe.
Brothir, tho ſeidè Gamèlyn,
Comith a litil nere,
And I woll techin the a plaie
Attè the bokillere.
His brothir to hym anſwerid,
And ſwore by Seint Richere,
While the peſtil is in thyn honde
I woll comin no nere.
Brothir, I woll makin the pece,
I ſwere by Criſt'is ore;
Caſtith away the peſtil tho,
And wrathè the na more.
I mot nedis, ſeide Gamèlyn,
Wrathè me at onys,
For that thou woldiſt make thy men
To brekin my bonis.
Ne had I haddin meyn and might,
In myn ownè twey armes,
To have y puſhin them fro me
They would have done me harmes.

To Gamèlyn tho ſeidin his
Brothir; Be thou not wrothe,
For to ſein the havin harme
Me werin rightè lothe.
I ne did it not, my brothir,
But right for a fonding,
For to lokin if thou were ſtrong,
And art ſo very ying.
Come adoun then to me, quod he
And grauntè me my bone,
Of oo thing I woll aſkin the,
And we ſhull ſaughtè ſone.
Adoun then camin his brothir,
That ſikill was and fell,
And was ſwithè right ſore aghaſt
Of that ilkè peſtil.
He ſeidè, Brothir Gamèlyn;
Aſkè me now thy bone,
And loke that you me blamè, but
I grauntè it full ſone.
Tho ſeidin yongè Gamèlyn;
Brothir mynè, I wiſs
And if we ſhullè ben at one
Thou muſt me grauntè this:
Al that my fadir me bequethe,
While that he was on live,
Thou muſtè do me it to have,
If that we ſhull not ſtrive.

That thou ſhalt havè, Gamèlyn,
I ſwere by Criſt'is ore,
Al that thy fadir the bequethe,
Though thou woldiſt have more.
Thy londè, that now lyith lie,
Full well it ſhall be ſowe,
And thyne houſis yraiſid up
That now ben layd full lowe.
Thus ſeide the knight to Gamèlyn,
But only with his mouth,
And thoughtè but of falſènes,
As he right welè couth.
The knightè thoughtin on traiſon,
But Gamèlyn on noon,
And went and kiſſid his brothir,
And then they were at oon.
Alas for yongè Gamèlyn!
Nothing at all he wiſt
With ſwichè falſè traiſon
His brothir hath him kiſt.
Lithinith and leſtinith, and
Holdith you ſtille your tonge,
And ye ſhull herin ſtraunge talking
Of Gamèlyn the yonge.
There happid to be there beſide
Tryid a wraſtiling,
And therefore there was yſettin
A ram and als a ring.

And Gamèlyn was in a will
To wende thereunto,
For to previn his mighte, and se
What that he couthè do.
Now brothir myne, quod Gamèlyn,
By holie Scint Richere
Thou muſtè nedis lene to night
Me a litil courſere,
That is freſhè in the ſtalle,
Upon him for to ride;
I muſtin on an errand go
A littil here beſide.
Be God, ſeidè his brothir tho,
Of ſtedis in my ſtall
Goith and cheſith the the beſt,
And ſparith none of alle,
Of ſtedis or of courſeris,
That ſtondith 'hem beſide,
And tellith me, my gode brothir,
Whithur thou wiltè ride.
Herè beſidis, brothir, is
Y cryid a wraſtling,
And therefore ſhallè ben y ſett
A ram and als a ring.
Mochè worſhip it were ſothly,
Brothir, unto us all
Might I the ram and als the ring
Bringin home to the Hall.

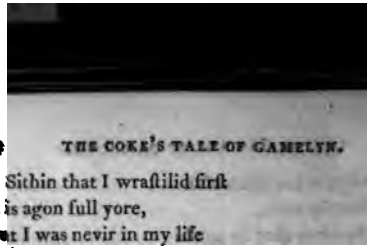
A ſtedè there was ſadilid,
Smarth was it and eke ſlete;
Gamèlyn diddin a peire of
Sporis faſt on his fete.
He ſat his fote in the ſtirrop,
The ſtedè he beſtrode,
And towardis the wraſtiling
The yongè childè rode.
Tho Gamèlyn the yongè was
Riddin out at the gate
The falſè knight his own brothir
Lokkid it aftir thate.
And he beſoughtin Jeſu Chriſt,
That is of hevin king,
That he mightè brekin his nek
In that ilk wraſtiling.
Aſſone as Gamèlyn cam there
The wraſtling placè was
He lightid down of the ſtede
And ſtodin on the gras.
And ther he herd a frankelyn
Weloway for to ſing,
And beganin all bittirly
His handis for to wring.
Godè man, ſeidè Gamèlyn,
Why makiſt thou this fare?
Is there no man that may you help
Out of this nicè care?

Alas! ſeidè this frankèlyn,
That evir I was bore!
For tweiè ſtalworthè ſonis
I wene I have forlore.
A champion is in the place
That has wroughtin me ſorow,
For he hath ſlayn my too ſonis
But if that God them borrow.
I woldè givin ten poundis,
Be Jeſu Criſt, and more,
With the nonis I fond a man
To handilin him ſore.
Godè man, ſeidè Gamèlyn,
Wilt thou this welè done?
Holdè my hors while that my man
Ydrawith of my ſhone.
And help my man alſo to kepe
My clothis and my ſtede,
And I woll into the place gon
And loke how I may ſpede.
By God, ſeidè the frankelyn,
It ſhall right ſo be don,
I woll my ſilfin be thy man
To drawin of thy ſhone.
And wendè you into the place,
Swete Jeſu Criſt the ſpede,
And dredè noght of thy clothis
Nor of thy godè ſtede.

Barefote and ungert Gamèlyn
Into the ringe came,
Allè that werin in the place
Hedin of him the name,
How he durſtin aventure him
On him to don his might
That was ſo doughti a champion
In wraſtling and in fight.
Upſtertè tho the champion
Full rapely right anon,
Towardis yongè Gamèlyn
He tho began to gon,
And ſeidè, Who is thy fadir,
And who is eke thy ſire?
For ſothè thou art a gret fole
For that thou camiſt hire.
Anon Gamèlyn anſwerid
The ſtout champion tho,
Thou knewiſt full wele my fadir
Whilè that he couthè go:
Whilis that he was on live,
I ſwere by Seint Martyn,
Sir John of Boundis was his name,
And I am Gamèlyn.
Belawe, ſeidè the champion,
So evir mote I thrive,
I knew right welè thy fadir
While that he was on live;

And thy ſelfin, yonge Gamèlyn,
I wil that thou it here,
Whilis thou wert a yongè boy
A mochè ſhrew thou were.
Then ſeidè yongè Gamèlyn,
And ſwore bi Criſt'is ore,
Now am I oldir wox thou ſhalt
Y findin me a more.
Be God, ſeidè the champion,
Welcome motè thou be;
Come thou onys in my honde
Shaltin thou nevir the.
It was welè within the night,
And bright the mone ſhone,
Whan Gamèlyn and the champion
Togidir gan to gon.
The champion caſtè tornis
To Gamèlyn that was preſt,
And Gamèlyn ſtodin ſtillè,
And bad him don his beſt.
Then ſeiden yongè Gamèlyn
Unto the champion,
Now that I have fully provid
Many tornis of thine,
Thou moſtin, ſeidè Gamèlyn,
Prove oon or two of myn.

Gamèlyn to the champion
Yede ſmartily anon,
Of all the tornis that he coude
He ſhewid him but one;
And keſt him on the liftè ſide
That thre ribbis to brak,
And thereunto his left armè,
That gaf a grettè crak.
Then ſeidè yongè Gamèlyn
Smertly to him anon,
Shall it be holdin for a caſt,
Or ellis go for none?
Bi God, ſeidè the champion,
Whedir ſo that it be,
He that ones comith in thyn hand
Shallin he nevir the.
Than ſeidè the frankèlyn, that
Thre ſonis there had lore,
Bleſſid be thou, yonge Gamèlyn,
That evir thou were bore!
For now unto the champion
This have I for to ſeie,
This is the yongè Gamèlyn
That taughtè the to pleie.
Ayen anſwerde the champion,
That likid nothyng well,
He is allè their maiſtir, and
His pleiè is right fell.



Sithin that I wraſtilid firſt
It is agon full yore,
But I was nevir in my life
Handilid ſo before.

Yonge Gamèlyn ſtode in the place
Allone withoutin ferk,
And ſeide, If there be any mo
Let them comè to werk.

The champiòn which that gainid
Him to workin ſo ſore,
It ſemith by his countinance
That he willè no more.

Gamèlyn in the placè ſtode
Stillè as any ſtone
For to abidin wraſtilistg,
But there ycomith none.

There ne was none with Gamèlyn
That woldè wraſtle more,
For he handilid the champion
So wonderouſly ſore.

Two gentilmeinè that owned the place
Come to Gamelyn, God geve them gracè!
And ſeidè to him, Have done on
Thy hoſin and thy ſhone;
Forſothè at this timè all
This faire it is ydone.

Tho ſeidè to them Gamèlyn,
So mote I well yfare,
I havè not yet halvindele
Yſoldè all my ware.
Than ſeide the champion ſo broke,
I may it welè ſwere
He is a foſe that thereof bieth,
Thou ſelleſt it ſo dere.
Tho ſeide to him the frankèlyn,
That was in mochill care,
Fellaw, he ſaidè, whi lakkiſt
Thou ſo moche of his ware?
Be Scint Jame, that in Galis is,
That many man has ſought,
Yet it is moche too godè chepe
That thou haſtin ybought.
Tho that the wardinis werin
Of that ilk wraſtiling
Comin forth, and brought Gamèlyn
The ram and als the ring.
And thus wann yongè Gamèlyn
The ram and eke the ring,
And wentè forth with mochil joy
Homeward in the morning.
His brothir ſe where that he come
With all the grettè rout,
And bad the porter ſhute the gate,
And holdin him without.

The porter of his lord'is word
Was ſo right ſore agaſt,
And ſtert anon unto the gate
And lokkid it full faſt.
Now lithiniṫh and leſtiniṫh
Bothè yongè and old,
And ye ſhullin herè gamin
Of Gamèlyn the bold.
Gamèlyn comith thereunto
For to have comin in;
But all in vaine; the dore then was
Y ſhitt faſt with a pyn.
Than ſeidè yongè Gamèlyn,
Porter, undo the yate,
For many a godè mann'is
Sonnè ſtondith thereat.
Then anſwerid him the porter,
And ſwore by Godd'is berde,
Thou ne ſhalt, frendè Gamèlyn,
Comin into this yerde.
Thou lyiſt, ſeidè Gamèlyn,
So broukin I my chynne:
He ſmote the wikit with his ſote,
And brak away the pyn.
The porter ſtreightwey ſaughè tho
It might no bettir be,
He ſette ſote on erthè, and
Faſt he began to fle.

Bi my faith, ſeidè Gamèlyn,
That travaile is ylore,
For I am on fote as light as
Thow, though thow had yſwore.
Gamelyn ovirtoke the porter,
And his teenè ywrak,
And gert him fall upon the nek,
That he the bon to brak;
And toke him by that oon armè,
And threw him in a well;
Seven hundrid fadom it was depe,
As I have herdè telle.
Whan Gamèlyn the yongè thus
Had yplayid his play,
Allè that in the yerdè were
Withdrewin them away,
That dredin him full ſorè for
The wreke that he wrought,
And for the fayir cumpany
That he had thithir brought.
Yong Gamèlyn yede to the gate
And letè it up wide,
He letin in allè the rout
That gon woldin or ride;
And ſeidè, Ye ben ywelcome
Withoutin any greve,
For we wol ben maiſteris here,
And aſkè no man leve.

It n'as but yesterdai I last,
Seide yongè Gamèlyn,
In my brother'is seleris
Five tonn of right gode wyne.
I willè not this cumpany
Partyn with me on twyn,
And if ye will don aftir me,
Whil any sope is inn:
And if my brothir grutchith us,
Or makith soulè chere,
Othir for spence of mete and drink
That we shull spendin here,
I am the ovircatorir,
And bere our althir purse,
He shallè have for his grutching
Sancta Maria's curse.
My brothir is but a nigon,
I swere by Crist'is ore,
And we woll spendè largily
That he hath sparid yore.
And whoso that makith grutching
That we do here ydwell,
He shall go unto the porter
Into the drawè well.
Sevin dayis and sevin nightes
Gamèlyn held his fest,
With mochè solace that there was,
And eke no mannir heste.

All in a litil torrit his
Brothir laydè yſteke,
And ſaugh him waſtin his godis,
But durſtè not to ſpeke.
Right erli in a morrowning,
Upon the eightè day,
The geſtis come to Gamèlyn,
And woldè gon thir way.
Lordis, tho ſeidè Gamèlyn,
And wollin ye ſo hie?
Allè the wyne is not yet dronk,
So broukin I mine eye.
Yonge Gamèlyn in his hertè
Was ſorowfull and wo
Whan that his geſtis toke their leve
And fro him woldè go.
He woldè that they had dwellid
Lengir, and they ſeide Nay,
But bitaught Gamèlyn to God,
And bad him have gode dai.
Thus madè Gamèlyn his feſte,
And brought it well to end,
And aftirward his geſtis toke
Levè their way to wend.
Now lithinith and liſtinith,
And holdith you your tonge,
And ye ſhullin herè gamin
Of Gamèlyn the yonge.

Herkinith, Lordilingis, and
Liſtinith you aright,
Whan al the geſtis werin gon
How Gamèlyn was dight.
Allè the while that Gamèlyn
Had hold his mangerie
His brothir thought on him bewrèke
With his falſe trecherie;
Tho whan that Gamèlyn is geſtis
Y ridin were and gon
Gamèlyn ſtode anon alone,
Frendè tho had he none.
Tho aftir this full ſone it fell,
Within a littil ſtound,
That Gamèlyn was takin, and
Full hardly was he bound.
Than forth comith the falſè knight
Out of the folerè,
And to Gamèlyn his brothir
He goith fullè nere,
And ſeidin unto Gamèlyn,
Who made the ſo bold
For to deſtroyin and waſtè
The ſtore of my houſhold?
Brothir, anſwerid Gamèlyn,
Now wrathè the right noght,
For it is many day agon
Sithins it was ybought:

For, brothir, thou haſtin haddè,
I ſwere by Seint Richere,
Of fiftene plowis of londè
This full ſixtenè yere;
And of allè the beſtis which
Thou haſtè forth ybredd,
That my fadir to me bequethe
Upon his deth'isbedd:
Of allè this full ſixtene yere
I gevè the the prow,
For the metè and the drinkè
That we have ſpendid now.
Than thus ſeidè the falſè knight,
(Full evil mote he the)
Herkinith, brothir Gamelyn,
What I woll gevin the;
For of my body, brothir, heir
Y gettin have I none;
I wollè makin the my heir,
I ſwerè by Seint John.
Par mafay, ſeidè Gamèlyn,
And if that it ſo be,
And thou thinkiſt as thou ſeyiſt,
May God yeldin it the!
Nothing wiſtè yong Gamèlyn
Of his brother'is gile,
And therefore he him begilid
In verry littil while.

Therefore, Adam le Diſpencer,
Now I beſechè the,
For the mochè lovè with which
My fadir lovid the,
If thou may comin to the kaies,
Leſith me out of bond,
And for-thi I woll departin
With the of my fre lond.
Than him anſwerid this Adam,
Which that was the Spencer,
I have yſervid thy brothir
This full ſixtenè yere,
And if I ſhuldè letin you
To gon out of his boure
He woldin aftirwardis feye
That I were a traytour.
Adam, anſwerid Gamèlyn,
So broukin I myn hals,
Thou ſhaltè findin my brothir
At the laſt rightè fals;
And therefore, brothir Adam, me
Loſè out of my bonds,
And I wollè departin with
The of myn own fre londs.
Upon ſo gode a forewardè
Saidin Adam, I wis
I wollè doin thereunto
Allè that in me is.

Anon assone as Gamèlyn
Had etin wel and fine,
And thereunto had ydrankin
Well of the reddè wyne,
Adam, seide yongè Gamèlyn,
Tell what is now thy rede;
For me to go to my brothir,
And gerdin of his hede?
No, Gamèlyn, seidin Adam,
It shallè not be so,
But I can tellè the a rede
That is yworth the too.
I wotè wele forsothè that
(And this it is no nay)
We shullin have a mangerie
Rightè upon Sonday;
Of abbotis and priouris
Full many here shal be,
And othir men of holie cherch,
As I can tellè the:
Thou shaltè stond up by the post,
As thou were hondè fast,
And I shall them leve unlok, that
Away thou may them cast:
And whan that they have y etin,
And washin have their hondes,
Tho thou shalt bespekin them all
To bring the out of bondes:

And if that they will borrow the
That werin a gode game,
Than werin thou out of prison
And I als out of blame;
But if that everich of them
Seyè unto us Nay,
I shullè don another thing,
I swerè by this day.
Thou shallè have a godè staffe,
And I woll have another,
And Crist's cursè have that oon
That failè shall that othir.
Ye, for God, seidè Gamèlyn,
I say it right for me
If that I failin on my side
Than evil mote I thè.
If that we shullin algatis
Assoile them of thire synne;
Warnith me, my brothir Adam,
Whan that we shall begynn.
Now Gamèlyn, seidin Adam,
By Scintè Charitè
I wollè warnè the beforn
Whan that the time shall be.
Whan that I twinkin upon the
Lokè for to be gon,
And cast away the fetteris,
And come to me anon.

Adam, ſeidè yong Gamèlyn,
Y bliſſid be thy bones!
That is a righte gode counſaile
Y gevin for the nones.
If that they ſhullin wernè me
To bring the out of bendes
I wollè ſettin gode ſtrokis
Full right upon their lendes.
Tho the Sondy was ycomin,
And theſe folk to the feſte;
Faire they werein ywelcomid
Bothè the leſte and meſte.
And evir as they at the Hall
Dorè were comin in
They evèrich caſtin an eie
On yongè Gamèlyn.
The falſè knight his own brothir,
So full of trecherie,
Allè the geſtis that there were
At that ilk mangerie
Of Gamèlyn his own brothir
He toldin them with mouth
Allè the harmis and the ſhame
That e're he tellè couth.
Tho they werein yſervid ſtreit
Of meſſis too or thre;
Than ſeidè yongè Gamèlyn,
How do ye ſervè me?

It ne is not wele yſervid,
Be God that allè made,
That I ſhold ſittin here faſting
And othir men make glade.
The falſè knightè his brothir,
Thereas that he yſtode,
Toldin to allè his geſtis
That Gamèlyn was wode.
And Gamèlyn there ſtodè ſtill,
And anſwerid right noght,
But of Adam'is wordis he
Heldè ſtill in his thought.
Tho Gamèlyn began to ſpeke,
Right doulefully withall,
Unto the grettè lordis that
Y ſatyn in the Hall:
My Lordlingis, tho ſeidin he,
For Criſt'is paſſion
Helpin to bringè Gamèlyn
Out of thilkè priſon.
Than ſeidè to him an abbot,
(Sorow upon his cheke!)
He ſhallin have Criſt'is curſe
And Seintè Maries eke,
That ſhall the out of this priſon
Beggin owthir borow,
But evir worthè hym full wele
That doth the mykil ſorow.

Adam, ſeidè yong Gamèlyn,
Y bliſſid be thy bones!
That is a righte gode counſaile
Y gevin for the nones.
If that they ſhullin wernè me
To bring the out of bendes
I wollè ſettin gode ſtrokis
Full right upon their lendes.
Tho the Sondy was ycomin,
And theſe folk to the feſte;
Faire they werein ywelcomid
Bothè the leſte and meſte.
And evir as they at the Hall
Dorè were comin in
They evèrich caſtin an eie
On yongè Gamèlyn.
The falſè knight his own brothir,
So full of trecherie,
Allè the geſtis that there were
At that ilk mangerie
Of Gamèlyn his own brothir
He toldin them with mouth
Allè the harmis and the ſhame
That e're he tellè couth.
Tho they werein yſervid ſtreit
Of meſſis too or thre;
Than ſeidè yongè Gamèlyn,
How do ye ſervè me?

Adam lokid on Gamèlyn,
And he was war anon,
And caſt awaie the fetteris,
And began for to gon.
Tho he camin unto Adam,
He toke to the one ſtaff,
And begannin to werkè wele,
And gode ſtrokis he gaff.
Gamèlyn came into the Hall,
And Adam Spencer both,
And lokid them all aboutin
As they haddè ben wroth.
Gamèlyn ſprenith holi watir
All with an okin ſpire,
That ſome of them that ſtode upright
Fillin into the fire.
There was no maninir lewdè man
That in the Hallè ſtode
That woldè doin Gamèlyn
Any thingè but gode.
But thei ſtodè beſidin, and
Letè them bothè werch,
For thei ne haddè no routhè
Of men of holi cherch.
Of abbot or of priour, or
Of monk or of canon,
That Gamèlyn hath ovirtoke,
Anon they yedin doun.

And anon aftir that abbot
Than ſpakin anothir,
I woldè that thyn hede were of
Though thou were my brothir.
Allè that the ſhall borrowin
Morè them foulè fall;
And thus yfeidin allè they
That werin in the Hall.
Than ſeidè to him a priour,
Evil mowin he thrive!
It is grettè forow and care,
Boy, that thou art on live.
On, on, ſeidè yonge Gamèlyn,
So broukin I my bone,
Now that I havin eſpyid
That frendis have I none.
A curſid mot he worthè be,
Bothè fleſhè and blode,
That evir doth to priouris
Or abbotes any gode.
Anon Adam the Diſpencer
Takin up hath the cloth,
And lokid unto Gamèlyn,
And ſaugh that he was wroth.
Adam of the pantrie at thilk
Timè litil he thought,
And too godè ſtavis unto
The Hallè dore he brought.

Thus Gamèlyn and Adam hath
Y wroughtin righte faſt,
And pleidin with the monkis tho,
And madè them agaſt.
Forth hidir they comè riding
Full jolily with ſwaines,
But home [illegible]ren they werin ledde
In cartis a[illegible]n waines.
Tho as[illegible]ey haddin all ydone
Than ſeidin a gray frere,
Alas! alas! my Lord Abbot,
What diddè we now here?
Tho that we hithir did ycome
It was a coldè rede;
Us had far bettir ben at home
With watir and with brede.
While Gamèlyn made orderis
[illegible]onkis and of frere
[illegible] his brothir ſtille,
[illegible]oulè chere.
[illegible] up with his ſtaff,
[illegible]nek,

There ne was none of them alle
That with his ſtaff ymette
That he made them ovirthroure,
And quyttè them his dette.
Tho Gamèlyn, feidè Adam,
For Seintè Charite
Payith, I pray, gode liveray,
And for the love of me;
And I wollè kepin the doore,
Se evir here I maſſe
Er that they ben aſſoilyid
Ther ſhallè noon ypáſſe.
Doutè the noght, ſeide Gamèlyn,
While that we ben in fere;
But kepè thou welè the doore
And I woll werkin here;
Beſturrith the, gode Adam, and
Ne lettith none yfle,
And we ſhall tellè largily
How many here there be.
To Gamèlyn ſeidin Adam,
Doith them all but gode,
For thei ben men of holi cherch;
Drawith of them no blode:
Swith right wele the coroune,
And doith them no harmes,
But brekith bothè their leggis,
And ſithin here thir armes.

Now four-and-twenty yongè men,
That holdin them full bold,
Comin unto the ſhiregereve,
And ſeidè that they wold
Both Gamèlyn and eke Adam
Y fettè be the way;
The ſhiregereve gafè them love
Tho ſoth as I you ſay.
Thes yongè meinè hidin them
Faſt, woldè they not lynne
Tyll that they comin to the gate
There Gamèlyn was inne.
Thy knokidin upon the gate,
The porter tho was nye,
And lokid forth out at an hole,
As man that was full ſlye.
The porter had beholdin them
But for a litil while,
He lovid welè Gamèlyn,
And was adrad of gile,
And forthi letè the wiket
Y ſtondin fullè ſtill,
And aſkid them that ſtant without
What ywas their will?
For allè the gret cumpany
Than ſpake bot one alone,
Undo the gatis, porter, and
Late us in ygone.

Then ſeidè to them the porter,
So brouken I my chynne
Ye ſhullè ſayin your errand
Or that ye comin inne.
Say to Gamèlyn and Adam,
If that their wille it be,
We wollè ſpekin here with them
Two wordis othir thre.
Fellaw, ſeidè the porter tho,
Stondith thou ther yſtill,
And I woll wend to Gamèlyn
To wetin of his wille.
And in wentè the porter tho
To Gamèlyn anon,
And ſeidè, Sire, I warnè you
That here be come your fone;
For lo! the ſhiregrev'is men
Now ben all at the gate
For to ytekin you bothè;
Shallè ye not eſcape.
Porter, tho ſeidè Gamèlyn,
So mote I welè the,
I woll allowè the thy wordes
Whan I my timè ſe.
Go agcyn, porter, to the gate,
And dwell with them a while,
Awaitin, and thou ſhaltè ſe
Right ſone, porter, a gile.

Adam, tho feidè Gamèlyn,
Lokè the to be gon,
We havè foomen at the gate,
And frendis nevir one.
It ben the ſhiregerev'is men,
That hithir ben comin,
They ben yſwore togideris,
That we ſhull be nomin.
To Gamèlyn ſeidè Adam,
Hiè the righte belyve,
And if I failè the this day
Than evil mote I thryve.
And we ſhullin ſo welcomè
The ſhiregerev'is men,
That ſome of them I trow ſhall make
Their beddis in the fen.
Then thorough the poſternè gate
Yong Gamèlyn out went,
And a gode ſturdie cartè ſtaffe
In his hondè he hent.
And Adam Spencer hentè ſone
Anothir grettè ſtaffe
For to helpè yong Gamèlyn,
And gode ſtrokis he gaffe.
Adam yfellid hath his tweyne,
And Gamèlyn felled thre,
The tothir ſettè fete on erth,
And fall began to ſle.

What? seidin Adam Spencer tho,
So evir hire I masse
I have right gode redde wyne,
Pray drinkith er ye passe.
Nai, nai! by God, seide they tho,
Thy drink is nothing [illegible],
It wolde makin many a mayne
To lyin in his hode.
Yong Gamelyn tho stode still,
And lokid him about,
And saide, The shiregereve comith
With a full grette rout.
Adam Spencer, seid Gamelyn,
My rede it is now this,
Abidin we not lengir here
Lest we farin amys.
I rede that we to wode ygonn
Er that we be yfound;
Betir is there lose for to gonn
Than in the toune ybound.
Adam then toke by the hond
This yonge Gamelyn,
And eche of them to the othir
Drankin a draft of wyne,
And aftirwardis toke their course,
And wente streight their way;
Tho fond the shiregereve the nest,
n it was none ay.

The ſhiregereve lightid adoune,
And went into the Hall,
And fond the lord yfetterid
Full faſtè therewithall.
The ſhireve tho unfetterid
Him rightè ſone anon,
And ſentin aftir a gode leche
To hele his riggè bon.
Letè we now this falſè knight
Lie in his mochill care,
And tellè we of Gamèlyn,
And lokè how he fare.
Gamèlyn into the wild wode
Yſtalkid is full ſtille,
And Adam le Diſpencer it
Ylikid but right ille.
Tho Adam ſwore to Gamèlyn,
And that be Seint Richere,
Now I ſay that it is mery
To ben a diſpencer;
That muchè levire me werin
The kayis for to bere,
Than walkin in this wildè wode
My clothis all to tere.
Adam, ſeidè yong Gamèlyn,
Diſmayè the right noght,
For many a gode mann'is child
In carè is ybrought.

As they thus in the wode ſtodin,
Ytalking both in fere,
Adam herdè talking of men,
And nigh them thought they were.
Tho Gamèlyn undir the wild
Wodè lokid aright,
Full ſevin ſcore of yongè men
He ſaugh right wel ydight;
Allè were ſattè at their mete
In a compas about;
Adam, tho ſeidè Gamèlyn,
Now havin ye no doute,
For aftir balè comith bote,
Thorough Godd'is grete might;
Methinkith of mete and of drink
That I havin a ſight.
Adam le Diſpencer lokid
Tho undir wodè bowe,
And whan that he the metè ſaugh
Tho he was glad inowe;
For now he hopid unto God
For to havin his dele,
And he was full ſore alongid
Aftir a godè mele.
Anon as he ſeide that word
Streight the maiſtir outlawe
Saugh Gamèlyn and Adam both
Undir the wodè ſhaw.

Lo! yongè men, ſeide the maiſtir
Outlaw, by the gode rode
I am aware of ſome geſtis,
Pray God ſendin us gode!
Loke! yondir be two yongè men
That ben right wel adight,
A! peradventure they ben mo,
Whoſo lokid aright.
Ariſeth up quick yongè men,
And fettè them to me,
For it is gode that we wetin
What meinè that they be.
Up thei ſtertin quik at that word,
Sevin fro the dinnere,
And they mettin with Gamèlyn
And Adam Diſpencere.
Whan that they werin ney to them
Than ſeidè thus that one,
Yeldith up to us, yongè men,
Your bowis and your ſtone.
Than ſeidè to them Gamèlyn,
That yongè was of elde,
Full mochil ſorow mote they have
That unto you ſhall yelde:
I curſè woll none othir wight
But right mine ownè ſelve
Tho ye may fettin unto you
Fyve, and than be ye twelve.

They herdin by his wordis that
Gret might was in his arme,
And forthi there was none of them
That woldè don him harme,
But ſeidin unto Gamèlyn
Right mildily and ſtill,
Comith aforin our maiſtir,
And ſay to him thy will.
Yongè man, ſeidè Gamèlyn,
Upon your leaute
Tellith what man your maiſter is
Which that ye with ybe.
Tho allè they anſwerid him
At ones without leſing,
Our maiſter is ycorounid
Of Outlawis the King.
Adam, ſeide yongè Gamèlyn,
Go we in Criſt'is name,
He may nothir metè nor drink
Y wernè us for ſhame;
And if that he be hendè, and
Comin of gentil blode,
He woll geve us both mete and drink,
And doin us ſome gode.
By Seintè Jame, ſeide Adam tho,
What harme ſo that I gete
I will adventure me to the
Dorè that I had mete.

Tho Gamèlyn and Adam both
Y wentè forth in fere,
And they both gretè the maiſtir
Which that they fondè there.
Than ſeidè to them the maiſtir,
That King was of Outlawes,
What do ye ſeke, ye yongè men,
Undir the wodè ſhawes?
Yong Gamèlyn anſwerid tho
The King with his coroune,
He muſtè nedis walk in wodes
That may not walk in toune.
Sire, we walkè not here in wodes
Non harmè for to do,
But if peradventure we mete
A dere to ſhete thereto,
As meinè that ben right hungry,
And mow no metè fynd,
And very hardè ben beſtad
Undir the wodè lynd.
Of Gamèlyn'is wordis tho
The maiſter haddè routhe,
And ſeidè to them, Ye ſhall have
Inow, have God my trouthe.
Anon he baddè them ſittin
Doune for to takè reſt,
And baddè them etin and drink,
And that too of the beſt.

As they were eting and drinking
Of the beſt wele and fine,
Than ſeide the ton to the tothir
This is yonge Gamèlyne.

Tho was the maiſter of outlawes
Into counſaile nomin,
And told how it was Gamèlyn
That thithir was comin.

Anon as he had herdin all
How that it was befall,
He madè Gamèlyn maiſtir
Undir him o're them all.

Within the third weke aftir this
To him comith tiding,
To the maiſtir of outlawis,
Which that now was their king,

That he ſhuldè ycomin home,
For that his pees was made;
And of that joyfull tiding he
Was wonderouſly glade.

Tho ſeide he to his yongè men,
The ſothè for to tell,
To me be comin tidingis
I may no lengir dwell.

Tho was yong Gamèlyn anon,
Withoutin tarying,
Made maiſtir of outlawis, and
Y corounid their king:

Tho was yong Gamelyn crounid
The King of the Outlawes,
And among them walkid a while
Undir the wodè shawes.
The falsè knight his brothir now
Was shiregereve and Sire,
And lete his brothir be endite
For hatè and for ire.
Tho werin all his bondemenè
Sory and nothing glad
Whan that Gamèlyn their lordè
Wolves Hede was cryed and made,
And sentin outè his meinè
Where they mightin him fynd,
For to sekin yonge Gamèlyn
Undir the wodè lynd,
To tellè to him tidingis
The winde was ywent,
And allè his gode revid was,
And all his men yshent.
Whan that they haddè hym foundin
On kneys they them sette,
And adoun with their hodè, and
Gamèlyn their lord grette.
They seiden, Sire, now wrathè not
You for the godè rode,
For we have brought you tidingis,
But they be nothing gode.

Now is thy brothir ſhiregereve,
And he hath the baillie,
And thereto hath enditid the,
And Wolves Hede doth the crie.
Allas! tho ſeidè Gamèlyn,
That e're I was ſo ſlak,
That I ne hadd brokin his nek
Whan I his riggè brak.
Goith, and gretith you welè
My houſbondis an wif,
I wollè ben at the next ſhire,
So havè God my lif.
Gamèlyn camè well redy
Unto the nextè ſhire,
And there the falſe knight his brothir
Was bothè Lord and Sire.
Gamèlyn camè boldilich
Into the Motè Hall,
And put adoun his hode among
The lordilingis all.
God ſavè you, Lordilingis!
Which that now herè be;
But as for the, brokebak ſhereve,
Evil motè thou the!
Why haſtè thou doin to me
That ſhame and villonie
For to latin enditè me,
And Wolf'is Hede me crie?

Tho thought the falſe knight on him
For to have ben awreke,
And letè takin Gamèlyn;
Muſt he no more ypeke.
Mightè there be no mannir grace,
But Gamèlyn at laſt
Was into priſoun ycaſtin,
And fetterid full faſt.
This Gamèlyn hath a brothir
That cleped was Sir Ote;
As gode and hend a knight he was
As mightin gon on fote.
Right anon yede a meſſager
Unto that gode knight,
And toldin him altogethir
How Gamèlyn was dight.
Anon as Sir Ote herdin had
How Gamèlyn was dight,
He was right paſſing ſury tho,
Ne he was nothing light:
And letè ſaddle him a ſtede,
And ſtreit the weie he name,
And unto his tweie bretherin
Right ſonè there he came.
Sir, ſeidè this Sir Ote unto
The ſhiregerevè tho,
We ben but only thre brethren,
Shall we be nevir mo,

And thus haſt thou yprisounid
The beſtè of us all;
Soche anothir brothir as thou
Evil mote him befall!
Sir Ote, ſeidè the falſè knight,
Now letè be thy curs;
By God for theſe thi wordis he
Shallè farin the wors.
Now to the king'is priſoun he
Is lefully ynome,
And there he ſhall abidin
Untill the juſtice come.
But parde, ſeidè sir Ote tho,
Bettir it ſhall ybe
I biddin him unto maynprise,
And that thou grauntè me,
Untill the nextè ſitting ſhall
Come of deliveraunce,
And than lete Gamèlyn fairely
Yſtondin to his chaunce.
Brothir, in ſoche a forewardè
I takin him to the,
And by thy fadir'is ſoulè,
That the begat and me,
If that he be not right redy
Whan that the juſtice ſitte
Thou ſhaltè berin the judgement,
For all thy grettè witt.

I grauntin it wele, ſeide Sir Ote,
That it ſhall ſo ybe;
Letith delivir him anon,
And takin him to me.
Tho Gamèlyn was deliverod
To Sir Ote his brothir,
And that night ydwellid in fere
The ton with the tothir.
On the morow ſeide Gamèlyn
Unto Sir Ote the hend,
My brothir, he ſeidè, forſothe
I motè from the wend,
To lokin how my yongè men
In wode ledin their lif,
And whethir that they livin now
In joie or elles in ſtrif.
Be God, tho anſwerid Sir Ote,
That is a coldè rede,
Now I ſe that alle the cark
Shall fallin on my hede;
For whan that the juſtice ſittith,
And thou be not yfound
I ſhall anon be takin, and
In thy ſtede be ybound.
Brothir, tho ſeidè Gamèlyn,
Diſmayè the right noght,
For be Seintè Jame in Galis,
That many man hath ſought,

If ſo that God Almighty hold
Me my lif and my wit
I wollè ben there right redy
Whan that the juſtice ſit.
Than ſeide Sir Ote to Gamèlyn,
God ſheldè the fro ſhame!
Comith whan that thou ſeiſt tyme,
And bring us out of blame.
Now lithinith and leſtinith,
And holdith you right ſtill,
And ye ſhullè herin how that
Gamèlyn had his will.
Anon Gamèlyn wentin his
Way undir the wode riſe,
And he yfondè there playing
His yongè men of priſe.
Tho was this yongè Gamèlyn
In hert right glad inow
Whan that he fond his yongè men
Undir the wodè bow.
Gamèlyn and his yongè men
Ytalkidin in fere,
And they all haddè right gode game
Their maiſtir for to here.
His men told him of aventures
Which that they had yfound,
And Gamèlyn told them agen
How he was faſt ybound.

All the while that Gamèlyn was
Outlaw had he no curs;
There ne was no man that for him
Yferid ought the wors,
But abbotis and priouris,
And monkis, and chanon;
In them forsothe ne laft he noght
Whan er he might them nom.
While Gamèlyn and his yong men
Y madè mirthis ryve,
The falsè knight his own brothir,
Evil motè he thryve!
For all this while he waft about,
Both one day and othir,
On purpose for to hire the queft
To hangin his brothir.
Gamèlyn ftodin on a day,
And round him he beheld
The wild wodis and the fhawis
Within the wildè feld;
He thoughtin upon his brothir,
How that he him behete
That he ywoldin be redy
Whan that the juftice fete;
He thoughtin welè that he wolde,
Withoutin more delay,
Y comin afore the juftice
For to kepin his day;

And ſeidè to his yongè men,
Nowdightith you full yare,
For whan that the juſtice ſittith
We mote nedis be there;
For I am undir a borow
Until that I comin,
And my brothir inſtede of me
To priſon ſhall be nomin.
Be Seint Jame, ſeide his yongè men,
And that thou rede thereto,
Ordeinith how it ſhallè be,
And it ſhall ſo be do.
While Gamèlyn was ycoming
There that the juſtice ſatt
The falſè knight his own brothir
Forgattin he not that,
To hire the meinè on his queſt
To hangin his brothir,
And though thei haddè not that oon
He wolde han that othir.
Tho comith yongè Gamèlyn
From undir the wode riſe,
And he broughtin along with him
His yongè men of priſe.
I ſe wele, ſeidè Gamèlyn,
The juſtice is yſette;
Go thou aforn us, Adam, and
Loke how that it ſpette.

Adam wentè into the Hall,
And lokid all about,
And he faugh there yſtondè tho
Lordingis grette and ſtout,
And Sir Ote, Gamèlyn'is brothir,
Yfetterid wele faſt;
Tho wentin Adam out of Hall
As he werin agaſt.
Adam ſeidè to Gamèlyn,
And to his felawes all,
Sir Ote yſtondith ſetterid
Within the Motè Hall.
Seide Gamèlyn, If God geve us
Gracè wel for to do
He ſhallin it abegge anon
That him broughtin thereto.
Then ſeidin Adam Diſpencer,
That lokkis haddin hore,
Chriſt'is curſe motè he havin
That boundin him ſo fore.
And if thou wiltè, Gamèlyn,
Doin aftir my rede,
There is none in the Hallè that
Shall bere aweie his hede.
Adam, tho ſeidè Gamèlyn,
We wollè not do ſo;
We woll ſle only the giltif,
And lat the othir go.

I will my ſelve into the Hall,
And hire the juſtice ſpeke,
And on all them that ben giltif
I wollè ben awreke.
Lat none eſcapin at the dore;
Take, yongè meinè, yeme,
For I wollè ben the juſtice
This day domis to deme.
Pray God ſpedè me this ilk dai
At this my newè werke!
And Adam, comith thou with me,
For thou ſhalt be my clerke.
His meinè all anſwerid him,
And bad hym don his beſt,
And if thou to us havè nede
Thou ſhalt fyndin us preſt:
For we wollè ſtondin with the
Whilis that we may dure,
And but that we werkin manly
Payith us then no hure.
Yongè men, ſeidè Gamèlyn,
So mot I wele y the,
As ye a right truſty maiſtir
Shulè findin of me.
And rightè thereat the juſtice
Yſattin in the Halle,
In wentè tho yong Gamèlyn
Boldiy amonges them all.

Gamèlyn lerè unfettir
His brothir out of bend;
Than ſeidè to him Sir Otis,
His brothir that was hende,
Thou haddiſt almoſt, Gamèlyn,
Dwellid away to long,
For the queſtè is ygon out
On me that I ſhulde honge.
Brothir, tho ſeidè Gamèlyn,
God gevè me gode reſt,
This gode day they ſhull ben hongid
That ben upon the queſt;
And thereto the juſtice bothè,
That is the juggè man,
And eke the ſheriff our brothir,
For through him it began.
Than ſeidè yongè Gamèlyn
Unto the falſe juſtice,
Now is thi powir at an end,
You muſt nedis ariſe.
Thou haſt ygevin domis that
Ben evil allè dight;
I wollè ſettin in thi ſete,
And dreſſin them aright.
But the juſtice ſattin ſtillè,
And rooſè not anon,
And Gamèlyn with his ſwerdè
Clevid his chekè bone.

Yonge Gamèlyn toke him in his
Armis, and no more ſpak,
But threw him ovir the barrè,
And his armè to brak.
Durſt no one unto Gamèlyn
Sayè nothing but godè,
For fere of the gret cumpany
That withoutin yſtode.
Gamèlyn ſattè him adoun
In the juſtic'is ſtede,
(Herkenith now of the bourdè
That Gamèlyn tho dede)
And Sir Otè by him he ſatte,
And Adam at his fete.
And whan Gamèlyn the yong was
Satte in the juſtice ſete,
He letè fettè the juſtice
And his falſe brothir,
And letè them come to the barre
Thereton with that othir.

Whan Gamèlyn had thus ydone
Haddin he tho no reſt
Till that he had enquerid who
Werin upon the queſt,
For to demin his brothir dere,
Sir Ote, for to be honge,
Er that he wiſte which they were
It thoughte him full longe.

But al ſo ſone as Gamèlyn
Wiſte where that thei were
He didde them everichone
Fetterin faſt in fere,
And bringè them unto the barre,
And ſettè them in vewe:
By my faith, ſeidè the juſtice,
The ſheriff is a ſhrewe.
Than ſeidè yongè Gamèlyn
Unto the falſe juſtice,
Thou haſtè gevè thy domis
Al of the worſt aſſiſe;
And the twelve ſiſouris that
Werin of the inqueſt
They ſhulle ben hongid this day,
So God geve me gode reſt.
Than ſeide the ſheriff pitouſly
To yongè Gamèlyn,
My Lord, I crie the mercie,
Brothir artè thou myn.
Therefore, ſeidè yonge Gamèlyn,
Havè you Criſt'is curſe,
For if thou werin maiſtir yet
Shuldin I farè worſe.
But for to makè ſhort my Tale,
And not to tary longe,
He ordeynid him there a queſt
Of his own men ſo ſtrong.

The falſe juſtice and the ſheriff
Bothè were hongid hie,
To weyvin there with the ropis,
And with the winde drie.

And als the twelvè fiſouris,
Sorow havè that rekk,
Allè they werin yhongid
Full faſtè by the nekk.

Thus endid hath the falſè knight
With all his trechèrie,
That evir haddè lad his life
In falſeneſs and folie.

He was hongid up by the nek,
And nought by the purſe,
That was the mede that he had haddè
From his fadir'is curſe.

Sir Otè was the eldiſt tho,
And Gamèlyn was yonge,
They wentin with their frendis, and
Paſſidin to the king.

They madin pece with the kingè
Of the beſtè aſſiſe;
The king lovid Sir Otè wele,
And made him a juſtice.

Aftir the king made Gamèlyn,
Bothè in eſt and weſt,
The chefe juſtice and ridere of
Allè his fre foreſt.

Alle his wight yonge men the king
Forgafin them their gilt,
And fithen in gode offive the king
Hath allè them ypilt.
Thus has wan yongè Gamèlyn
His londè and his lede,
And wrake of him his enemies,
And quytè them their mede.
And Sir Otè, his brothir dere,
Ymade him hath his heir,
And fithin weddid Gamelyn
A wife both gode and faire.
They lividin togidir wele
Whilis that Christè wolde,
And fithin that was Gamèlyn
Ygravin undir molde:
And so shallè we allè here;
May there no man yfle.
God bringin us unto the joie
That evir shull ybe!

Thus endith the legend of Gamelyn, called The Coke's Tale in all the mss. that I have seen and have this Tale.

HERE BEGINNETH

THE PLOWMAN'S PROLOGUE.

THE Plowman pluckid up his plowe
Whan midſomer mone was comen' in,
And ſaied his beſtes ſhould ete inowe,
And lige in graſſe up to the chin:
Thei ben feble both oxe and cowe,
Of 'hem n'is left but bone and ſkinne;
He ſhoke of ſhere, and coulter' off drowe,
And honged his harnis on a pinne.
He toke his tabarde and ſtaffe eke,
And on his hedde he ſet his hat,
And ſaied he would Sainct Thomas ſeke.
On pilgrimage he goth forth plat;
In ſcrippe he bare bothe bred and lekes;
He was forſwonke and all forſwat:
Men might have ſene through both his chekes,
And every wang tothe where it ſat.

The Plowman's Prologue] This and the Tale is in none of the mſſ. that I have ſeen, nor in any of the firſt printed books. Caxton and Pynſent, I preſume, durſt not publiſh it; the former printed this poet's Works in Weſtminſter-abbey, and both before the abolition of Popery; and the mſſ. being before that, I fancy the ſcriveners were prohibited tranſcribing it, and injoyned to ſubſcribe an inſtrument at the end of The Canterbury Tales called his *Retraction:* ſo that if this Tale had not been carefully collected and preſerved in Maſter Stowe's library, as the editor of Iſlip's 1602 book ſays he has ſeen it in a hand of near to Chaucer's time for antiquity, in all likelihood it had been loſt. *Urry.*

† From this line to the end of the Work the verſes are numbered according to Urry's edit. of 1721, on account of the various references to that edit. in the Notes and Gloſſary to the edit. of 1782.

Our Hoſte behelde well all about,
And ſawe this man was ſunne ibrent;
He knewe well by his ſingid ſnout,
And by his clothes, that were to rent,
He was a man wont walke about,
He n'as not aye in cloiſter pent,
Ne couthe religiouſliche lout,
And therefore was he full ill ſhent.
Our Hoſte him axed, What man art thou?
Sire Hoſte, (quod he) I am an hine,
For I am wont to go to plow,
And erne my mete yer that I dine:
To ſwette and ſwinke I make avowe,
My wife and babes therewith to finde,
And ſervin God and I wiſt how,
But we leude men yben full blinde:
For clerkes ſaie we ſhullin be fain
For ther livelod to ſwette and ſwinke,
And thei right nought us give again
Neither to ete ne yet to drinke;
Thei mowe by lawe, as that thei ſain,
Us curſe and dampne to hell'is brinke;
And thus thei puttin us to pain
With candlis queint and bell'is clinke.
Thei make us thrallis at ther luſt,
And fain we mowe not els be ſaved;
Thei have the corne and we the duſt;
Who gainſayes them they ſaye he raved.
What, man! (quod our Hoſte) canſt thou preche?
Come nere and tel ſome holy thing.

Sir, quod he, I herd onis teche
A preeſt in pulpit gode preching.
Saie on, quod he, I the beſeche.
Sir, I am redy at your bidding.
I praie that no man me reproche
While that I am my Tale telling.

Thus endeth the Prologue.

HERE FOLOWITH

THE FIRST PART OF THE TA

A Full ſterne ſtrief is ſtirid newe,
In many ſtedis in a ſtounde,
Of ſondry ſedis that ben ſewe;
It ſemith that ſome ben unſounde,
For ſome be grete growin on grounde,
Some ben ſouble, ſimple and ſmall:
Whether of 'hem is falſir founde
The falſir foule mote him bifall.
That one ſide is that I of tell
Popis, cardinals, and prelates,
Parſons, monkis, and freris fell,
Priours, abbotes, of grete eſtates;
Of heven and hell thei kepe the yeates,
And Peter's ſucceſſours ben all,
And this is demid by old dates;
But falſhed foule mote it befall.

The Plowman's Tale] A complaint againſt the pri covetouſneſs of the clergy, made no doubt by Chauc *the* editor of Chaucer's Works printed for *Ad. Ilip* at *A.D. 1602. Urry.*

The othir ſide ben pore and pale,
And peple yput out of preſe,
And ſemin caitiffes fore a cale,
And er in one without encreſe
Iclepid Lollers and Londleſe;
Who toteth on 'hem thei ben untall;
Thei ben arayid all for peoe,
But falſhed foule mote it befall.
Many a countrey have I ſought
To knowe the falſir of theſe two,
But aye my travaile was for nought
All ſo ferre as I have ygo,
But as I wandrid in a wro,
Within a wode beſide a wall,
Two foulis fawe I ſitting tho,
The falſir foule mote him befall.
That one did plete on the Pope's ſide,
A Griffon of a grimme ſtature;
A Pellicane withoutin pride
To theſe Lollers ylaied his lure;
He muſed his mattir in meſure
To counſaile, Chriſt ay gan he call;
The Griffon ſhewed as ſharpe as fire,
But falſhed foule mote it befall.
The Pellicane began to preche
Bothe of mercie and of mekeneſſe,
And ſaied that Chriſt ſo gan us teche,
And meke and merciable gan bleſſe:

The' Evangely berith witneſſe
A lambe he likeneth Chriſt ovte' all,
In tokening that he mekiſt was
Sith pride was out of hevin fall.
And ſo ſhould every Chriſtened be,
Prieſtis and Peter's ſucceſſours,
Beth lowliche and of lowe degre,
And uſin none yerthly honours,
Ne croune ne curious covertours,
Ne pilloure ne othir proude pall,
Ne to cofrin up grete treſours,
For falſhed foule mote it befall.
Prieſtis ſhould for no cattill plede,
But chaſtin 'hem in charite,
Ne to no battaile ſhould men lede
For inhaunſing ther owne degre,
Nat willin fittinges in hie ſe,
No ſoverainte in hous ne hall,
Worldly worſhip defie and fle;
Who willeth highnes foule ſhall fall.
Alas! who maie ſoche ſainctis call
That wilnith welde yerthly honour?
Lowe as Lucifere ſoche ſhall fall,
In balefull blackneſſe build ther boure
That eggith peple to erroure,
And makith them unto 'hem thrall;
To Chriſt I holde ſoche one traitour;
Lowe as Lucifer ſoche ſhall fall,

That willith to be kingis peres,
And higher than the Emperour,
And some that werin but pore freres
Now wollin waxe a warriour;
God ne is not ther governour
That holdith none his permagall,
While cove'tise is ther counsailour;
All soche falshede mote nedis fall.
That his on horse willith to ride
In glitterande golde of grete araie,
Paintid and portrid all in pride,
No common knight maie go so gaie,
Chaunge of clothing every daie,
With goldin girdils grete and small,
As boistous as is bere at baie;
All soche falshed mote nedis fall.
With pride punishith thei the pore,
And some one thei sustain with sale,
Of holie churche makith an hore,
And fill ther wombe with wine and ale;
With money fille thei many a male,
And chaffrin churchis when thei fall,
And telle the peple a leude tale;
Soche false faitours foule 'hem befall,
Thei fede of many manis metes,
With song and solas sitting long,
And filleth ther wombe, and fast fretes,
And from the mete unto the gong,

And aftir mete with harpe and ſong,
And eche man mote 'hem Lordis call,
And hote ſpicis evir emong;
Soche falſe faitours foule 'hem befall.
Miters thei werin mo than two
Iperlid as the quen'is hedde,
A ſtaffe of golde, and pirrie lo!
As hevie as' it were made of ledde;
With clothe of gold bothe newe and redde,
With glitterande gold as grene as gall,
By dome thei dampne men to be dedde;
All ſoche faitours foule 'hem befall.
And Chriſt'is peple proudly curſe
With brodè boke and braying bell,
And to put pennies in ther purſe
Thei woll fell bothe hevin and hell:
In ther ſentence and thou wilt dwell
Thei willin geſſe in ther gaie hall,
And though the ſoth thou of 'hem tell
In the grete curſing ſhalt thou fall.
That is ybleſſid that thei bleſſe,
And curſid that thei curſin woll,
And thus the peple thei oppreſſe,
And have ther lordſhippis at full:
And many be marchauntes of woll,
And to purs pennies woll come thrall,
The pore peple thei al to pull;
Suche falſe faitours foule 'hem befall.

Lordis alſo mote to 'hem loute,
Obeyſaunt to ther brode bleſſing,
Thei ridin with ther royal route
On a courſir as' it were a king,
With ſadle of golde glitterieng,
With curious harneis quaintly crallit,
Stiroppis gaie of golde maſtling;
All ſuche falſhed foule may befal it.
Chriſtes Miniſters clepid thei bene,
And rulin al in robberie,
But Antichriſte thei ſerwin clene,
Attirid al in tirannie,
Witneſſe of John his prophecie;
Antichriſte is ther admirall,
Tiffelers attired in trecherie;
Al ſuche faitours foule 'hem befall.
Who ſaith that ſome of 'hem may ſinne
He ſhal be domid to be ded;
Some of 'hem wollin gladly winne
Al ayenſt that whiche God forbed.
Al Holieſt they clepe ther hed,
That of ther rule is full regall;
Alas that evir thei ete bred!
For al ſuch falſhed wol foule fall.
Ther hed covitith al honour,
To be worſhipped in wordis and dede,
Kingis mote to him knele and coure,
To the' apoſtles that Chriſt forbede:

To Popis hefte ſuch take more hede
Than to kepe Chriſtes commaundement,
Of gold and ſilvir ben ther wede,
Thei holde him hole omnipotent.
He ordaineth by his ordinaunce
To pariſhe prieſtis a powere,
To' anothir a gretir avaunce,
A gretir point to his miſtere;
But for he' is highiſt in erth here
To him reſerveth he many' a point,
But unto Chriſt, that hath no pere,
Reſervith he no pin no joynt.
So ſemith he abovin all,
And Chriſt abovin him nothinge,
Whan that he ſittith in his ſtall
Dampnith and ſavith as him thinke;
Suche pride tofore hie God doth ſtinke:
An angel bad John to' him not knele,
Only to God do his bowinge;
Soche worſhip-willers mote ill fele.
Thei ne clepe Chriſt but *Sanctus Deus*,
And clepe ther hed *Sanctiſſimus*;
All they that ſuche a ſecte fewis
I trowe thei taken 'hem amiſſe:
In erth here they havin ther bliſſe,
Ther hie maſtir is Beliall;
Chriſt his pore peple from 'hem wiſſe,
For al ſuche falſe will foule befall.

They mowin both ybinde and lose,
And all is for ther holy life;
To save or dampne they mowen chose;
Betwene 'hem now is a grete strife;
Many' a man is killed with a knife
To wete which havin lordship shall;
For suche Christ suffrid woundis five,
For all suche falshed will foule fall.
Christ said, *Qui gladio percutit*
With swerde surely he shall die;
He bad his prestis pece and grith,
And bad 'hem not drede for to die,
And bad them be both simple' and slie,
And carke not for no cattell,
And truste on God that sitteth on hie,
For al false shal full foule befall.
These wollin make men to swere
Ayenst Christ'is commaundement,
And Christ'is members al to tere,
On rode as he were newe yrent;
Suche lawes thei maken by assent,
Eche on it throwith as a ball,
And thus the pore be fully shent,
But falshed foule it shulle befall.
Ne usin thei no simonie,
But selle churchis and priories,
Ne they usin to none envie,
But cursin al 'hem contraries,

tithing of *turpe lucrum*
eſe maiſters is veniall;
e of bribry and larſon
ike falſhed full foule to fall.
takin to ferme ther ſompnours
arme the peple what they may,
ardoners and falſe faitours
ſell ther ſeles I dare well ſay,
all to holdin gret arraie,
To multiplie 'hem more metall,
They drede ful litel dom'is day,
Whan al ſuche falſhed ſhal foule fall.
Suche harlottes ſhul men diſclaunder,
For that they ſhullin make them gre,
And ben as proud as Alexander,
And fain to the pore Wo be ye!
By yere eche prieſt ſhal paie his fe
For to encreſe his lemmans call;
Suche herdis ſhul wel ivil the,
And al ſuche falſe ſhal foule befall.

And if a man be falſely famed,
And wol ymake purgacioun,
Than wol the' officers be agramed,
And aſſign him fro toun to toun;
So nede he muſt payin raunſome,
Though he be clene as is chriſtall,
And than have an abſolution;
But al ſuche falſe ſhal foule befall.

Though he be giltie of the dede,
And that he may the money paie,
Al the while his purfe wol ybkede
He may uſe it fro day to day.
The biſhopes officers gone gay,
And this game they uſe ovir all,
The pore to pil is al their pray;
But al ſuche falſe ſhul foule befall.
Alas! God ordained no ſuche lawe,
Ne no ſuche crafte of covetiſe,
But he forbad it by his lawe;
Suche rulers mowen of God agriſe,
For al his rulls ben rightwiſe:
Theſe newe pointis ben pure papall,
And Godd'is lawe they all diſpice,
And al ſuche faitours ſhul foule fall.
They faine that Peter had the key
Of heven and hel, to have and holde;
I trowe Peter toke no money
For no ſinnis that he yſolde:
Suche ſucceſſours yben to bolde,
In winning all ther witte they wral,
Ther conſcience is waxin colde,
And al ſuche faitours foul 'hem fal.
Peter was ner ſo grete a fole
To leve his key with ſuche a lorell,
Or take ſuche curſid ſoc or tole,
He was adviſid nothing well;

hey ſeme nothing aſerde,
live as Lamual,
...e ther ſhepe into deſert;
falſe faitours ſhul foule fal.
.. yhad xii apoſtles here,
ſay they There may be but one
nay not erre in no manere,
... leve not this ben loſt echone:
Peter errid, ſo did not John;
Why is he cleped the Principall?
Chriſte cleped him Peter, not the Stone;
Al falſe faitours foule 'hem befal.

Why curſin they the croiſery
Chriſt'is Chriſtian creturis?
For bytwene them is now envy
To be enhaunſid in honours;
Chriſtin livers with ther labours,
For they levin on no mortal,
Ben do to deth with diſhonours,
And al ſuche falſe foule 'hem befal.

What knoweth a tilloure at the plowe
The Pop'is name, and what he hate?
His crede ſuffiſeth to' him inowe,
And knoweth a cardi'nal by his hatte,
Rough is the pore unrightly latte,
That knowith Chriſt his God royal;
Suche maters he not worth a gnatte,
But ſuche falſe faitours foule 'hem fal.

He makith prieſtes for erthly thanke,
And not at all for Chriſt'is ſake;
Suche that yben ful fat and ranke,
To ſoul'is hele none bede they take;
Al is wel done what er they make,
For they ſhal anſwers ones for all;
For world'is thank ſuch worch and wake,
And al ſuche falſe ſhal foule befall.
Suche that can nat yſay ther crede
With prayir ſhul be made prelates,
Nothir canne thei the goſpell rede,
Suche ſhul now weldin hie eſtates;
The hie godes frendſhip 'hem makes,
Thei totith on ther ſumme totall;
Suche bere the keyes of hell'is yates,
And all ſuche falſe ſhal foule befall.
Thei forſakin for Chriſt'is love
Trauaile, and hungre, thurſte, and colde;
They ben ordrid or al above
Out of youthed til they ben olde;
By the' dore they go nat to the folde,
To helpe ther ſhepe they nought traval,
For hirid men al ſuche I holde,
And al ſuche falſe foule 'hem befall.
For Chriſt our King thei wol forſake,
And knowe him nought for his poverte,
For Chriſt'is love they wol awake,
And drinke piement ale aperte;

Of God they ſeme nothing aſerde,
As luſty live as Lamual,
And drive ther ſhepe into deſert;
Al ſuche falſe faitours ſhul foule fal.

Chriſt yhad xii apoſtles here,
Nowe ſay they There may be but one
That may not erre in no manere,
Who leve not this ben loſt echone:
Peter errid, ſo did not John;
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Suche maters he not worth a gnatte,
But ſuche falſe faitours foule 'hem fal.

A king ſhal knele and kiſſe his ſhowe,
Chriſt let a ſinful kiſſe his fete,
Me thinke he holdeth him hie inowe,
So Lucifer did, that hie ſet:
Suche one me thinke himſelfe foryet,
Or to the trouth he was nat cal:
Chriſte that ſuffirid woundis wete,
Shall make all ſuche falſhed foule fall.
They layith out ther largè nettes
For to takin ſilvir and golde,
Thei fillin coffers, and ſackes fettes
There as they ſoulis catchin ſholde;
Ther ſervauntes be to them unholde,
But they can doublin ther rentall;
To bigge 'hem caſtles bigge 'hem holde;
And al ſuche falſe foule 'hem befall.

Here endeth the firſt parte of this Tale, and hereafter folowith the ſeconde parte.

To accorde what this wordè fall
No more Engliſhe ne can I finde,
Shewin anothir nowe I ſhall,
For I have moche to ſaye behinde,
How prieſtis han the peple pinde,
As curteis Chriſte yhath me kinde,
And put this matter in my minde,
To make this manir men amende.

Shortely to ſhende 'hem, and ſhewe nowe
How wrongfully they werche and walke,
Of hie God nothing tell, ne howe,
But in Goddes worde tell many a balke,
In harnis holde 'hem and in halke,
And prechen' of tithis and offrende,
And untruely of the goſpel talke;
For his mercy God it amende!

What els is Antichriſte to ſaie
But even Chriſt'is adverſarie?
Suche hath now ben many a daie
To Chriſt'is bidding ful contrarie,
That from the trouthe clene ywarry;
Out of the way they ben ywende,
And Chriſt'is peple untruely cary;
God for his pitie it amende!

They live contrary to Chriſtes life,
In hie pride againſt mekeneſſe,
Againſt ſuffraunce they uſin ſtriſe,
And angre ayenſt ſobreneſſe,
Ayeniſt wiſedom wilfulneſſe;
To Chriſt'is talis litil tende,
Againſt meſure outragiouſneſſe;
But whan God wol it may amende.

Lordely life ayenſt lowlineſſe,
And demin al without mercy,
And covetiſe ayenſte largeſſe,
Ayeniſt trouthe trechery,

And ayenſt almeſſe envy;
Ayenſt Chriſt they comprehende,
For chaſtite mainteine leche'ry;
God for his grace this amende!
Againſt penaunce thei uſe delightes,
Ayenſt ſuffraunce ſtrong defence,
Ayenſt God they uſin ill rightes,
Ayeniſt pitie puniſhmentes,
Open' evil ayenſt continence;
Ther wickid winning worſe diſpende,
Sobirneſſe ſette in to diſpence;
God for his godeneſſe it amende!
Why cleimin they holy' his powere,
And wranglin ayenſt al his heſtes?
His living folowe thei nought here,
But livin worſe than witleſſe beſtes;
Of fiſhe and fleſhe they lovin feſtes;
As lordis thei ben brode ikende;
Of Godd'is pore thei hatin geſtes;
God for his mercy this amende!
With Dives ſuche ſhal have ther dome,
That ſaine that they be Chriſt'is frendes,
And do nothing as they ſhould done,
Al ſuche ben falſir than ben fendes:
On the peple they ley ſuche bendes
As God in erth they han offende;
Succour for ſuch Chriſte now ſend us,
And for his mercy this amende!

A token' of Antichrift they be ;
His careckes ben now wide iknowe,
Receved to preche ſhal no man be
Without tokin of him I trowe :
Eche Chriſtin prieſt to preshin owe,
From God above thei ben yſende
Goddes word to al folke for to ſhowe,
And ſinful man for to amende.
Chriſt ſent the porè for to preche,
The royal riche he did not ſo,
Now dare no pore the peple teche,
For Antichrift is al ther foe ;
Among the peple he mote go,
He hath biddin al ſuche ſuſpende,
Some hath he hent, and thinketh yet mo ;
But al this God may wel amende.
Al tho that han the worlde forſake,
And livin lowly, as God badde,
Into ther priſon ſhulle be take,
Betin and boundin, and forth ladde :
Hereof I rede no man be dradde,
Chriſt ſaid that his ſhould be yſhende;
Eche man ought hereof to be gladde,
For God ful wel it wol amende.
Thev take on 'hem royall power,
And ſay they havin ſwerdis two,
One curſe to hel, one ſle men here :
At his taking Chriſt had no mo,

had but one of tho,
t to him ſmite gan defende,
he' ſheth badde put it tho;
he miſcheves God amende!
bad Peter to kepe his ſhepe,
his ſworde forbade' hem ſmite;
no tole with ſhepe to kepe,
pherdes that ſhepe wol bite;
: ſuche ſhepherdes ben to wite
ı ther ſhepe with ſwerde contende;
e ther ſhepe with grete diſpite;
ı God may well amende.
ſucceſſoures be thei nought
ırift ymade his cheſe paſtoure;
no ſhepherde uſin ought
ıuld ſle as a bochoure:
ere Peter's ſucceſſoure
re his ſhepe til his backe bende,
ɔwe 'hem from every ſhoure;
s God may wel amende.
ours to Peter ben theſe
at Peter Chriſte forſoke,
had God's love to leſe
herde had to leſe his hoke;
ı the ſhepe as doth the coke;
ıkin they woll untrende,
y gloſe the Goſpell boke;
s mercy them amende!

A token' of Antichriſt they be ;
His careckes ben now wide iknowe,
Receved to preche ſhal no man be
Without tokin of him I trowe :
Eche Chriſtin prieſt to prechin owe,
From God above thei ben yſende
Goddes word to al folke for to ſhowe,
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At his taking Chriſt had no mo,

Yet Peter had but one of tho,
And Chriſt to him ſmite gan defende,
And into the' ſheth bidde put it tho;
And al ſuche miſchevus God amende!
Chriſt bad Peter to kepe his ſhepe,
And with his ſworde forbade' hem ſmite;
Swerde is no tole with ſhepe to kepe,
But to ſhepherdes that ſhepe wol bite;
Me thinke ſuche ſhepherdes ben to wite
Who'ayen ther ſhepe with ſwerde contende;
They drive ther ſhepe with grete diſpite;
But al this God may well amende.
Peter's ſucceſſoures be thei nought
Whom Chriſt ymade his cheſe paſtoure;
A ſwerde no ſhepherde uſen ought
But he would ſle as a bochoure:
Who ſo were Peter's ſucceſſoure
Should bere his ſhepe til his backe bende,
And ſhadowe 'hem from every ſhoure;
And al this God may wel amende.
Succeſſours to Peter ben theſe
In that, that Peter Chriſte forſoke,
That levir had God's lowe to leſe
Than ſhepherde had to leſe his hoke;
He culleth the ſhepe as doth the coke;
Of 'hem takin they woll untrende,
And falſely gloſe the Goſpell boke;
God for his mercy them amende!

Whan Chriſt had take Peter the kay
Chriſt ſaide he muſt ydie for man;
That Peter to Chriſt gan withſay,
Chriſte bad him Go behinde, Sathan:
Suche counſailours many' of theſe han,
For world'is wele God to offende;
Peter's ſucceſſours they ben than;
But al ſuche God may wel amende.
For Sathan is to ſay no more
But he that contrary to Chriſt is,
In this they lernin Peter's lore,
They ſewin him whan he did miſſe;
They folowe him forſoth in this
That Chriſt would Peter reprehende,
But nat that longith to' hevin bliſſe;
God for his mercy 'hem amende!
Thei none apoſtle ſewen, in caſe
Of ought that I can underſtonde,
But him that betraied Chriſt, Judas,
That bare the purſe in every londe,
And al that he might ſette on honde
He hidde and ſtale, and it miſpende:
His rule theſe traitours han in honde;
Almighty God all ſuche amende!
And at the laſt his lorde gan tray
Curſidly through falſe covetie,
So would theſe traine him for money
And they ywiſtin in what wiſe;

They be sikre' of the fele ensise.
From all sothnesse they ben yfrende,
And covetise chaunge with quentise;
Almighty God al suche amende!
Were Christ upon erth, here este sone,
These wouldin dampne hem to die;
All his hestis they han forgone,
And saine his sawes ben heresie;
Ayenst his commaundementes they crie,
And dampnin all hlate he brende,
For thei ne like suche lofengrie;
God Almighty all suche amende!
These han more maight in Englande here
Than hath the king and all his lawe,
They han purchasid suche powere
To takin 'hem whom list not knawe,
And say that heresie' is ther sawe,
And so to prison wol 'hem sende;
It was not so by eldir dawe;
God for his mercy it amende!
The king'is lawe wol no man deme
Angerliche withoutin answere,
But if any man these misqueme
He shall be baightid as a here,
And yet wel worse they wol him tere,
And in prison wollin him pende
In ginis, and in othir gere;
Whan that God woll it may amende.

The king ne taxith nat his men
But by affent of the commu'naltee,
But thefe eche yere wol raunſom 'hem
Maiſtirfully, more than doth he:
Ther felis by yere bettir be
Than is the king'is in extende,
Ther officers han gretir fe;
But alle this miſchefe God amende!
Who ſo wol prove a teſtament
That is nat al worth tenne pounde,
He ſhal paye for the parchement
The thirde of the money all rounde;
Thus the pure pieple is raanſounde,
They ſay ſuche parte t'em ſhould apende,
There as they gripen' it goeth to grounde;
God for his mercy it amende!
A ſimple fornication
Twenty ſhillingis he ſhall pay,
And than have abſolucion
And al the yere uſe it he may:
Thus thei lettin 'hem go aſtray;
Thei recke nat though the ſoule be brende;
Thefe kepin evill Peter's kay;
And al ſuche ſhepherdes God amende!
Wondir is that the parliamente,
And al the lordis of this londe,
Here to takin ſo lite entente
To helpe the peple' out of ther honde,

For thei ben hardir in ther bonde,
Worſe bete, and cruellir ybrende,
Than to the king is underſtand;
God him helpe this for to amende!
What biſhoppes, what religions,
Han in this lande as muche lay fe,
Lordeſhippis and poſſeſſions,
More than lordis it ſemith me;
That makith 'hem leſe charite:
They mowin not to God attende,
In erth thei have ſo highe degre;
God for his mercy it amende!
The Empe'rour yafe the Pope ſomtime
So highè lordeſhip him about,
That at the laſt the ſely kime
The proudè Pope yput him out,
So of this relme is in grete dout;
But, Lordes, beware, and them defende,
For nowe theſe folke be wondir ſtoute;
The king and lords now this amende.

Thus endeth the ſeconde parte of this Tale, and hereafter ſoloweth the thirde.

Moyses lawe forbode it tho
That preſtis ſhould no lordſhippes welde,
Chriſt'is goſpell biddith alſo
That they ſhould no lordſhippis helde;
Chriſtes *apoſtels* were ner ſo bolde,
No ſuche lordſhippes to 'hem enbrace,

But sklere ther shepe and kepe ther fodde ;
May God amende 'hem for his grace !
For thei ne ben but counterfete ;
Men may yknow 'hem by ther shrifte,
Ther gretenesse maketh 'hem God forgete,
And take his mekenesse in despite ;
And thei were pore and hem but lite :
Thei n'old nat demen after ther thoughte ;
Norishe ther shepe, and 'hem nat bite ;
May God amende 'hem for his grace !

Griffon.

What canst thou preche ayenst chanons
That men yclepin Seculere ?

Pelicon.

Thei ben curates of many tounes,
On yerth they havin grete powere,
They have grete prebendis and dere,
Some two or thre, and some have mo,
A parsonage to ben playing fere,
And yet thei serve the king also,
And let to fermè all that fare
To whom that wol moste give therfore,
Some wollin spende, and some woll spare,
And some wol laye it up in store;
A cure of soule they care not fore,
So that they mowin money take ;
Whethir ther soules be wonne or lore
Ther profites they woll not forsake.

They have a gedering procuratour,
That can the pore peple enplede,
And robbe 'hem as a ravinour,
And to his lorde the mony lede,
And catche of quicke and eke of dede,
And richin him and his lorde eke,
And to robbe the pore give gode rede
Of olde and yonge, of hole and ficke.
Therwith they purchaſe 'hem lay fe
In lande, there as 'hem likith beſt,
And buildin brode as a cite
Both in the eſt and in the weſt;
To purchaſe thus they ben ful preſt,
But on the pore they woll nought ſpende,
Ne no gode give to Godd'is geſt,
Ne ſende him ſome that all hath ſende.
By ther ſervice ſoche wollin live,
And truſt that othir to treſure;
Though all ther pariſhe die unſhrive
Thei woll nat givin a roſe floure;
Ther life ſhould be as a mirrour
Both to lerid and leude alſo,
And teche the folke ther lele labour;
Soche miſter men ben all miſgo.
Some of 'hem yben full harde nigges,
And ſome of 'hem ben proude and gaie,
Some ſpendin ther gode upon gigges,
And findin 'hem of grete araie.

Alas! what thinke theſe men to ſaie
That thus diſpendin Godd'is gode?
At the grete dredefull dom'is daie
Soche wretchis ſhull be worſe than wode.
Some ther churchis nevir ne ſie,
Ne ner o penie thidir ſende;
Though that the pore for hungir die,
O penie' on 'hem will thei not ſpende:
Have thei receiving of the rente
Thei recke ner of the remènaunt;
Alas! the devill hath clene 'hem blente;
Soche one is Sathanes ſojournaunt.
And uſe horedome and harlottrie,
And covetiſe, and pompe, and pride,
And ſlothe, and wrathe, and eke envie,
And ſewin ſinne by every ſide;
Alas! where thinkin ſoche t' abide?
How woll thei ther accomptis yeld?
From hie God thei mowe 'hem not hide;
Soche willers witte' is not worth a nelde.
Thei ben ſo rotid in richeſſe
That Chriſt'is povert is forvet;
Yfervid with ſo many meſſe
Hem thinke that manna is no mete:
All is gode that thei mowin gete;
Thei wene to livin evirmore;
But whan that God at dome is ſete
Soche treſour is a feble ſtore.

Unnethis mote thei matins saie
For counting and for courtholding,
And yet he jangilith as jaie,
And underftont himself nothing;
He woll yserve bothe erle and king
For his finding and for his fe,
And hide his tithing and offring;
This is a feble charite.
Othir thei ben proude or cove'tous,
Or elles thei ben hard or hungrie,
Or thei ben libe'rall or lecherous,
Or els medlers with marchandrie,
Mainteiners of men with maistrie,
Or ftewardes, countours, or pledours,
And ferve God in ypocrifie;
Soche prieftis ben Chriftes falfe traitours.
Thei ben falfe, thei ben vengeable,
And begile men in Chrift'is name;
Thei ben unftedfaft and unftable;
To traie ther Lorde 'hem thinke no fhame;
To fervin God thei ben full lame;
Godd'is thevis, and falfely ftele,
And falfely Godd'is worde defame;
In winning is ther world'is wele.
Antichrift thefe prieftis ferve all,
I praie the who maie fayin Naie?
With Antichrift foche fhullin fall,
Thei folowen him in dede and faie;

Thei ſervin him in riche araie,
To ſervin Chriſt ſoche falſely fain;
Why at the dredfull dom'is daie
Shull thei not folowe him to paine?
That knowen 'hem ſelf that thei doen ill
Ayenſt Chriſt'is commaundement,
And amende 'hem ner ne will,
But ſerve Sathan by one aſſent.
Who ſayith ſothe he ſhall be ſhent,
Or ſpeketh ayenſt ther falſe living,
Who ſo well livith ſhall be brent,
For ſoche ben gretir than the king.
Popis, biſhops, and cardinals,
Chanons, and perſons, and vicare,
In Goddes ſervice I trowe ben fals
That ſacramentis ſellin here,
And ben as proude as Lucifere:
Eche man loke whethir that I lie;
Who ſo ſpekith ayenſt ther powere
It ſhall be holdin herefie.
Lokith how many orders take
Onely of Chriſt for his ſervice,
That the world'is godis forſake;
Who ſo take ordirs othir wiſe
I trowe that thei ſhall ſore agriſe,
For all the gloſe that thei conne,
All ne ſewin not this aſſiſe;
In eyill time thei thus begonne.

Loke how many emong hem all
Ne holdin not this hiè waie
With Antichriſt thei ſhullin fall,
For that thei wollin God betraie:
God amende 'hem, that beſt ymaie!
For many men thei makin ſhende;
Thei wetin well the ſothe I ſaie,
But the devill hath foule 'hem blende.
Some of 'hem on ther churchis dwell
Apparailled porely; proude of porte;
The ſeven ſacramentes thei doen ſell;
In cattell catching' is ther comfort:
Of eche mattir thei wollin mell;
To doen 'hem wrong is ther diſport;
To' afraie the peple thei ben fell,
And hold 'hem lower than doeth the lorde.
And for the tithing of a ducke,
Or of an apple or an aie,
Thei make men ſwere upon a boke;
Lo! thus thei foulin Chriſt'is faie:
Soche berin evill hevin kaie;
Thei mowin affoile, thei mowe ſhrive,
With mennis wivis ſtrongly plaie,
And with true tillers ſturte and ſtrive,
At the wreſtling and at the wake,
And the chief chauntours at the nale,
Market beters, and medling make,
Hoppen' and houtin with heve and hale;

At faire freſhe, and at winè ſtale,
Thei dine and drinke, and make deb
The ſeven ſacramentes ſet a ſaile;
Kepe ſoche the kaies of hevin gate?
Mennis wivis thei wollin hold,
And though that thei ben right ſory,
To ſpeke thei ſhull not be ſo bold,
For ſompning to' the confiſtory,
And make 'hem ſaie with mouthe I l
Though thei it ſawin with ther eye
His lemman holdin opinly
No man ſo harde to aſke why.
He woll have tithing and offring
Maugre whoſoevir it grutche,
And twiſe on the daie he woll ſing:
Godd'is prieſtis ne were none ſoche;
He mote go hunte with dogge and bi
And blowen his horne and cryin Hey
And ſorcerie uſen as a witche;
Soche kepin evill Peter's key.
Yet thei mote have ſome ſtocke or
Gaily paintid and proudly dight,
To makin men livin upon,
And ſaie that it is full of night,
About ſoche men ſet up grete light,
Other ſoche ſtockes ſhull ſtande therb
As darke as if it were midnight,
For it maie makin no maſtrie.

That it the leude peple ſe mowe,
Thou Mary, thou worcheſt wondir thinges,
About that that men offrin to
Hongin brochis, ouchis, and ringes;
The prieſt purchaſith the offringes,
But he n'ill offir to' none image:
Wo is the ſoule that he forſinges
That prechith for ſoche pilgrimage!
To men and women that ben pore,
Which that ben Chriſt'is owne likeneſſe,
Men ſhullin offir at ther dore,
That ſuffre hungir and diſtreſſe,
And to ſoche image offir leſſe,
That mowe not ſele ne thirſte ne cold;
The pore in ſpirite gan Chriſt bleſſe,
Therfore offrith to feble' and old.
Buckilers brode and ſwerdis long,
Baudrike, with baſelardis kene,
Soche toles about ther necke thei hong:
With Antichriſt ſoche prieſtis ben;
Upon ther dedes it is well ſene
Whom thei ſervin, whom thei honouren;
Antichriſt'is thei ben all clene,
And Godd'is godes falſly devouren.
Of ſcarlet and grene gaie gounes,
That mote be ſhapin for the newe,
To dippin and kiſſin in tounes
The damoſeles that to the daunce ſewe,

Cuttid clothes to ſewe ther hewe,
With longè pikis on ther ſhone:
Our Godd'is goſpell is not true;
Eithir thei ſerve the devill or none.
Now ben the prieſtis pokes ſo wide
Men muſt enlarge the veſtiment,
The holy goſpell thei doen hide
For the contrariėn in raiment;
Soche prieſtes of Lucifer ben ſent:
Like conquerours thei ben araied,
The proude pendaunte at ther ars pent,
Falſely the trueth thei han betraied.
Shrift ſilvir ſoche wollin aſkeis,
And wollin mėn crepe to the crouche;
None of the ſacramentes ſave aſkis
Withoutin mede ſhall no man touche;
On ther biſhop ther warant vouche,
That is a lawe of the decre:
With mede and money thus thei mouche,
And thus thei ſain is charite.
Within the middis of ther maſſe
Thei n'ill have no man but for hire,
And full ſhortly let forth ypaſſe;
Soche ſhull men findin in eche ſhire
That parſonages for gaine deſire
To live in liking and in luſtes;
I dare not ſain *ſans oſe jeo dire*
That ſeche ben Antichriſt'is prieſtes.

Or thei yef the biſhoppis why,
Or thei mote ben in his ſervice,
And holdin forth ther harlotrie,
Soche prelates ben of feble' empriſe;
Of Godd'is grame ſoche men agriſe,
For ſoche mattirs that takin mede,
How thei' excuſe 'hem, and in what wiſe,
Methinkith thei ought gretely drede.
Thei ſain that it to no man longeth
To reprove them though that thei erre,
But ſalfly Godd'is godes thei fongeth,
And therwith maintein wo and werre;
Ther dedes ſhould be as bright as ſterre,
Ther living leudè mann'is light:
Thei ſaie The Pope ne maie not erre;
Nede muſt that paſſin mann'is might.
Though' a prieſt lie with his lemman' al night,
And tellen his felowe and he him,
He goith to maſſe ſoon right,
And ſaieth he ſingeth out of ſinne;
His birde abideth him at his inne,
And dighteth his diner the mene while,
He ſingeth his maſſe for he would winne,
And ſo he wenith God begile.
'Hem thinkith long till thei be mot,
And that thei uſe forth all the yere;
Emong the folke whan he is ſet
He holdith no man half his pere:

... it of religion
... have hanged at the plowe.
... and disdeigne no roome to roume,
... were not halfe inowe.
... rather than this all forsake,
... riches, pride, and ele;
... God wol mankes hem make,
... he ordir for to praise;
... not ordained it not so,
... him to be cherèliche,
... manir live and go,
... yerth, and not lordliche.
... Archebischoppis Saincte Benet,
No ... schul have his holy curie;
H ... met with 'hem nevir met
I ... thought to robbe his purse.
S ... ere here of 'hem tell
Wh ... ben like tho before,
Wi ... have the devill of hell,
An ... rsure and his flore;
W ... loche othir counterfaitours,
W ... ours, and soche disgised,
A ... ies and traitours,
... disgised;
... and more,
... rede.

As Goddes godenes no man tell might,
Ne write ne ſpeke, ne thinke in thought,
So ther falſhed and ther unright
Maie no man tell that ere God wrought.
The Griffon ſaied, Thou canſt no gode,
Thou came ner of no gentill kinde;
Othir I trowe thou waxiſt wode
Or ellis thou haſt loſte thy minde.
Should holy churché yhave no hedde
Who ſhould ybe her governaile,
Who ſhould her rule, who ſhould her redde,
Who ſhould her forthren, who availe?
Eche man ſhall live by his travaile;
Who beſt doith ſhall have moſt mede:
With ſtrength if men the churche aſſaile
With ſtrength men muſt defende her nede.
And if the Pope were purely pore
And nedy, and nothing ne had,
He ſhuld be drive from dore to dore;
The wickid of him n'olde not drad:
Of ſoche an hedde men would be ſade,
And ſinfully liven' as 'hem luſt;
With ſtrength amendis ſoche be made,
With wepin wolves from ſhepe be wuſt.
If that the Pope and prelates would
So begge and bid, bowe and borowe,
Holy churche ſhould yſtande full cold,
Her ſervauntes ſit and ſoupe ſorowe;

And thei were noughtie, foule, and horowe,
To worſhip God men would white
Both on evin and on morowe:
Soche harlotrie men would hate.
And therfore men of holy churche
Shouldin be honeſte in all thing,
And worſhipfull God's workis werche;
So ſemeth it to ſerve Chriſt ther king
In honeſt and in clene clothing,
With veſſels of gold and clothes riche
To God honeſtly to' make offring,
For to his lordſhip none is liche.
The Pellican caſt an houge crie,
And ſaied, Alas! why ſaieſt thou ſo?
Chriſt is our hedde that ſitteth on hie,
Heddis ne ought we have no mo;
We ben his membres bothe alſo,
Fathir he taught us call him als,
Maiſters to call forbad he tho;
All maiſters ben wickid and fals
That takith maiſtrie in his name
Ghoſtly, and to win yerthly gode;
Kingis and lordes ſhould lordſhip have,
And rule the peple with milde mode,
But Chriſt, for us that ſhed his blode,
Bad his prieſts no maſtirſhip have,
Ne carke not for clothis ne fode;
From all miſchief he woll 'hem ſave.

Ther riche clothes ſhall be rightwiſneſſe,
Ther treſure a true life ſhall be,
Charite ſhall be ther richeſſe,
Ther lordſhip ſhall be unite,
And hope in God ther honeſte,
Ther veſſell a clene conſcience;
Pore in ſprite, and humilite,
Shall be holy church'is defence.
What! ſaied the Griffon, maie the greve
That othir folkis fareñ wele?
What haſt thou to doin with ther live?
Thy falſhed every man maie fele,
For thou ne canſt no cattell gete,
But liveſt in londę as a lorell,
With gloſing gettiſt thou thy mete;
So farith the devil in hell.
He would that eche man there ſhould dwell,
For he livith in clene envie,
So with the tales that thou doeſt tell
Thou wouldeſt othir peple deſtrie
With your gloſe and your hereſie,
For ye can live no bettir life
But clene in fals hypocriſie,
And bringiſt the in wo and ſtrife.
And therwith have ye not to doen,
For ye ne havin here no cure;
Ye ſerve the devill, not God ne man,
And he ſhall payin you your hire;

For ye wol farin well at feſtes,
And be warm clothid for the cold,
Therfore ye gloſin Godd'is heſtes,
And begile peple yong and old.
And all the ſevin ſacramentes
Ye ſpeke ayenſt as ye were ſlie,
Tithings, offringes, with your ententes,
And on your Lord'is body lie:
All this ye doen to live in eſe,
As who ſayith Ther ben none ſoche,
And ſain The Pope' is not worth a peſe,
To make the peple' ayen him groche.
And this ycommith in by fendes
To bring the Chriſtin in diſtaunce,
For thei would that no man were frendes.
Levith thy chattring with miſchaunce!
If thou live well what wilt thou more?
Let othir men live as 'hem liſt,
Spendin ther gode or kepe in ſtore;
Othir mennes conſcience ner thou n'iſt.
Ye han no cure to anſwere fore;
What meddle' ye that han not to doen?
Let men live as thei han doen yore,
For thou ſhalt anſwere for no man.
The Pellican ſayid, Sir, naie,
I ne diſpiſid not the Pope
Ne no ſacrament, ſothe to ſaie,
But ſpeke in charite' and gode hope:

But I diſpiſe ther hiè pride,
Ther welthe that ſhould be pore in ſprite;
Ther wickidneſſe is knowè ſo wide,
Thei ſervin God in falſe habite,
And tournin mekeneſſe into pride,
And lowlineſſe into' hie degre,
And Godd'is wordis tourne and hide,
And I am moved by charitè
To lettin men to livin ſo
With all my conning and my might,
And to warnin men of ther wo,
And to tellin 'hem trouth and right.
The ſacramentes be ſoul'is hole
If thei ben uſid in godè uſe;
Ayenſt that ſpeke I nèr a dele,
For than ne were I nothing wiſe;
But thei that uſe 'hem in miſſe manere,
Or ſet 'hem up to any ſale,
I trowe thei ſhall abie 'hem dere;
This is my reſon, this my tale:
Who ſo taketh 'hem unrightfulliche
Ayenſt the ten comniaundèmentes,
Or elles by gloſe wrechidliche
Selleth any of the ſacramentes,
I trowe thei doe the devill homage,
In that thei wetin thei doe wrong,
And therto I dare well to wage
Thei ſerve Sathan for all ther ſong.

To tithen' and offre' is holsome life,
So it be doen in due manere,
A man to housselin and to shrive,
Wedding, and all othir in fere.
  So it be nother solde ne bought,
Ne takè ne give for covetise,
And it be so taken' it is nought;
Who selleth him so maie sore agrise:
On our Lordes body' I doe not lie,
I saie the sothe thorough true rede,
His fleshe and blode, through his misterie,
Is there all in the forme of brede.
  How it is there it nedeth not strive,
Whethre' it be subget or accident,
But as Christ was whan he' was on live
So is he there in verament.
If Pope or cardi'nall live gode live,
As Christ us bad in his gospell,
Ayenst that ne woll I not strive,
But me thinkith thei live not well;
  For if the Pope lived as God bedde,
Pride and highnesse he should dispise,
Richesse, covetise, and croune on hedde;
Mekenesse and poverte' he should use.
The Griffon saied he should abie,
Thou shall be brent in balefull fire,
And all thy sect I shall distrie;
Ye shall be hangid by the swire.

Ye ſhulle be hangid and to drawe:
Who givith you leve for to preche,
Or ſpekin againſt Godd'is lawe,
And the peple thus falſely teche?
Thou ſhalt be curſed with boke and bell,
And diſſevered from holie churche,
And clene idampnid into hell,
Othirwiſe but ye wollin worche.
The Pelli'can ſaied, That I ne drede;
Your curſing is of lite value;
Of God I hope to have my mede,
For it is falſhed that ye ſhewe,
For ye ben out of charite,
And wilne vengeaunce, as did Nero:
To ſuffrin I woll redy be;
I drede not all that thou canſt do.
Chriſt bad ones ſuffre for his love,
And ſo he taught all his ſervauntes,
But thou' amende for his ſake above;
I drede not all thy maintenaunce;
For if I drede the world'is hate
Me thinkith I were lite to praiſe:
I drede nothing your hie eſtate,
Ne I ne drede not your diſeſe.
Wollin ye tourne and leve your pride,
And your hie porte and your richeſſe,
Your curſing ſhould not go ſo wide;
God bring you into rightwiſeneſſe!

For I drede not your tirannie,
For nothing that ye can ydoen;
To ſuffre I am all redie,
Sikir I recke nevir how ſone.
The Griffon grinned as he were wode,
And lokid lovely as an owle,
And ſwore by cock'is herte and blode
He wold him tere every doule:
Holy churche thou diſclaundriſt foule;
For thy ſpeche I woll the to race,
And make thy fleſhe to rote and moule;
Loſell, thou ſhalt have hardè grace.
The Griffon flewe forth on his waie,
The Pellican did ſit and wepe,
And to himſelf he gan to ſaie,
God would that any of Chriſtes ſhepe
Had herdin, and itaken kepe
Eche a word that here ſayid was,
And would it write and well ikepe;
God would it were all for his grace!

Plowman.

I anſwerid, and ſaiedI would,
If for my travaile one would pey.

Pellican.

He ſaied yes; theſe ther God han ſold,
For thei han grete ſtore of money.

Plowman.

I ſayid, Tell me and thou maie,
Why telliſt thou menn'is treſpace?

Pellican.

He ſaid, To' amende 'hem in gode ſay,
If God woll give me any grace;
For Chriſt himſelf is liken to me,
That for his peple died on rode;
As fare I right ſo farith he;
He fedith his birdes with his blode:
But theſe doen evill ayenſt Godé,
And ben his foen undir frendes face;
I told 'hem how ther living ſtode,
And God amende 'hem for his grace!

Plowman.

What ailith the Griffon, tell why
That he holdith on the' othir ſide,
For thei two yben likily
And with kindis yrobin wide.

Pellican.

The foulè betokinith pride,
As Lucifer that high flewe was,
And ſith he did him in ill hide,
For he agiltid Godd'is grace.
As birde flyith up in the aire,
And livith by birdes that ben meke,
So theſe ben flowe up in diſpaire,
And ſhendin ſely ſoulis eke;
The ſoulis that ben in ſinnes eke
He culleth 'hem; knele therfore, alas!
For bribrie Godd'is forbode breke;
But God amende it for his grace!

The hinder parte is a lioun,
A robber and a ravinér,
That robbeth the peple in yerth doune,
And in yerth holdith none his pere:
So fareth this foule both ferre and nere,
With tempo'rel ſtrength the peple chaſe
As a lion proude in yerth here;
May God amende 'hem for his grace!

Pellicun.

He ſlewe forth with his wingis twain
All drouping, and dafid, and dull,
But ſone the Griffon came again,
Of his foulis the yerth was full;
The Pelli'can he had laſt to pull,
So grete nombre ner ſene there was,
What manir of foules cald woll,
If God wol give me of his grace.

With the Griffon come foulis fele,
Ravins, rokis, crowis, and pie,
And graie foulis, agadrid wele,
Igurde above they wouldin hie,
Gledis and bofardes weren 'hem by,
White molles and puttockes toke ther place,
And lapwinges, that wel conith lie;
This company' han forlete ther grace.

Long while the Pellican was oute,
But at laſt he commith againe,
And brought with him the phenix floute;
The Griffon would have ſlow ful faine,

His foulis flewen as thicke as rine,
The phenix tho began 'hem chace,
To flie from him it was in vaine,
For he did vengeaunce and no grace.
He flewe 'hem doune without mercy;
There eſcarte neither fre ne thrall;
On him they caſt a rufull crie
Whan that the Griffon doun was fall;
He bete him not, but flewe 'hem all:
Where he 'hem drove no man may trace:
Under the erth me thought they yall;
Alas, they had a feble grace!
The Pellican then axid right
For my writing if I have blame
Who then wol for me fight of flight?
Who ſhullin ſheldè me from ſhame?
He that yhad a maide to dame,
And the Lambè that ſlaine ywas,
Shal ſheldin me from goſtly blame,
For erthely harme is Godd'is grace.
Therfore I pray every man
Of my writing have me excuſed,
This writing writeth the Pellican,
That thus theſe peple hath diſpiſed;
For I am freſhe fully adviſed
I n'ill not mainteine his menace,
For the devill is ofte diſguiſed
To bring a man to evil grace.

Witith the Pelli'can and not me,
For herof I n'il not avowe
In hie ne lowe, ne no degre,
But as fable take it ye mowe.
To holy churche I will me bowe;
Eche man to' amende him Chriſte ſende ſpace!
And for my writing me alowe
He that' is almighty for his grace.

Here endeth The Plowman's Tale.

THE PROLOGUE;

Or, The mery adventure of the Pardonere and Tapſtere at the inn at Cantarbury.

WHENall this freſh feleſhip were come to Cantirbury,
As ye have herde to fore, with Talys glad and merry,

The Prologue] This Prologue and the Tale (Hiſtory of Beryn) which follows it were never before printed, and are taken out of a mſ. borrowed from the Honourable Lady Thinn's, and not to be met with in any of the other mſſ. which Mr. Urry had peruſed; ſo that if the ſenſe and meaſure of the verſe are not ſo perfect here as in the other Tales it muſt be attributed to the want of mſſ. upon the authority of which all the other corrections are chiefly grounded. The verſe in all probability is of the ſame kind with that of Gamelyn, and were it to be found in as many mſſ. might no doubt be as eaſily compleated, but having no other beſides the forementioned, the reader muſt be content with only a faithfull tranſcript of it out of that mſ. *Urry*.

Som of swill sentence of vertue and of lore,
And som of othir siirthis, for them that hold no store
Of wildom, ne of holynes, ne of chivalry,
Nothir of vertuous matere, but to foly
Leyd wit and losis all to such japis
As hurlewayis thoyne in every hegg that rapes
Thorough unstabill mynde, ryght as the levis grene
Stondis a ageyn the wedis, ryght so by them I mene:
But no mon here of mowe at this liche tyme,
In saving of my sentence, my lyeing, and my ryme:
They toke their in; and loggis them in mydmorowe
I trowe,
Alle clerkes of the hops that many a man doth knowe;
Their Hoost of Southworke, that with them went, as
we have herde to fore,
That was rewler of them al, of las and eke of more,
Ordeyned their dyner wifely or they to church went;
Such vitaillis as he fonde in town, and for noon othir
lent.
The Pardonere behelde the be fynes, how statis wer
servid,
Diskennyng hym al prively, and a syde swervid:
The hostelere was so halewid fro o plase to another
He toke his staffe to the Taplere: Welcom myne own
brother,
Quod he, with a frendly loke, al redy for to leye;
And he, as a man ilerned of such kyndnes,
Bracyd hir by the myddyll, and made hir gladly chere,
As thoughe he had iknowen hir al the rothir yeere.

She halid hym into the tapſtry there hir bed was makid;
Lo, here I ligg, (quod ſhe) myſelf al nyght al nakid,
Without manny's company ſyn my love was dede,
Jenkyn Harpour, yf ye hym knewe: from fete to the hede
Was not a luſtier perſone to daunce ne to lepe:
Then he was, thoughe I it ſey: and therwith to wepe
She made, and with hir napron feir and white ywaſt
She wypid ſoft hir eyen for teris that ſhe out laſt
As grete as any mylſtone: upward gon they ſtert
For love of her ſwetyng, that ſat ſo nighe hir herte
She wept and waylid, and wrong her hondis, and made
much to done,
For they that loven ſo paſſyngly ſuch trowet, they
have echon:
She ſnyffith, ſighith, and ſhoke hire hede, and made
rouful cher:
Benedicite! quod the Pardonere, and toke hir by the
ſwere,
Yee make ſorowe inowgh, quod he, your life though
ye ſhuld leſe.
It is no wondir, quod ſhe than; and therwith ſhe gan
to ſneſe.
Aha! al hole, quod the Pardoner; your pennaunce is
ſomewhat paſſid.
God forbede it els! quod ſhe, but it were ſomwhat
I myght nat lyve els, thowe wotiſt, and it ſhuld long
endure:
Now bleſſid be God of mendemente of hele and eke
of cure!

Quod she Pardoner tho anoon, and toke hir by the
[illegible]chyne,
And seydto hir these wordis tho; Alas that love is syn!
O kynd a lovers as yee be oon, and so trew of herte,
Ser be my trewe conscience yit for yewe I smerte, 50
And shall this month hereafter, for your soden disese;
Now wele wer hym ye lovid so he coud you plese;
Iurst swere apon a book that trewe he shuld ye wesynd,
Ser he that is so yore dede is grene in yeur mynd. 54
Ye made me a sory man; I dred ye wold have stervid.
Kraunt mercy, gentil Sir, quod she, that yee unaservid:
Yes be a nobile man, iblessid must yee be:
it down; ya shul drynk. Nay I wis (quod he)
am fastyng yit, myne own hert is rote.
astyng yit, alas! quod she; therof I can gode bote.
e stert into the town and and fet a py al hote, 61
d set to fore the Pardonere; Jenken, I ween I n'ote
hat youn name I yow prey. I wis, myne own sustir,
was I enformyd of them that did me fostir.
I what is yowre? Kitt, iwis; so cleped me my dame.
Godd is blessing have thow, Kitt; now broke wel
thy name;
privylich unlasid his both eyen liddes,
okid hir in the visage paramour amyddis,
ighed there with a litil time that she it here
myghte,
in to rown and feyn this song, *Now, love, then*
mé righte. 70

Etc and be merry, quod she; why breke ye nowt your
To wait more felefhip it were but workin wafte. [faft?
Whi make ye fo dull chere? for your love nt home?
Nay, forfooth, myne own hert, it is for you aloon. 74
For me? alafs! what fey ye? that wer a fimple prey.
Trewlich yit, quod the Pardonere, it is as I yewe fey.
Ye, etith and beth mery; we wol fpeke thereof fone;
Brennyd cat dredith feir: it is mery to be aloon;
For by our Lady Mary, that bare Jefus on hir arm,
I coud nevir love yit but it did me harm, 80
For evir my manere hath be to love ovir much. [fuch!
Now Crift's bleffing, quod the Pardonere, go with al
Lo! how the clowdis worchyn ech man to mete his
For trewly, gentil Criftian, I ufe the fame tach, [much
And have ydo many a yer: I may it nat forbere, 85
For *Kynd wolle have his cours* though men the contrary
fwere:
And therewith he ftert up fmertly and caft down a
grote.
What fhal this do, gentil Sir? Nay, Sir, for my cote
I n'old ye payd a peny her and fo fone pas.
The Pardoner fwore his grett othe he wold pay no las.
I wis, Sir, it is ovir do, but fith it is yowr will 91
I woll putt it in my purfe left yee it take in ill
To refufe your curtefy: and therwith fhe gan to bowe.
Now trewly, quod the Pardoner, yeur maners been
to lowe,
For had ye countid ftreytly, and nothing left behind,
I might have wele ydemed that ye be unkind, 96

And eke vntrewe of hert, and ſooner me forgete,
But ye lift be my treſores, for we ſhall offter mete.
Now certen, quod the Tapſter, ye have a rede ful even,
As wold to God ye couth as wele vndo my ſweven
That I my ſelf did mete this nyght that is ypaſſid,
How I was in a chirch when it was all ymaſſid,
And was in my devocioune tyl ſervice was al doon,
Tyl the preeſt and the clerk boyſtly bad me goon,
And put me out of the chirch with an egir mode.
Now Seynt Daniel, quod the Pardonere, your ſwevyn
turn to gode,
And I woll halſow it to the beſt, have it in yeur mynd,
For comynly of theſe ſwevynge the contrary men ſhul
Ye have be a lover glad, and litil joy yhad; [fynd.
Plick up a luſty hert, and be mery and glad,
For ye ſhul have an huſbond that ſhall yewe wed to
That ſhal love yewe as hertly as his own lyve. [wyve,
The preeſt that put yew out of chirch ſhall lede you
in ageyne,
And helpe to yeur mariage with al his might and main.
This is the ſweven al and ſom Kit; how likith the?
Be my trowth wondir wele, bleſſid mut thowe be!
Then toke he leve at that tyme, tyll he com eftſone,
And went to his feleſhip (as it was to doon) [tere,
Thoughe it be no grete holynes to prech this ilk ma-
And that ſom liſt to her it, yit, Sirs, ner the latter
Endurith for a while and ſuffrith them that woll, [pull
And ye ſhull her how the Tapſter made the Pardoner

Garlik all the longe nyghte til it was ner end day;
For the more chere she made of love the falser was
her lay: 124
But litil charge gaff she therof, tho she acquicht is while,
For ethir is thought and tane was othir to begile,
As ye shul here hereaftir, when tyme comith and spase
To meve such matere.—But now a litil space.
I wol retorne me agayn to the company, 129
The Knyghte and al the felefship, and nothing fine to ly.
Whan they were al yloggit, as skil, wold and reson,
Everich aftir his degre, to chirch then was sesson
To pas and to wend to make their offringis,
Righte as their devocioune was, of silver broch and
Then at chinch dore the curtesy gan to ryse. [ryngis;
Tyl the Knyghtis of gentilnes that knewe right wele
the guyse; 136
Put forth the prelatis, the Parson, and his fere,
A Monk that took the spryngill with a manly chere,
And did as the manere is, moilid al their patis
Everich aftir othir, righte as they were of statis: 140
The Frer feynyd fetously the spryngill for to hold
To spryng oppon the remnaunt, that for his cope he
n'old.
Have last that occupacioune in that holy place,
So longid his holy conscience to se the Nonn's face.
The Knyght went with his compers toward the holy
shryne 145
To do that they wer com for, and aftir for to dyne:

le berith a balſtaff, quod the toon, and els a rakid end;
'how faileſt, quod the Miller, thow haſt nat wel thy
mynd; 154
t is a ſpere, yf thow canſt ſe, with a prik tofore, [bore:
'o puſh a down his enmy, and through the ſhoulder
'eſe, quod the Hooſt of Southwork; let ſtond the wyn-
dow glaſid;
loith up and doith your offerynge; ye ſemith half
amaſid:
ith ye be in company of honeſt meh and good 159
Vorchith ſomwhat aftir them, and let the kynd of
'as for a tyme; I hold it for the beſt, [brode
'or who doith aftir company may live the bet in reſt.
Then paſſid they forth boyſtly goglingwith their hedis,
nelid adown to fore the ihrine, and hertlich their bedis
'hey preyd to Seint Thomas in ſuch wyſe as they
couth; 165
ınd ſith the holy relikes ech man with his mowith
iſſid, as a goodly monk the names told and taught,
ınd ſith to othir places of holynes they raught,
ınd wer in their devocioune tyl ſervice wer al doon,
ınd ſith they drowgh to dynerward as it drew to noon,

Then, as manere and cuſtom is, ſignes there they bought,
For men of contre ſhuld know whome they had fought.
Eche man ſet his ſilver in ſuch thing as they likid,
And in the meen while the Miller had ypikid
His boſom ful of ſignys of Caunterbury brochis,
Though the Pardoner and he pryvely in hir ponchis
They put them afterwards, that noon of them it wiſt,
Save the Sompner ſeid ſomwhat, and ſeyd to he liſt
Halff part, quod he, prively rownyng on their ere;
Huſht! pees, quod the Miller, ſeiſt thou nat the Frere,
How he lowrith undir his hood with a doggiſh eye?
Hit ſhuld be a privy thing that he coud nat eſpy;
Of every craft he can ſomwhat, our Lady give hym ſorowe!
Amen, tho quod the Sompner, on eve and eke on morowe:
So curſid a Tale he told of me the devill of hell hym ſpede,
And me, but yf I pay him wele and quyte wele his mede.
Yf it hap homward that ech man tell his Tale,
As we did hiderward, though we ſhuld ſet at ſale
All the ſhrewdnes that I can, I woll hym nothing ſpare,
That I n'ol touch his takerd ſomwhat of his care.
They ſet their ſignys upon their hedes, and ſom opon their capp,
And ſith to the dynerward they gan for to ſtapp.
Every man in his degre wiſh and toke his ſete,
As they wer wont to doon at ſoper and at mete,

And wer in ſilence for a tyme tyl good ale gan ariſe,
And then, as nature axith, as theſe old wife
Knowen wele, when veynys been ſomwhat replete,
The ſpirits wol there, and alſo metis ſweete
Cauſen ofte mysthis for to be ymevid,
And eke it was no tyme tho for to be ygrevid:
Every man in his wyſe made hertly chere,
Telling his ſclowe of ſportys and of chere,
And of othir mirthis that fellyn by the wey,
As custom is of pylgryms, and hath been many a dey.
The Hooſt leid to his ere, of Southwerke as ye knowe,
And thenkid al the company both high and lowe,
So wele kepeing the covenaunt in Southwerk that was made,
That every man ſhuld by the wey with a Tale glade
All the whole company in ſhorting of the wey;
And al is wele performed: but than now thus I ſey,
That we muſt ſo homeward ech man tel anothir.
Thus we wer accordit, and I ſhuld be a rathir
To ſet yewe in governaunce by right ful jugement.
Trewly Hooſt, quod the Frer, that was all our aſſent,
With a litil more that I ſhall ſey therto:
Yee graunted of yeur curteſy that we ſhuld alſo
All the hole company ſope with yewe at nyght:
Thus I trow that it was; what ſey you, Sir Knyght?
It ſhal nat nede, quod the Hooſt, to axe no witnes;
Your record is good I nowe; and of yeur gentilnes
Yit I prey yew efft ageyn; for by Seynt Thomas ſhryne
And ye woll hold covenaunt I woll hold myne.

Now trewly Hooſt, quod the Knyght, ye have right
wel ſpeyd;
And as towching my perſone I hold me payde;
And ſo I trowe that al doith: Sirs, what ſey yee?
The Monk and eke the Marchaunte and al feid Ye.
Then al this aftir-mete, I hold it for the beſt,
To ſport and pley us, quod the Hooſt, echeman as hym
And go by tyme to ſoper and to bed alſo,
So mowe we erly ryſen our jorney for to do.
The Knight aroſe therwithal, and caſt on a freſher
And his ſone anothir, to walk in the town,
And ſo did all the remnaunt that wer of that aray.
That had their chaungis with them, they made them
freſh and gay,
Sortid them togidir, right as their luſtis lay,
As they were more uſid travelling by the way.
The Knyght with his meyne went to ſe the walle
And the wards of the town, as to a knyght befall,
Deviſing ententiflich the ſtrengthis al about,
And apointid to his ſone the perell and the dout
For ſhot of arblaſt and of bowe, and eke for ſhot of
gonne,
Unto the wardis of the town, and how it might be
And al defence ther ageyn aftir his intent
He declarid compendiouſly, and al that evir he ment
He ſone perſeyvid every poynt, as he was full abil.
To armes and to travaile and perſone covenabill
He was of all factur aftir fourm of kynd,
And for to deme his governaunce it ſemed that his

Was much in his lady that he lovid beſt, [reſt.
That made hym oft to wake when he ſhuld have his
The Clerk that was of Oxenforth onto the Sompnore
feyd; 251
Me ſemeth of grete clerge that thow art amayde,
For thou putteſt on the Frer in maner of repreff,
That he knoweth falſhede, vice, and eke a theff;
And I it hold vertuouſe and right commendabill 255
To have very knowlech of things reprovabill;
For who ſo may eſchew it, and let it pas by,
And els he myght fall theron unward and ſodenly.
And thoughe the Frer told a Tale of a Sompnour,
Thow oughtiſt for to take it for no diſhonour, 260
For of al craftis and of eche degre
They be not al perfite, but ſom nyce be.
Lo! what is worthy, ſeyd the Knight, for to be a clerk;
To ſommon among us them this mocioune was ful
I comend his wittis and eke his clerge, [derke:
For of ether parte he ſaveth honeſte. 266
The Monk toke the Parſone then and the grey Frer,
And preyd them for curteſy for to go in fere:
I have ther acquaintaunce that al this yeris thre
Hath preyd hym by his lettris that I hym wold ſe;
And ye my brothir in habit and in poſſeſſioune, 271
And now I am here methinketh it is to doon,
To preve it in dede what chere he wold me make,
And to yew my frende alſo for my ſake.

They went forth togidir ta
But woot ye wele in certe
watere
To drynk at that tyme, wh
For of the beſt that myght
mery chere,
They had, it is no doubte;
Went round about the gaſſe
The Wyfe of Bath was ſo we
She toke the Priores by th
Pryvely into the garden to f
And aftir with our hoſt is v
I wol gyve yewe the wyne
For tyl we go to ſoper we h
The Priores, as woman t
hend,
Aſſentid to hir counſel, an
Paſſyng forth ſofftly into t
For many a herb grewe fo
And all the aleys feir, and p
The ſavige and the iſope y
And othir beddis by and by
For comers to the hooſte rig
The Marchaunt and the M
And the Clerk of Oxenfort
meve,
And al the othir meyne, an
Save the Pardoner, that pr

Sauf his owne hed the tapstere was fair;
For nothing wold he leve
To make his covenaunte in certeyn that same eve;
He wold be loggid with hir, that was his hole entencioune.
But hap and eke Fortune, and all the constellacioune,
Was clere hym ageyns, as ye shul after here;
For hym hadd better be yloggid al nyght in a myere
Than he was the same nyght or the sun was up;
For such was his fortune he drank without the cupp;
But thense swift he no delay; ne *No man of us alle*
May kno that [illegible] *to knowe what shal befall.*
He stappid into the tapstry wondir pryvely,
And fond his lig[illegible] lirylong with half flopy eye,
Pourid fellich undir hir hood, and sawe al his comyng,
And lay ay still, no naught she knewe, but feynid hir
slepyng.
He put his hond to hir brest, Awake, quod he, awake.
A, *benedicite!* Sir, who wil yew her? out tho I myght
Prisoner, quod the Tapstere, being al aloon; [he take
And therwith breyd up in a frite, and began to groon.
Now sith ye be my prisoner yeld yew now, quod he.
I must nedis, quod she, I may nothyng fle;
And eke I have no strengith, and im but yong of age,
And also *It is no maistry to each a mouse in a cage*
That may no where fert out, but clepid wondir fast;
And eke, Sir, I tell yew though I had grete hast
Ye shuld have coughed when ye com. Wher lern you
curtesy?
Now trewlich I must chide, for of right pryvety

They went forth togidir talking of holy matere,
But woot ye wele in certeyn they had no mind on watere
To drynk at that tyme, when they wer met in fere,
For of the beſt that myght be founde, and therewith mery chere,
They had, it is no doubte; for ſpycys and eke wine
Went round about the gaſtoyn and eke the ruyne.
The Wyfe of Bath was ſo wery ſhe had no wyl to walk,
She toke the Priores by the honde; Madam, wol ye
Pryvely into the garden to ſe the herbis growe, [ſtalk
And aftir with our hoſt is wife in hir parlour rowe?
I wol gyve yewe the wyne and ye ſhul me alſo,
For tyl we go to ſoper we have naughs ellis to do.
The Priores, as woman taught of gentil blood and hend,
Aſſentid to hir counſel, and forth gon they wend,
Paſſyng forth ſoftly into the herbery,
For many a herb grewe for ſewe and ſurgery,
And all the aleys ſeir, and parid, and raylid, and ymakid,
The ſavige and the iſope yfrethid and yſtakid,
And othir beddis by and by freſh ydight,
For comers to the hooſte right a ſportful ſight.
The Marchaunt and the Mancipill, the Miller and the Reve,
And the Clerk of Oxenforth, to townward gan they meve,
And al the othir meyne, and laſt noon at home
Save the Pardoner, that pryvelich when al they wer gon

Stalkid into the tapstey ys for nothing wold he leve
To make his bargeyn in certeyn that same eve;
He wold be liggid with hir, that was his hole entencioune
But hap and eke Fortune, and all the constellacioune,
Wer there hym to gayn, as ye shul after here;
How hym had better be yliggit al nyght in a myere
Than he was the same nyght or the sun was up;
For such was his fortune he drank without the cupp;
But thereof wist he no delay; ne *No man of us alle*
May hem withstande, that ligh comyng to know what shal befall.
He stapped into the tapstey wondir prively,
And sone his liggyng liry long with half flopy eye,
Pourid fellich under hir hood, and saw al his comyng,
And by my fith, no naught she knewe, but feynid hir slepyng.
He put his hond to hir breste, Awake, quod he, awake.
A, *benedicite!* Sir, who with yew her? out tho I myght
Prisoner, quod the Tapstere, being al aloon; I be take
And therwith breyd up in a frite, and began to groon.
Now sith ye be my prisoner yeld yew now, quod he.
I must nedis, quod she, I may nothyng fle;
And eke I have no strengith, and am but yong of age,
And also *It is no mastry to each a mouse in a cage*
That may no where fert out, but closid wondir fast;
And eke, Sir, I tell yew though I had grete hast
Ye shuld have coughed when ye com. Wher lern you curtesy?
Now trewlich I must chide, for of right pryvety

Women ben ſom tyme of day when they be aloon.
Wher coud I yew prey when ye com cſtſone? 336
Nowe mercy, dere ſwetyng! I wol do ſo no more;
I thank you an hundrit ſithis; and alſo by your lore
I wol do hereaftir in what plaſe that I com:
But lovers, Kitt, ben evil avyſid full oft, and to lomy
Wherfor I prey you hertlich hold me excuſed, 340
And I behote yew trewly it ſhall no more be uſid.
But now to our purpoſe: how have ye fare
Sith I was wyth you laſt? that is my moſt care:
For yf yee eylid eny thing othir wiſe then good 344
Trewly it wold chaunge my chere and my blood.
I have farid the wers for yewe, quod Kitt: do ye nat
God that is above? and eke ye had no nede [dredt
For to congir me, God woot, wyth your aygromancy,
That have no more to vaunte me but oonly my body,
And yf it were diſteynid then wer I ondo: 348
I wis I trowe, Jenkyn, ye be nat to truſt to;
For evir more ye clerkis con ſo much in book
Yee wol wynn a woman at firſt look
Thought the Pardonere, this goth wele, and made his
beter chere, 345
And axid of hir ſoftly, Lowe! who ſhall ligg here
This nyght that is to comyng? I prey yewe tell me.
Iwis it is grete nede to tell yewe, quod ſhe:
Make it nat overqueynt though you be a clerk;
Ye knowe wele inough iwis by loke, by word, by
work. 350

Shal I com than, Chriſtian, and feſe awey the cat?
Shal ye com? *per benedicite!* what queſtion is that?
Wherfor I prey you hertly to be my counſail;
Comyth ſomwhat late, and for nothing faill;
The dorr ſhall ſtond thar up; put it from yew ſoft,
But be wele avyſid ye wake nat them on lofft.
Care ye nat, quod Jenkin, I can theron at beſt;
Shal no man for my ſtepyng be wakid of his reſt.
Anoon they dronk the beverage, and wer of oon accord,
As it ſemed by their chere and alſo by their word:
And al a ſtaunce ſhe lovid hym wele, ſhe toke hym by the ſwere,
As though he had lernyd cury favel of ſom old frere.
The Pardoner plukkid out of his purs ſtrow the dowry,
And toke it Kitt in hir hond, and bad her pryvely
To orden a rere ſopor for them both to,
A cawdell ymade with ſwete wyne and with ſugir alſo,
For trewly I have no talent to ete in yeur abſence,
So longith my hert toward yew to be in yewr preſence.
He toke his leve, and went his wey as though nothing
And met wyth al the felſhip; but in what plaſe ne wher
He ſpake no word therof, but held hym cloſe and ſtyll,
As he that hopid ſikirlich to have had al his wyll,
And thought many a mery thought by hymſelf aloon:
I am a loggit, thought he beſt, how ſo evir it goon;

And thoughe it have coſtid me, yit wol I do my peyn
For to pike hir purs to nyghte and win my coſt ageyn.
Now leve I the Pardonere tyll that it be eve,
And wol returne me ageyn rightе ther as I did leve.
Whan al wer com togidere in their herbergage
The Hoſt of Southwork, as ye knowe, that had no ſpice of rage,
But al thing wrought prudenciall, as ſobir man and wiſe;
Now wol we to the ſoup, Sir Knyght, ſeith yeur avyſe,
Quod the Hooſt ful curteyſly, and in the ſame wiſe.
The Knyght anſwer'd him ageyn, Sir as ye devyſe
I muſt obey, ye woot wele; but yf I faill wytt
Then takith theſe prelatis to yewe, and waſhith and go ſit;
For I woll be yewr Marchall and ſerve yewe, ech one,
And then the officers and hto ſoper ſhall we gone.
They wiſh, and ſett right as he bad, eche man wyth his fere,
And begonne to talk of ſportis and of chere
That they had the aftir-mete whiles they wer out,
For othir occupacioune tyll they wer ſervid about
They had nat at that tyme, but every man kitt a leff;
But the Pardoner kept hym cloſe, and told nothing of
The myrth and hope that he had, but kept it for hymſelf;
And thoughe he did it is no fors, for he had nede to
Long or it wer mydnyght, as ye ſhul her ſone,
For he met with his love in crokeing of the moon.

They wer yſervyd honeſtly, and eche man held hym payde,
For of o manere of ſervice their ſoper was araide,
As ſkill wold and reſon, ſith the leſt of all
Payid ylike much, for growing of the gall: [ſtreight,
But yit as curteſy axith, though it wer ſom dele
The ſtatis that wer above had of the feyreſt endreyte;
Wherfor they did their gentilnes ageyn to all the rout,
They dronken wyne at their coſt onys round about.
Now paſs I lightly ovir. When they ſoupid had
Tho that were of governaunce, as wyſe men and ſad,
Went to their reſt, and made no more to doon,
But Miller and the Coke dronken by the moon
Twyes to eche othir in the repenyng;
And when the Pardoner them eſpy'd anoon he gan to *Doubill me this bourden*, chokelyng in his throte, [ſing
For the Tapſter ſhuld here of his mery note:
He clepid to hym the Sompnour, that was his own diſ-
The Yeman and the Reve, and the Mancipill, [cipill,
And ſtoden ſo holowyng; for nothing wold they leve
Tyl the tyme that it was well within eve.
The Hooſt of Southwork herd them wele, and the Marchaunt both,
As they wer at a countis, and wexen ſomewhat wroth,
But yet they preyd them curteyſly to reſt for to wend,
And ſo they did all the rout; they dronk and made an end.

And eche man droughe to *eaſy* to ſlepe and take his reſt
Save the [illegible]rdoner, that drew apart, and weytid bya
For to hi[illegible] hymſelf tyl the candill wer out: [cheſte
And in th[illegible]meen while, have ye no doute,
The Tapſter[illegible]lir paramour, and the hoſteler of the houſe,
Sitt togidir pryvelich, and of the beſt gouſe
That was yfound in town and yſet at ſale
They had there of ſufficiaunt, and dronk but litill ale;
And ſit and ete the cawdell for the Pardoner that was made, [bade:
With ſugir and with ſwete wyne, right as hymſelf
So he that payd for all in feer had not a twynt,
For oftt is more better ymerkid then ymynt:
And ſo farid he ful right as ye have yherd,
But *Who is that a woman cowd not make his berd*,
And ſhe wer therahout, and ſet hir wytt therto?
Ye woot wele I ly nat, and wher I do or no
I wol nat here termyn it, leſt ladies ſtond in plaſe
Or els gentil women, for leſing of my grace
Of daliaunce and of ſportis and of goodly chere;
Therfor anenſt their eſtatis I wol in no manere
Deme ne determyn, but of lewd kitts,
As tapſters, and othir ſuch that hath wyly wytts,
To pike mennys purſis, and eke to bler their eye;
So wele they make ſeme ſoth when they falſeſt by.
Now of Kitt Tapſter, and of hir paramour,
And the hoſteler of the houſe, that ſit in Kittis bour,

When they hadete and dronk right in the ſame plaſe,
Kit began to rendir out all thing as it was;
The wowing of the Pardoner, and his coſt alſo,
And how he hopid for to lygg al nyght wyth hir alſo;
But therof he ſhall be fikir as of God is cope; [ſclope
And ſodeynly kiſſid her paramour, and ſeyd, We ſhul
To gidir hul by hul, as we have many a nyght,
And yf he com and make noyſe, I prey yewe dub hym
. . . . Knyght.
Yes, Dame, quod his paramour, be thou not agaſt;
This is his own ſtaff thou ſeyſt, therof he ſhall ataſt.
Now trewly, quod the hoſteler, and he com by my lot
He ſhall drink for Kittis love wythout cup or pot;
And he be ſo hardy to wake eny giſt [miſt;
I make a vowe to the peebok there ſhal wake a foul
And aroſe up therewithal and toke his leve anoon:
It was a ſhrewid company, they had ſervid ſo many
oon.
With ſuch manere of feleſhip ne kepe I never to dele,
Ne no man that lovith his worſhip and his hele.
Quod Kitt to hir paramour, Ye muſt wake a whyle,
For trewlich I am fikir that within this myle
The Pardoner wol be comyng, his hete to aſwage,
But loke ye pay hym redelich to kele his corage;
And therfor, love, diſchance yewe not tyll this chek
No, for God, Kitt, that wol I no. [be do.
Then Kitt went to bed, and blewe out all the light,
And by that tyme it was nor hond quarter nyght.

Whan all was ſtill the Pardoner gan to walk,
As glad as eny goldfynch that he herd no man talk,
And drowghe to Kittis dorward to herken and to liſt,
And went to have fond the dor up; but the haſp and
Held hym out a whils, and the lok alſo; [eke the twiſt
Yit trowid he no gile, but went ner to,
And ſcrapid the dorr welplich, and wynyd wyth his
Aftir a doggis lyden, as nere as he couith. [mowith
Awey, dog, with evill deth! quod he that was within,
And made hym all redy the dorr to unpin.
A! thought the Pardoner, tho I trow my herd be made;
The Tapſter hath a paramour, and hath made them
glade
With the cawdell that I ordeyned for me, as I gheſs;
Now the devill hir ſpede, ſuch oon as ſhe is. [rowe;
She ſeid I had ycongerid hir; our Lady gyve hir ſo-
Now wold to God ſhe wer in ſtokis tyl I ſhuld hir
borowe,
For ſhe is the falſeſt that evir yit I knewe; [trewe.
To pik the mony out of my purs, Lord! ſhe made hir
And therewyth he caught a cardiakill and a cold ſot,
For who have love longing, and is of corage hote,
He hath ful many a myry thought tofore his delyte;
And right ſo had the Pardoner, and was in evil plight;
For fayling of his purpoſe he was nothing in eſe,
Wherfor he fill ſodenlich into a wood reſe,
Entryng wondir faſt into a frenſy
For pur very angir and for jelouſy;

For when he herd a man within he was almoſt wood,
And becauſe the coſt was his no marvel tho the moud
Wer turned into vengaunce, yf it myght be:
But this was the myſchief; all ſo ſtrong as he
Was he that was within, and lighter man alſo,
As provid wele the bataile betwene them both to.
The Pardonere ſcrapid efft ageyn; for nothyng wold he blyn,
So feyn he wold have herd more of hym that was within.
What dog is that? quod the paramour; Kit, woſt thou
Have God my trowith, quod ſhe, it is the Pardonere.
The Pardoner, with myſcheff! God gyve hym evil
Sir, ſhe ſeid, by my trowith he is the ſame theff. proff!
Therof thou lieſt, quod the Pardoner, and might nat long forbere.
A thy fals body! quod he; the devil of hell the tere!
For by my trowith a falſher ſawe I nevir noon,
And nempnid hir namys many mo then oon,
Though to rech hir wer noon honeſte
Among men of good worſhip and degre.
But, ſhortly to conclude; when he had chid inowe
He axid his ſtaff ſpitouſlich, with wordis ſharp and rowe.
Go to bed, quod he within; no more noyſe thow make;
Thy ſtaff ſhal be redy to morowe I undertake.
In ſoth, quod he, I wol nat fro the dorr wend
Tyl I have my ſtaff. Thow bribour, then have the *todir end,*

that was within; and leyd it on his ba
the same plase as chapmen berith thei
e did to mo, as he coud a rede,
g aftir with the staff in lengith and
And loud hym whyle redlich inoughe [b
With the staffys thu nigh upon the browe.
The hosteler ley oppon his bed and herd of this
And stert hym up lightlich, and thought he wol
He toke a staff in his hond, and highed wondir
Tyl he wer with the felefhip that shuld nevir th
What be yee? quod the hosteler; and knew then
wele.
Hyust! pese, quod the paramour: Jak; thow m
Ther is a theff, I tell the, within this hall dorr.
A theff! quod Jak; this is is a nobill chere
That thou hym hast yfound, yf wee hym myght
Yis, yis, care the nought; with hym we shul m
Wele inowe or he be go, yf so we had lighte,
For we to be strong inowe with o man for to fi
The devil of hell, quod Jak, breke this thew'is be
The key of the kitchen, as ie wer for the nonys,
Is above with our dame; and she hath such usage
And she be wake of her slepe, she fallith in such s
That al the weke aftir there may no man hir pl
So she sterith aboute this house in a wood rese.
But now I am avisid bet how we shul have lyte
I have too gistis within that this same nyght
Sopid in the halle, and had a litill feir:
Go up, quod Jak, and leke, and in the asshis pi

And I wol kepe the dorr; he shall not stert out:
Say, for God that wol I nat, left I each a clout, 554
Did the todir to Jak, for thou knowist bettir then I
All the estris of this house; go up thyself and spy.
Say, for seth, quod Jak, that were grete unrighte
Aventur oppon a man that with hym did not fighte: 558
Ishens thou hast hym bete and with thy staff ypilt,
Ne thinkith it wer no reson that I shuld bere the gilt;
Or by the blysyng of the cole he myght se myne hede,
And lightly lene me such a stroke my hond to be dede.
Then wol we do by common assent sech hym al about; 562
Who that metith hym first pay him on the snout; 564
Or me thought therd hym here last among the pannys.
Nay, thou the todir side, but warn the watir cannys,
And if he be herein ryght sone we shull hym synde,
And we to be strong inowghe oppon theffe for to bynde.
Ha ha, thought the Pardoner, beth the pannys aryne 570
And drowghe oppon that sidt; and thought oppon a gynne;
So at last he fond oon, and set it on his hede,
For as the case was fall ther to he had grete nede:
But yit he graspit ferthirmore to have somwhat in
And fond a grete ladill right as he was gonde, honde,
And thought for to sterte out betwene them both to woo, 576
And waytid wele the paramour that had doon hym
And set him with the ladill on the grafcill on the nose,
That all the week after he had such a pose,

That both his eyin waterid eylich by the morowid,
But the that was the cauſe of it had ther of no ſorowe.
But now to the Pardoner. As he wold ſtrat awey
The hoſteler met with hym, but nothyng to his pay.
The Pardoner ran ſo ſwith the pan fill him fro,
And Jak hoſteler after hym as blyve as he myght go,
And ſtapid oppon a brondeal unware,
That hym had bin beter to have goon more ſlowe,
For the egg of the pann met with his ſhynne,
And kaſſ aboo a veyn and the next fyn:
But whils that it was grene he thought litil on,
But when the greneneſs was apaſt the greff ſat ner the
Yit Jak leyd to his hond to grope wher it ſate,
And when he fond he was yhurt the Pardoner he
gan to threte,
And ſwore by Seynt Amyas that he ſhuld abigg it
With ſtroks hard and ſore even oppon the riggi
Yf he hym myght fynd he nothyng wold hym ſpare.
That herd the Pardoner wele, and held hym bettir a
And thought that he had ſtroks ryght inough, ſquare,
Wyrnes on his armys, his bak, and his browe.
Jak then. quod the paramour, where is the theff ago?
In'ote, quod tho Jak; right now he lept me fro,
That Criſt his curs go with hym, for I have harm and
ſpite:
Be my trowith and I alſo and he goith nat al quyte:
But and we myght hym fynd we wold aray hym ſo
That he ſhuld have legg ne foot to morowe on to go

But how shall we hym fynde? the moon is adown, 605
(As grace wil for the Pardoner) and eke when they did roun
He herd them evir wele inowe, and went the more asyde,
And drew him evir bakward, and let the strokis glide.
Jak, quod the paramour, I hold it for the best,
Sith the moon is down, for to go to rest, 610
And make the gatis fast; he may not then astert,
And eke of his own staff he berith a redy mark,
Wherbythou mayest him knowe among all the route,
And thou ber a redy ey, and weyt wele aboute
To morowe when they shal wend; this is the best rede:
Jak, what seyst thou therto? is this wele yseyd? 616
Thy wit is clere, quod Jak; thy wit mut nedis stond.
He made the gatis fast; ther is no more to doon.
The Pardoner stode aside, his chekis ron and bled,
And was ryght evil at ese al nyght in his hede: 620
He must of force lige lyke a colyn swerd,
Yit it mistid him wondir sore for making of his berd;
He payd at full ther'fore through a womans art
For wyne and eke for cawdill, and had ther'of no part:
He ther'for preyd Seynt Juliane, as ye mowe onderstonde, 625
That the devilt her shulde spede on watir and on londe,
So to disseive a travellyng man of his herbergage,
And could not els save curs his angir to aswage;

And was diſtract of his wit, and in grete deſpayr,
For aftir his hete he caught a cold through the nyght'is eyr,
That he was ner aſoundit, and coud none othir help:
But as he ſought his loggyng he happid oppon a whelp
That ley undir a ſteyir, a grete Walſh dog,
That bare about his neck a grete huge clog;
Becauſe that he was ſpetouſe, and wold ſone bite,
The clog was hongit about his nek, for men ſhuld nat wite
Nothyng the dogg'is maiſter yf he did eny harm,
Só for to excuſe them both it was a wyly charm.
The Pardoner wold have loggit hym ther, and lay ſomwhat nigh,
The warrok was awakid and caught hym by the thigh,
And bote hym wondir ſpetouſly, defending wele his couch,
That the Pardoner myght nat ne hym nether touch,
But held hym a ſquare by that othir ſide,
As holſom was at that tyme for tereing of his hyde:
He coud noon othir help, but leyd adown his hede
In the dogg'is littir, and wiſhid aſtir brede
Many a time and offt, the dog for to pleſe,
To have yle ymore nere for his own eſe:
But wiſh what he wold his fortune feyd Ney;
So trewly for the Pardoner it was a diſmal dey.
The dog ley evir grownyng, redy for to ſnache,
Wher'for the Pardoner durſt nat with hym mache,

But ley as still as ony stone, remembrynge his foly,
That he wold truste a Tapster of a common hostry;
For commonly for the moste part they ben wyly echon.
But now to abbe the company a morrow whan they
shuld goo 656
Was noon of all the felefhip half so fone ydight
As was the gentil Pardoner; for al tyme of the nyght
He was aredy in his array, and had nothing to doon
Saffe shake alite his eris, and trus and be goone. 660
Yet or he cam in company he wisshe away the blood,
And bond the sorys to his hede with the typet of his
hood,
And made lightsom chere, for men shuld nat spy
Nothyng of his turment ne of his luxury;
And the hostelere of the house, for nothyng he coud pry,
He coud nat knowe the Pardoner among the company
A morrowe when they shuld wend, for ought that they
coud pouit, 667
So wyfely wont the Pardoner out of the dogg'is bour,
And blynched from the hostelere, and turned off about,
And euermore behold hym amyd ward of the rout, 670
And was ever fyngyng to make al thyng good;
But yit his notis were som what low for aking of his
So at this tyme he had no more grame, [hede:
But held hym to his happynes to scape shame. 674
The Knyght and al the felefhip forward gon they
Paffyng forth merely to the town'ys end; [wend,
And by that tyme they wer ther the day began to rype,
And the son merely upward gan he pike,

Pleying undir the egge of the firmament.
Now, quod the Hooſt of Southwork, and to the ſele-
Who ſawe evir ſo feyr or ſo glad a day, [ſhip bent,
And how ſote this ſeſon is entring into May? [nyng,
The thruſtelis and the thruſshis, in this glad mor-
The ruddok and the goldfynch; but the nyghtyngale
His amerous notis ſo how he twynyth ſmall! [thing
Lo how the trees grenyth that nakid wer, and no-
Bare this month afore but their ſommer clothing!
Lo how Nature makith for them evirichone!
And as many as ther be he forgettith noone!
Lo how the ſeſon of the yere and Averell ſhouris
Doith the buſshis burgyn out bloſſoms and flouris!
Lo the pryme roſis how freſh they ben to ſene!
And many othir flouris among the graſis grene
Lo how they ſpryng, and ſprede, and of divers hue!
Beholdith, and feith both rede, white, and blue!
That luſty bin and comfortabill for mann'ys ſight!
For I ſey for my ſelf it makith my hert to light.
Now ſith Almighty Soveryn hath ſent ſo feir a dey
I et ſe now, as covenant is, in ſhorting of the wey,
Who ſhall be the firſt that ſhall unlace his male
In comfort of us al, and gyn ſome mery Tale;
For and we ſhuld now begyn to draw lot
Peraventure it myght fal ther it ought not,
On ſom unluſty perſone that wer not wele awakid,
Or ſemybouſy ovyr eve, and had yſong and crakid

[redacted]

mwhat ovir much: how ſhuld he than do? 706
ir *Who ſhuld tell a Tale but he myſt have good wyll therto.*
nd elſe fare their lyſyng beth glewid and ybound
their tongis, yhe have fulfyng beth nothyng jo-
cundly.
d ſom in the morning their mouthis beth adoun;
ll that they be chalengyd their wordis woll not ſoun.
thys is my concluſioune and my laſt knot,
wer goode gentilmen to tell without lot.
the rood of Bromholme, quod the Marchant tho,
for as I have ſailed, riden and ygo, 715
we I nevir mor yet toforn this ilk day
wele cond rele a company as our Hoſt, in fay;
s wordis ben ſo conſortabill, and comyth ſo in ſe-
at my wit is ovircome to make eny reſon [ſon,
ntrary to his counſaill at myn ymaginacioune, 720
ker for I woll tell a Tale to your conſolacioune,
enſampill ſo yowe that whon that I have do
nothir be right redy them for to tell, ryght ſo
fulfyll our Hoſt's wyll and his ordinaunce. 724
ere ſhall no fawte be found in me: gode wyl ſhal be
ththis I be excuſid of my rudines, [my chaunce:
ho' I cannot peynt my Tale, but tell it as it is,
pyng ovir no ſentence, as ferforth as I may,
t tell yewe the yolke and put the white away. 729

THE MERCH. SECOND TALE;

OR, THE HISTORY OF BRAYN.

Whilom yeris paſſid in the old dawis
When rightfullich by reſon governyd wer the lawis,
And pryncipally in the cete of Rome, that was ſo rich,
And worthieſt in his dayes, and moost to hym ilich
Of worſhip ne of wele, ne of governaunce,
For alle londis chriſtened ther'of had deſtaunce,
And all othir nationns, of what feith they were,
Whils the Emperour was hole, and in his paleys there
I mainteyned in honour; and in Pop'is ſe
Rome was then obeied of all Criſtiante.
But it farith ther'by as it doith by othir thingis;
For though nethir cete, regioune, ne kyngis,
Beth nat nowe ſo worthy as wer by old tyme,
As we fynd in romaunces, in geſtis, and in ryme,
For *All things doith waſt, and the mann'ys lyff*
Ys more ſhorter then it was; and our wittis fyve
Mowe nat comprehende now in our dietes
As ſom tyme myght theſe old wiſe poetes.
But ſith that terrene things ben nat perdurabill,
No mervaile is though Rome be ſomwhat variabill
Fro honour and fro wele ſith his frendis paſſid;
As many anothir town is payrid and ylaſſid
Within theſe few yeris, as we mowe ſe at eye;
Lo! Sirs, here faſt by Wynchelſe and Ry.

But yit the name is evir oon of Rome as it was
groundit
After *Remus & Romulus*, that firſt that cete foundit,
That brethren weren both to, as old bokis writen;
But of ther lef and governaunce I wol natnow enditen,
But of othir mater that fallith to my mynd;
Wher'for, gentill Sirs, ye that beth behind
Drawith ſomwhat nere thikker to a rout,
That my wordis may ſoune to ech man about.
Aftir theſe 2 brethren Romulus and Remus
Julius Cæſar was Emperour, that rightful was of
This cete he governed nobilich wele, [*Domus.*
And conquered many a regioune, as cronicull doth
us telle;
For, ſhortly to conclude, al tho wer adverſaryes
To Rome in his dayis he made them tributaries;
So had he in ſubjectioune both frend and foon,
Of which I tell yew trewly Englond was oon.
Yit aftir Julius Cæſar, and ſith that Criſt was bore,
Rome was governed as wele as it was before,
And namelich in that tyme and in the ſame yeris
When it was governed by the Doſeperis;
As ſemeth wele by reſon, who ſo can entend,
That *O mann'ys wyt ne wyll may not comprehend*
The bouchefſ and the myſcheff, as may many bedis;
Ther'for ther operaciouns, ther domes, and ther dedes,
Were ſo egallich ydoon; for in all Criſten londis
Was noon that they ſpaid for to mend wrongis,

Then Conſtantyne the Third, after theſe Doſperis,
Was Emperour of Rome, and regnyd many yeris.
So, ſhortly to paſſ ovir, after Conſtantyn's dayis
Phūs Auguſtinus, as ſongen is in layes,
That Conſtantyn's ſon, and of plenar age,
Was Emperour ychoſe, as fill by heritage;
In whoſe tyme fikerlich the 7 Sages were
In Rome dwellyng decently; and yf yee luſt to lere
How they were yclepid, or I ferther goon
I woll tell you the names of them everichone,
And declare you the cauſe why they ther namys bere.
The firſt was ycleped Sother Logiſeer,
This is thus much for to ſey, *as man loving the lawe:*
And ſo he did trewly; for levir he had be ſclawe
Then do or ſey eny thing that ſowndyd out of reſon,
So cleen was his conſcience yſet in trowith and reſon.
Marcus Stoycus the ſecond, ſo pepill hym highte,
That is to mene in our conſtert, *a keper of the right:*
And ſo he did full trewe; for the record and the plees
He wrote them evir trewly, and took noon othir fees
But ſuch as was ordynid to take by the yere:
Now, Lord God! in Criſtendom I wold it were ſo clere.
The third Craſſus Aſulus among men clepid was,
An houſe of reſt, and eſe, and counſail, in every caſe:
For to onderſtond that was his name full right,
For evirmore the counſails he helpid wyth al his myght.
Antonius Judeus the ſerth was yclepid,
That was as much to meen, as wele me myght have cle-

As any ppofid of all the long yere, [chere,
That myght have made hym fory or chongit onys
But evirmore rejoycing, what that evir betid,
For his hert was evir mery, right as the fomer bridd.
Summus Philopater was the fifft'is name,
That thoughe men wold flee hym, or do hym al the
Angir, or diſeſe, as evil as men couthe, [ſhame,
Yet wold he love them nevir the wers in hert ne in
mowith.
His will was cleen undir his foot, and nothing hym
Ther'for he was clepid *Fathir of perfite love.* [above,
The 6 and the 7 of theſe Sevin Sages
Was Stypio and Sithero, as thes word Aſtrolages
Was firname to them both aftir their ſciences;
For of aſtronomy ſikerlich the cours and all the fences
Bothe they knowhit wele inoughe, and wer right ſotil
But now to othir purpoſe, for her I woll depart [of art.
As lightly as I can, and draw to my matere.
In that ſame tyme that theſe Sages were
Dwellyng thus in Room, a litill without the walles,
In the ſubarbis of the town, of chambris and of hallis,
And all other howſeing that to a lord belongit,
Was noon wythyn the cete, ne noon ſo wele behongit
With docers of highe pryſe, ne wallid ſo aboute,
As was a Senatours hous wythyn and eke wythoute.
Favinus was his name, a worthe man and rich;
And, for to ſey ſhortlych, in Room was noon hym lyche.
His portis and his eſtris were full evenaunte
Of treſour and of lordſhyp; alſo the moſt vailant

He was, and eke ycom of high lynage:
And at laſt he toke a wyff like to his peerage;
For *Nurture and conyng, bewte and parentyne,*
War the counsid more worth than gold or fyluir fyne.
But now it is al othir in many mann'ys thought,
For *Muk ys now ymarried and vertu ſet at nought.*
Fawnus and his worthy wyff wer to gidir aloon
Fyveteene wyntir fulliche, and iffa had they noon,
Wher'for ther joyis wer nat half perfite,
For uttirlich to have a child was al ther delite, [noar,
That myght enjoy ther heritage and weld their ho-
And eke when they were febill to their trew ſocoure.
Their faſtyng and their preyir, and all that evir they wrought,
As pilgrimage and almſded, ever they beſought
That God would of his goodnes ſom fruyte betwene them ſend:
Fro gynning of their ſpouſaill, the myddil, and the end,
This was their moſt beſynes, and all othir delites,
And eke this world'is rychis, they ſet at litil price.
So at laſt, as God wold, it fill oppon a dey,
As this lady fro chirchward went in the wey,
A child gan ſtere in her womb, as Godd'is wyl was,
Wher'of ſhe gan to mervill, and made ſhortir pas,
Wyth colourſpale and eke wanne, and full in hevynes,
For ſhe had nevir tofore that day ſuch manere ſekenes.
The wymmen that with her were gon to behold
The lady and her chere, but nothing they told,

But feir and ſoft wyth eſe homward they her led:
For her ſoden ſekenes full ſore they were adred,
For ſhe was inlich gentil, kynd and amyabill,
And eke trewe of hert, and nothyng variabill.
She lovid God above all thing, and dred ſyn and ſhame,
And Agea ſikerly was her rightfull name.
So aftir, in breff tyme, when it was purſeyvyd
That ſhe had done a womans dede, and had a child conſeyvyd,
The joy that ſhe made ther may no tung tell;
And al ſo much, or more, yf I ne ly ſhell,
Favinus made in his behalf for this glad tyding,
That I trowe I leve the emperour ne the kyng
Made no bettir cher to wyff, ne no more myrth,
Then Fawnus to Agea. And when the tyme of birth
Nyghid ner and ner, aftir cours of kynd,
Wetith wele in certen that all the wyt and mynd
Of Fawnus was continuell of feir delyveraunce
Betwene Agea and his child, and made grete ordenaunce
Ageyn the tyme it ſhuld be bore, as it was for to doon.
So as God wold whan tyme cam Agea had a ſon;
But joy that Fawnus made was dobil tho to ſore
When that he knew in certen ſhe had a ſon ybore,
And ſent anoon for nurſis four, and no leſs,
To reule this child. Afterward as yeris did pas
The child was kept ſo tenderly that it throff wel the
For what the noriſhes axit anoon it was yſett. Ther-

In his chambir it norished was; to towne it mut nat go:
Fawnus lovid it so cherely hit myght nat part hym fro.
It was so feyr a creature as myght be on lyve
Of lymys and of fetours, and growe wondir blyve.
This child that I of tell, Berinus was his name,
Was ovir much cherished, which turned hym into grame,
As yee shull here aftir, when time comyth and spase;
For *Aftir swete the soure comyth full oft in many a place*:
For as sone as he coud go and also speke
All that he set his ey on, or aftir list to beke,
Anoon he shuld it have, for no man hym wernyd.
But it had be well bettir he had be wele ylernyd
Nôriture and gentilnes, and had yhad some hey;
For it fill so aftir wyth what child he did pley
Yf the pley ne likid hym he wold breke his hede,
Or wyth a knyff hym hurt ryght nygh hond to be dede:
For ther nas knyght ne squyer in his fadirs house,
That thought his owne persone moste corajouse,
That did or seyd eny thing Berinus to displese
That he n'old spetously anoon oppon him rese;
Wher'of his fadir had joy and his modir also:
Yit it semeth to many a man it was nat wisely do.
When Beryn passid was 7 yere, and grew in more age,
He wrought ful many an evil chek; for such was his corage
That there he wist or might do eny evill dede
He wold nevir sese for ought that men him seid,
Wher'for many a pore man ful oft was agrevid;
But Fawnus and Agea ful light theron belevid:

And thoughe men wold pleyne ful ſhort it ſhuld availe,
For Fawnus was ſo myghty, and cheff of all counſaill
With Auguſtyn the Emperour, that all men hym drad,
And lete pas ovir miſchefe and harmys that they had.
Berinus ferthermore lovid wel the diſe,
And for to pley at hazard, and held ther'of grete pryſe,
And all othir gamys that loſery was in,
And evirmore he loſt, and nevir myght wyn.
Berynus at hazard many a nyght he wakid,
And oft tyme it fill ſo that he cam hom al nakid:
And that was all his joy, for right wele he knew
That Agea his modir wold cloth hym newe.
Thus Berynus lyvid, as I have told to fore,
Tyll he was of the age of 18 yere or more.
But othir whyls amongis for pleyntis that were grete
Fawnus made amendis, and put them in quiete:
So was the fadir cauſe the ſone was ſo wyld;
And ſo have many mo ſuch of his own child
Be cauſe of his undoyng, al we mowe ſe al day;
For *Thing ytake is hard to put awey,*
As hors that evir trottid, trewlich I yew telle,
It were hard to make hym aftir to ambill welle:
Ryght ſo by Beryn; when he had his luſt and wyll
when he was lite
It ſhuld be hevy afterward to reve his old delite,
Save the whele of Fortune, that no man may with-
For every man on lyve ther'on he is gond; [ſtonde,
O ſpoke ſhe turnyd bakward, righte at high noone,
All ageyn Berinus, as ye ſhull here ſone.

Pleying undir the egge of the firmament.
Now, quod the Hoost of Southwork, and to the fele-
Who ſawe evir ſo feyr or ſo glad a day, [ſhip bent,
And how ſote this ſeſon is entring into May? [nyng,
The thruſtelis and the thruſshis, in this glad mor-
The ruddok and the goldfynch; but the nyghtyngale
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Beholdith, and ſeith both rede, white, and blue!
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Peraventure it myght fal ther it ought not,
On ſom unluſty perſone that wer not wele awakid,
Or ſemybouſy ovyr eve, and had yſong and crakid

Yeur deth well nevir, I woot it wele, but evir be in
my mynd.
Then, good sir, quod Agea, beth to my soule kynd
When my body is out of sight, for therto have I nede,
For truer make then yee be in word ne in dede
Had nevir woman, ne more kyndnes
Hath shewed unto his make, I know right wele iwis:
Now wold ye so her after in hert be as trewe,
To lyve wythout make, and on yeur sone rewe,
That litill knak ykernid sithens he was bore:
Let hym have no stepmodir, for children have tofore
Comelich they lovith nat: wherfor wyth hert I prey
Have chere onto yeur sone aftir my endyng day;
For so God me help and I lafft yew behynd
Shuld nevir man on lyve bryng it in my mynd
To be no more yweddit, but lyve soule aloon.
Now yee know all my wyll, good sir, think ther'on.
Certis, quod Pawnus, whils I have wyttis fyve
I think nevir aftir yew to have another wyff.
The preest was com therwythall for to do hir rightis;
Pawnus toke his leve: and all the othir knyghtis,
Hir kyndrid and frendis kissed hir echone:
It is no nede to axe wher ther was dole or noon.
Agea cast her ey up, and lokid all aboute,
And wold have kissid Beryn, but then was he wyth-
drawyng to the hasard, as he was wont to doon, [oute,
As sone as he had ete he wold ren out anoon;

And when ſhe ſaw he was not ther that ſhe thought moſt on
Hire ſekenes and hire mournyng berſt her hert anoon.
A damſell tofore that was ron into the toune
For to ſeche Beryn, that pleyed for his gowne,
And had almoſt loſt it, right as the damſell cam,
And ſwore and ſtarid as he was wood, as longit to the game.
The damſell ſeyd to Beryn, Sir, ye muſt com home,
For but ye hygh blyve that yee wer ycome
Yeur mothir woll be dede; ſhe is yit on lyve:
Yf ye wol ſpeke wyth her yee muſt hygh blyve.
Who bad ſo, lewd Kitt? Yo[illegible] fadir, Sir, quod ſhe.
Go home, lewd viſenag, tha[illegible]il mut thow the!
Quod Beryne to the damſell, [illegible]gan her fray and feer,
And bad the devill of hell hir ſhould to tere.
Haſt thow ought els to do but let me of my game?
Now by God in hevin, by Peter, and by Jame,
Quoth Beryn in grete angir, and ſwore be book and bell,
Reherſyng many namys mo than me lyſt to tell,
N'er thow my fadirs meſſenger wer thou ſhuldiſt nevir ete brede:
I had levir my modir and alſo thou wer dede
Then I ſhuld leſe the game that I am nowgh in;
And ſmote the damſell undir the ere, the weet gon upward ſpyn:
The death of Agea he ſet at litill pryſe;
[illegible] that wrath frolick Beryn threw the dyſe,

And loſt wyth that ſame caſt al was leyde adown,
And ſtert up in a wood rage, and ballid on his crown,
And ſo he did the remnaunt, as many as wold abyde;
But for drede of Fawnus his felawis gan to hyde,
And nevir had wyll, ne liſt, wyth Beryn for to fyght,
But evir redy to pley and wyn what they myght.
The deth of Agea ſprang about the towne,
And every man that herd the bell for her ſowne
Bemony'd her full ſore; ſaff Beryn toke none hede,
But ſoughtanothir feleſhip, and quyklich to them yede,
To ſuch manner company as ſhuld nevir thryve,
For ſuch he lovid bettir then his modir's lyve; [drawe,
And evirmore it ſhuld be nyght or he wold home
For of his fadir in certeyn he had no manner awe;
For evir in his yowith he had al his wyll,
And was ypaſſid chaſtiſing but men wold hym kyll.
Fawnus for Agea, as it was well fitting,
Made grete ordenaunce for hir burying,
Of prelatis and of preeſtis, and of al othir thyng,
As thoughe ſhe had be a wyff of a worthy king
It myght nat have be mendit; ſuch was his gentilnes,
For at hir enteryng was many a worthy meſſe.
For four weeks full, or he did her intere,
She ley in lede wythyn his houſe; but Beryn cam not
Namelich into the place where his modir ley, [there,
Ne onys wold he a *Pater noſter* for hir ſoule ſey:
His thought was all in unthryft, lechery, and dyſe,
And drawyng all to foly, for *Yowith is reckles*

But ther it is vefreyned and hath fum manere eye:
And ther'fore methinkith that I may wele ſey
A man ypaſſid yowith, and is wythout lore,
May be wele yliknèd to a tre wythout mose, [waſt:
That may nat bowe ne bere fruyte, but roote and ever
Ryght ſo by yowith farith that no man lift to chaft.
This mowe we know verely by experience,
That *Yerd makith verin and benevolence*
In childhode for to growe, as prowith ymagynacioune:
A plant whils it is greene, or it have dominacioune,
A man may wyth his fyngers ply it wher hym lyſt,
And make ther'of a ſhakill, a with, or a twiſt;
But let the plant ſtond, and yeris ovirgrowe,
Men ſhull not wyth both his hondis unnethis make it bowe:
No more myght Fawnus make his ſone Beryn,
When he grew in age, to his lore enclyne;
For every day when Beryn roſe unwaſh he wold dyne,
And draw hym to his feleſhip as even as a lyne,
And then com home and ete, and ſoop, and ſclepe at nyght:
This was al his beſynes but yf that he did fight;
Wher'for his fadir's hert Fawnus gan for to blede,
That of his modir that ley at home he toke no more hede:
And ſo did all the pepill that dwellid in the town
Of Beryn's wildnes gon ſpeke and eke roun.
Fawnus oppon a dey, when Beryn cam at eve,
Was ſet oppon a purpoſe to make his ſone leve

All his ſhrewd taichis wyth goodnes if he myght,
And taught hym feir and ſoft, but Reryn toke it light,
And countid at litill pryſe al his fadir's tale.
Fawnus ſaw it wold nat; with colour wan and pale
He partid from his ſone, and wyth a ſorowfull hert.
I ne can write halfyndele how ſore he did ſmert
The diſobeying of his ſone and his wyf's deth,
That, as the book tellith, he wiſhed that his breth
Had ybeen above the ſerkill celeſtyne,
So feruent was his ſorowe, his angir, and his pyne.
So, ſhortly to conclude, Agea was interid,
And Fawnus livid wyſles 3 yere wer ywerid,
Wher'of ther was grete ſpeche for his high honour;
Tyll at laſt word cam onto the Emperour
That Fawnus was without wyfe, and feld was jocounde,
But mournyng for Agea that he was to ybound,
And lyvid as an hermyte, ſoule and deſtitute,
Wythoute conſolacioune, penſyff oft and mute:
Wher'for Auguſtinus, of Rome the Emperour,
Was inwardlich ſory, and in grete dolour.
Wyth that the 7 Sagis and Senatouris all
Were aſſemblid, to diſcryve what ſhuld ther'of fall;
The wych ſeyd ſhortly, For a moleſtatioune
Ther was noon othir remedy but a conſolacioune,
For *Whoſo wer in any thing diſpleſid or agrovid*
Muſt by a like thing egall be removid.
And when the Emperour knew all their determina-
Quicklich in his mynd he had imaginacioune [cionne.

That Fawnus for Agea was in high diſtres,
And muſt ycurid be wyth paſſyng gentilnes
Of ſom luſty lady, that of pulchritude
Were excellent al othir: ſo, ſhortly to conclude,
The Emperour had a love tofore he had a wyf
That he lovid as hertlich as his own lyf,
As was as feir a creature as ſone myght beſhryne;
So excellent of bewte that ſhe myght be ſhryne
To all othir wymmen that wer tho lyvand:
But for the Emperour had a wyf ye ſhul wele onder-
He cam nat in hir company to have his delite; [ſtond
For Criſtendome and conſcience was tho more perfite
Then it is now adayis, yf I durſt tell:
But I wol leve at this tyme. Than Fawnus al ſo ſwell
Was aftir ſent in haſt, of ſeknes to be curyd;
So what for drede and ellis they wer both enſuryd
In preſence of the Emperour, ſo Fawnus myght nat
flee;
It was the Emperours wyll, it myght noon othir be.
So wythin a tyme Agea was forgete,
For Fawnus thought litill on that he hir behight:
For as the 7 Sagis had afore declarid
It cam all to purpos; for Fawnus litil carid
For eny thing at all ſave his wyff to pleſe,
That Rame was yclepid; for reſt nethir eſe
Fawnus nevir had but of her preſence:
So was his hert on her yſet that he coud no defence,
Save evirmore be wyth hir, and ſtare on hir viſage,
That the moſt part of Room held it for dotage,

And had much marvell of his variaunce:
But *What is that Fortune cannat put in chance?*
For ther n'as man on lyve on woman more bedotid
Then Fawnus was in Rame, ne half so much ysotid.
Wyth that Rame had knowlech that Fawnus was ysmyt
Wyth the dart of Love: yee mowe ryght wele it wyt
That all that evir she coud cast or ythynck
Was all ageyn Berynus, for many a sotill wrench
She thought and wrought day by day, as meny wemen doon,
Tyll they have of their desire the full conclusioune:
For the more that Fawnus of Rame did made
The more dangerous was Rame and of chere sade,
And kept wele hir purpose undir covirture:
She was the las to blame; it grew of nature. [alle
But though that Rame wrought so, God forbede that
Wer of that condicioune. Yet touch no man the gall,
It is my plein counsell, but doith as othir doith:
Take yeur part as it comith of roughe and eke of smoothe.
Yit noritur, wit and gentilnes, reson and perfite mynde,
Doth all these worthy women to worch agenys kynde,
That thoughe they be agrevid they suffir and endure,
And passith evir for the best, and folowith nothing nature.

But now to Rame's purpoſe, and what was hir deſire.
Shortly to conclude, to make debate and ire
Betwene the ſadir and the ſone, as it was likely tho;
What for his condicioune, and what for love alſo
That Fawnus owt to his wyff, the rathir he muſt hir leve,
And grant for to mend, yf ought hir did greve.
Berinus evir wrought right as he did before,
And Rame made hym chere of love, ther myght no woman more,
And gaff hym gold and clothing evir as he did leſe,
Of the beſt that he coud ought wher in town chefe,
And ſpeke full feir wyth hym, to make al thyng dede;
Yit wold ſhe have yete his hert wythout falt or brede:
She hid ſo hir felony, and ſpak ſo in covert,
That Beryn myght nat ſpy it but lite of Ram'ys hert.
So, ſhortly to pas ovir, it fill oppon a nyghte,
When Fawnus and his freſh wyf wer to bed ydight,
He toke hir in his armys and made hir hertly chere,
Ther myght no man betir make to his fere,
And ſeyd, Myn ertly joy, myn hertis full pleſaunce,
My wele, my woo, my paradiſe, my lyv'is ſuſtenaunce!
Why ne be ye mery, why be ye ſo dull,
Sith ye know I am yeur own right as yeur hert woll?
Now tell on love, myn own hert! yf ye eylith ought,
For and it be in my power anoon it ſhall be wrought.
Rame wyth that gan ſighe, and wyth a wepeing chere
Undid the bagg of trechery, and ſeide in this manere:

Nó mervell though myn hert be ſore and full of dele,
For when I to yew weddit was wrong went my whele.
But who may be ageyns hap and aventure?
Therfor as wele as I may myne I mut endure.
Wyth many ſharp wordis ſhe ſet his hert on feir
To purchaſe with hir practik that ſhe did deſire:
But hoolich all hir wordis I cannot wele reherſe,
Ne write ne endite how ſhe did perce
Through Fawny's hert and his ſcull alſo;
For more petouſe compleynt of ſorowe and of woo
Made nevir woman, ne more petouſly,
Then Rame made to Fawnys: ſhe ſmote full bitterly
Into the veyn, and through his hert blood;
She bloderit ſo and wept, and was ſo high on mode,
That unneth ſhe myght ſpeke but othir while among
Wordis of diſcomfort, and hir hondis wrong;
For alas and woo the tyme that ſhe weddit was!
Was evir more the frefreit when ſhe myght have ſpaſe.
I am yweddit; ye, God woot beſt in what maner and how!
For yf it wer ſo fall I had a child by you,
Lord! how ſhuld he lyve, how ſhuld he com awey?
Sith Beryn is yeur firſt ſone, and heir aftir yeur day?
But yf that he had grace to ſcoole for to goo,
To have ſom maner conning that he myght truſt to,
For as it now ſtondeth it were the beſt rede,
For, ſo God me help, I had levir he wer dede
Than wer of ſuch condicioune or of ſuch lore
As Beryn yeur ſone is; it wer bett he wer unbore,

For he doith nat ellis ſave at hazard pley,
And comyth home al nakid ech othir dey;
For within this month that I have wyth yeu be
Fiftene ſithis, for verry grete pite
I have yclothid hym al new when he was to tore,
For evirmore he ſeyde the old were ylore.
Now and he wer my ſone I had levir he were yſod,
For and he pley ſo long half our lyvelode
Wold ſcarſly ſuffiſe hymſelf oon,
And n'ere yee wold be grevid, I ſwere be Seynt John
He ſhuld aftir this dey be clothid no more for me,
Put he wold kepe them bettir and draw fro nycete.
Now gentill wyff, grāmcy of yeur wiſe tale,
I thynk wel the more that I ſey no fale;
For towchyng my grevaunce. that Beryn goith al na-
Treulich that grevaunce is ſomwhat aſclakid: [kid,
Let hym aloon, I prey yew, and I woll con yew thank,
For in ſuch loſery he hath loſt many a frank.
The devil hym ſpede that rech yf he be to tore,
And he uſe it hereaftir as he hath doon to fore.
Beryn aroſe a morowe, and cried wondir faſt,
And axid aftir clothis, but it was all in waſt;
Ther was no man tendant for hym in all the houſe;
The whele was ychaungit into anothir cours.
Fawnus herd his ſone wele how he began to cry,
And roſe up anoon and to hym did high,
And had forgete nothyng that Rame had yſeyde,
For he boillid ſo his hert he was nat well apayde.

He went into the chambir ther his sone ley,
And set hym down in a chair, and thus he gan to sey:
My gentil sone Beryn, now feir I wol ye teche;
Rew oppon thy self, and be thyne own leche.
Manhode is yoom now, myne own dere sone,
It is tyme thow be aweynyd of thyn old wone:
And thow art yet wynters, and naught hast of doctryne;
Yit woldist thow draw to perfite the worship wold be thyne,
To noritur and goodship, and al honest thing,
Ther myght com to myn hert no more glad tyding.
Leve now al thy foly and thy rebawdry,
As tablis and mervellis, and the hazardry,
And draw the to the company of honest men and good,
Els leve thow me as wele as Criste died on the rode;
And for al menkynd his ghost pas lete,
Thow shalt for me heraftir stond on thyn own fete,
For I woll no longir suffir this aray
To clothe the al new eche othir dey.
Yf thow wolt draw the to wit, and rebawdry with-draw,
Of such good as God have sent yn part have shalt thow:
And yf thow wolt nat, my sone, do as I the tell,
Of me shalt thow naught have, trust me right well.
Wenyst thow wyth thy dise-pleying hold myn honoure
Aftir my deth dey? Then Beryn gan to loure,
And seide, Is this a sermon or a prechement?
Ye were nat wont herto; how is this ywent?

Sendith for ſome clothing that I wer ago;
My ſelawis lokith aftir me, I woot well they do ſo;
I woll nat leve my feleſhip ne my rekelagis,
Ne my diſe-pleying, for all yeur heretages:
Doith yeur beſt wyth them by yeur lyf day,
For when they fall to me I wol do as I may.
Benedicite! fadir, who hath enformyd you,
And ſet you into ire, to make me chere rowe?
But I know wele inoug[h] this counſaill cam;
Trewlich of yeur own wy[ll] t evil dame:
Com oppon hir body that taigne,
For trewlich, fadi[r] hir, and ſo all men
Alas that evir a ma[n] f high counſaile,
Set all his wyſdom a[t] le!
Yee lovith hir ſo n[ow] benome yeur wyt,
And I may curs the [time] evir ye wer yknyt,
For now I am in certen I have a ſtepmodir:
They been ſhrewis, ſom ther been, but few, othir.
Vel Fikil Flaptail, ſuch oon as ſhe ys,
For all my pleying at diſe yit do yee more amys:
Yee have yloſt yeur name, yeur worſhip, and yeur
So dote ye on hir, and levith all ſhe ſayith.
Fawnus wyth the ſame word gaff the chayir a but,
And lepe out of the chambir, as who ſeyd Cut,
And ſwore in verrey woodnes be God omnipotent
That Beryn of his wordis ſhuld ſore repent.
Beryn ſet nought ther'of, with a proude hert
Anſwerd his fadir, and axid a new ſhert.

He gropid al about to have found oon,
As he was wont tofore, but ther was noon.
Then toke he ſuch willokis as he fond ther,
And beheld hymſelf what man he wer;
For when he was arayde then gan he firſt be wrothe,
For his womb lokid out and his rigg both.
He ſtert aftir his fadir, and he began to cry,
For ſeth myn aray, for the villany
Ys as wele yeurs as it is myne.
Fawnus let him clatir and cry wel and fyne,
And paſſid forth ſtill and ſpak nat a word.
Then Beryn gan to think it was nat al bord
That his fadir ſeyde when he wyth hym was,
And gan to think all about, and therwyth ſeid Alaſs!
Now know I wele forſoth that my modir is dede;
For tho gan he to glow firſt a ſory mann'ys hede.
Now kepe thy cut, Beryn, for thou ſhalt have a fit,
Somwhat of the world to lern betir wit;
For and thow wiſt ſikerly what ys for to com
Thow woldiſt wiſh aftir thy deth full oft and ylome;
For *Ther n'ys betying half ſo ſore wyth ſtaff nethir ſwerd*
As man to be bete with his own yerd.
The pyry is yblowe, hop, Beryn, hop,
That ripe wol heraftir and on thyn hede drop:
Thou tokiſt noon hede whils it ſhoon hoot,
Ther'for wynter the nyghith aſay by thy cote.
Beryn for ſhame to town durſt he nat go, [his foo.
He toke his wey to churchward; his frend was made

For angir, ſorowe, and ſhame, and hevynes, that he
Unneth he might ſpeke, but ſtode half as mad. [had,
O alas! quod Beryn, what wyt had I
That coud nat tofore this dey know ſikerly
That my modir dede was? but now I know to ſore,
And drede more that eche dey hereaftir more and more
I ſhall know and fele that my modir is dede.
Alas! I ſmote the meſſangere, and toke of hir noon
Alas! I am right pore [I am nakid: [hede:
Alas! I ſclept to faſt, tvii [ow hath me wakid:
Alas! I hungir ſore [and peyn,
For eche man me [diſdeyn.
This was all his [chward
That of his mod [litill reward.
When Beryn was [h then gan he wers
As ſone as he ſaw the tomb when his modir lay [fray:
His colour gan to chaunge into a dedely hew:
Alas, gentil modir! ſo kynd you wer and trew,
It is no mervell for thy deth though I ſore ſmert.
But therewythal the ſorowe ſo fervent ſmote his hert
That ſodenly he fil down ſtan dede in ſwowe:
That he had part of ſorowe methinkith that myght I
Beryn lay ſo long or he myght awake, [avowe.
For al his fyve wittis had clene hym forſake,
Wel myght he by hymſelf, when reſon ycom were,
Undirſtond that Fortune had a ſharp ſpere,
And eke grete power among high and lowe,
Som to avaunce and ſom to ovirthrowe.

So at laſt when Beryn a litill wakid were
He trampelid faſt with his fete, and al to tare his ere
And his viſage both, right as a wodeman,
With many a bitir tere that from his eyen ran,
And ſighid many a ſore ſigh, and had much hevynes,
And evirmore he curſid his grete unkyndnes
To foreyit his modir whils ſhe was alyve,
And lenyd to hir tombe opon his tore ſclyve,
And wiſhid a thowſand ſithis he had ybe hir by,
And beheld hir tombe with a petouſe eyè. [of nought,
Now, glorious God! quod Beryn, that al thing madiſt
Heven and erth, man and beſte, ſith I am myſwrought
Of yewe I axe mercy, ſocour, and help, and grace,
For my myſdede and foly, unthryffe and treſpaſe:
Set my ſorowe and peyn ſomwhat in meſure
Fro diſpeir and myſcheff as I may endure.
Lord of all lordis! though Fortune be my foo
Yit is thy myght above to turn hym to and fro.
Firſt my modirs lyfe Fortune hath me berevid,
And ſith my fadirs love, and nakid alſo me levid.
What may he do more? Yis, take awey my lyfe;
But for that wer myn eſe, and end of al ſtryfe,
Ther'for he doith me lyve for my wers I ſey,
That I ſhuld evirmore lyve and nevir ſor to dey.
Now leve I Beryn with his modir tyl I com aye,
And wol return me to Rame, that of hir fotilte
Bethoughte hir al aboute, when Beryn was agoon
That it ſhuld be wittid hir, wher'for ſhe anoon

In this wife ſeyd to Fawnus: Sir, what have ye do,
Althoughe I ſpeke a mery word, to ſuffir your ſone go
Nakid into the town? it was nat my counſail.
What wol be ſeyd ther'of? fikir without faile,
For I am his ſtepmodir, that I am cauſe of alle
The violence, the wrath, the angir, and the gall,
That is betwene yew both, it wol be wit me;
Wher'for I prey you hertly doith hym com hom aye.
Nay, by trowith, quod Fawnus, for me comyth he nat
Sithe he of my wordis ſo litil prife ſet [yit;
As litil ſhall I charge his eſtate alſo:
Sorowe have that rechith though he nakid go,
For every man knowith that he is nat wife;
Wher'for may be ſuppoſid his playing at diſe
Is cauſe of his aray, and nothyng yee, my wyff.
Yes, iwis, quod Rame, the tale woll be ryff
Of me and of noon othir, I know right wel afyne;
Wher'for I prey you, gentil Sir, and for love myn,
That he wer yfet hom, and that in grete haſt,
And let aſay offt ageyn with feirnes hym to chaſte;
And ſend Beryn clothis and a new ſhert;
And made al wele in eche ſide, and kept cloſe her hert.
Now ſith it is yeur wyll, quod Fawnus tho anoon,
That Beryn ſhall home com, for yeur ſake aloon
I woll be the meſſager to put your hert in eſe;
And els, ſo God me help, wer it nat yew to pleſe
The gras ſhuld grow on pament or I hym home bryng.
With nethirles forth he went, wyth too or thre riding,

From o ſtrete to anothir, enquerynge to and fro
Aftir Beryn in every plaſe wher he was wont to go,
Seching eviry halk howris too or thre,
Withhazardours, and othir ſuch, ther as he was wont to be,
And fond hym nat ther; but to chirch went echone,
And at dorr they ſtode a while and herd Beryn made his mone:
They herd all his compleynt, that petouſe was to here.
Fawnus into the chirch pryvelych gan pire,
But al ſo ſone as he beheld wher Agea lay
His teris ran down be his chekis, and thus he gan to ſey:
A, Agea! myn old love, and my new alſo!
Alas, that evir our hertis ſhuld depart atoo!
For in your graciouſe dayis of hert'is trobilnes
I had nevir knowlech, but of all gladnes;
Remembryng in his hert, and evir gan renewe
The goodnes betwene them both, and hir hert trewe,
And drew hym ner to Beryn with an hevy mode.
But as ſone as Beryn knew and ondirſtode
That it was his fadir he wold no longir abide,
But anoon he voidit by the todir ſide,
And Fawnus hym encountrid, and ſeyd, We have the ſought
Through the town, my gentil ſone, and ther'for void the nought.
Though I ſeyd a word or two, as me thought for the the beſt
For thyne erudicioune, to draw the onto lyfe honeſt,

Thou ſhuldiſt nat ſo fervently have take it to thyn herte
But ſith I know my wordis doith the ſo ſore ſmert
Shall no more hereaftir; and eche dey our diete
Shall be mery and ſolaſe, and this ſhall be forgete;
For wele I woot for thy modir that thou art to tore,
Alſo thou haſt grete ſorowe, but onys nedith, and no more:
And ther'for, ſone, on my bleſſing to put ſorowe away;
Drawe the nowe heraftir to honeſt myrth and pley.
Lo ther is clothing for yewe, and yeur hors ydight
Wyth harneys all freſhe new; and if yee liſt be knyght
I ſhall yit or eve that bergeyn undirtake, [make;
That the Emperour for my love a knyght ſhall you
And what that evir ye nede anoon it ſhall be bought,
For whilsthat I have eny thing ye ſhall lak naught.
Graunt mercy! quod Beryn with an hevy chere,
Of yeur worſhipfull profir that ye have proferid me.
But ordir of knyghthode to take is nat my liking: [here:
And ſith yeur will is for to do ſomwhat my pleſing,
Ye have a wyfe ye love wele, and ſo tendirlich,
That and ſhe have childrin I know right ſikerlich
All that ſhe can devyſe both be nyght and dey
Shall be to make her childryn heirs of that ſhe may,
And eke ſowe ſedis of infelicite, [me;
Wher'of wold growe devyſioune betwene yewe and
For yf ye ſpend on me yeur good, and thus riallich
Levith wele, in certen yeur wyfe woll ſikerlich
Eche dey for angir her tuſkis whet, [ſet
And to ſmyte with her tunge, yeur hert in wrath to

Toward me from dey to dey, but ye wold aply
Somwhat to hir purpoſe and aftir hir yew guy;
She wold wex ſo ovirtwart and of ſo lither tach,
And evir lour undir her hood a redy for to ſnache;
She wold be ſhortyng of yeur lyfe, and that deſire I naught:
Wher'for to pleſe all about, my purpoſe and my thought
Is for to be a Marchaunte, and leve myne heritage,
And releſe it for evir, for ſhyppis fyve of ſtage
Full of marchaundiſe the beſt of all this londe:
And yf ye wol ſo, fadir, quyk let make the bonde.
Fawnus was right well apayd that ilk word outſtert,
But yit he ſeyd to Beryn, I mervell in myn hert
Wher haddiſt thou thiscounſaile to leve thyne honour,
And lyve in grete aventure and in grete labour;
And rid ſo forth talkyng a ſoft eſy paſe
Homward to his plaſe ther that Rame was.
And as ſone as Fawnus was ylight adown,
And highid faſt to his wyfe, and with hir gan to rown,
And told hir all the purpoſe, and made Fawnus chere,
She did hym nat half ſo much the tyme ſhe was his fere.
She hullid hym, and mollid hym, and toke hym about the nekk,
And went low for the kite, and made many a bekk;
And ſeyd, Sir, by yeur ſpech now right well I here
That yf ye liſt ye mowe do thing that I moſt deſire;

And that is this, your heritage there yee beſt likid
That ye myght gyve: and evir among the brush a-
wey ſhe pikid
From hir clothis here and there, and ſighid therwith-
Fawnus of his gentilnes by hir myddil ſmale [all.
Hertlich hir bracyd, and ſeyd; I woll nat leve,
I ſuyr yew my trowith that onys or it be eve
That I ſhall do my devoir without feintiſe
For to pleſe your hert fullich in all wyſe. [mekely,
Graunt mercy! myn own ſoverene, quod Rame tho
And made proteſtatioune that ſhe ſhuld ſikerly
All the dayis of hir lyfe be to hym as hende
As evir woman was to man, as ferforth as hir mynd
And wit hir wold ſerve, and made grete othe.
Fawnus bood no longir, but forth therwith he goith.
A! precious God in heven, Kyng of majeſte!
So plentivouſe this world is of iniquite!
Why is to ſuffrid that trowith is brought adown
Wyth trechery and falſhede in feld and eke in town? [met
But now to Fawnus and his entent. When he his ſone
Hetoke hym ſoft by the hond; his tung he gan to whet,
Sotilly to engyne him. Firſt he gan to preche,
Leve thy foly, my dere ſone, and do as I the teche:
Sith thou haſt wit and reſon, and art of mann'ys age,
What nedith the be Marchaunt and ſhall have heri-
tage?
For and thy good wer yloſt the ſorowe wold be myne,
To tell the ſoth, right nigh peregall to thyne;

And yf that I were dede whils thow wer oute
Lond and rent, and all my good, have thou no doute,
It wold be plukkid from the; thy part wold be left:
And alſo ferthermore, I make oon beheeſt,
That I trowe my moblis wol nat ſuffiſe
To charge ſyve ſhippis ful of marchandiſe
But yf I leyd in mortgage my lond and eke my rent,
And that I leve be nat thy wyll ne thyn entent:
Yit nethirles yf thy hert be ſo inly ſet
For to be a Marchaunt, for nothing woll I let
That I n'yl do thy pleſaunce as ferforth as I mey
To go ryght nygh myn own eſtate, but levir I had nay.
Their wordis ne their dedis, ne matters them betwene,
I wol nat tary now ther'on my perchemen to ſpene:
But fynallich, to the end of their accordèment,
Fawnus had ſo goon about, yturned and ywent,
That he had brought his ſone tofore the Emperour,
To releſe his heritage and al his honour,
That he ſhuld have aſtir his dey, for ſhippis fyve, and
Yled of marchaundiſe of lynnyn and of wool, [full
And of othir thingis that wer yuſid tho.
Engroſid was the covenaunt betwene them to
Yn preſence of the Emperour, in opyn and no rown,
Tofore the gretiſt Cenators and eldeſt of the town.
So when the releſe ſelid was with a ſyde bonde
They wer yleyd both in a meen honde
Into the tyme that Beryn fullich ſeſid were
In the *fyve ſhippis that* I yew told ere.

But who was glad but Fawnus? and to his wyff went
And seyd, Now, my hert's swete! all thyn hole entent
Ys uttirlich perfourmyd; us lakkith now no more
But marchaundise and shippis, as I told tofore.
That shall not faill, quod Rame, and began to daunce,
And aftirward they speken of the purveaunce.
Alas! this jals world, so ful of trechery!
In whom shuld the sone have trust and feith sikirly
If his fadir fay[illegible] myght he go
For to fynd a sikir[illegible] ght trust to?
So when these [illegible]id and dight
Fawnus an[illegible] perour ful right
They went [illegible]an for the same case,
To see both[illegible] heir covenaunte was.
Beryn first, [illegible] pis fyve,
And Fawnus nam the resele, [illegible]d bare it to his wyff;
And eche held them payde, and Rame best of all,
For she had conquerd thing that causid most hir gall.
Now leve I Fawnys and his wyff, and of the governaunce
Of Beryn I wol speke, and also of his chaunce.
When lodismen and maryneris in al thing redy was
This Beryn into Alisaunder, yf God wold send hym grace
That wynde hym wold serve, he wold: so on a day
The wynd was good, and they seylid on their wey
Too dayis fullich, and a nyght therwythal,
And had wedir at wyll, tyll at last gan fall
Such a myst among them that no man myght se othir,
That wele was hym that had ther the blessing of his
modir.

ire dayis inceſſantly the derknes among them was,
no ſhipp myght ſe othir; wherfor full oft Alas!
ſeyd, and to the high God they made their preyere,
he wold of his grace them govern and ſtere
it their lyvis myght yſavid be,
ley were cleen in diſpeyr, becauſe they myght nat ſe
oder, wherby theſe ſhipmen ther courstoke ech-
laſt, the ferth dey, making thus hir mone, lone.
ley gan clere; and then ſuch wynd aroſe
blew their ſhippis eiſwhere then was their firſt purpoſe.
:empeſt was ſo huge and ſo ſtrong alſo,
wele was hym that coude bynde or endo
rope within the ſhipp that longit to the craft;
y man ſhewid his connyng to fore the ſhipp and bafft. fore,
wynd a wook the ſee to braſt, it blew ſo greſly
Beryn and all his company of fynnyslas and more
man round about ſhroff hymſelf to othir, fthir;
put in Godd'is gowernaunce lyf, ſhipp, and ſtu-
ner was ſhippis meyne, for owght they coud hale,
myght abate of the ſhipp the thiknes of a ſcale:
wedir was ſo fervent of wynd and eke of thundir
every ſhipp from othir was blowe of ſight a-
ſondir,

And durid fo al day and nyght, tyll on the morowe
I trow it was no queſtioune wher they had joy or ſo-
rowe.
So aftirward, as God wold, the wynd was ſomwhat ſaft,
Beryne clepid a maryner, and bad hym fty on loft,
And weyte aftir our four ſhippis aftir us doith dryve,
For it is but grace of God yf they be alyve.
A maryner anoon wyth that, right as Beryn bad,
Styed into the top caſtell, and brought hym tydingis
glad:
Sir, he ſeith, both mery; your ſhippis cometh echone
Saff and found ſailing, as ye ſhul ſe anoon;
And eke, Sir, ferthermore, lond alſo I ſigh,
Let draw our cors eſtward, thys tyde woll beyng many.
Bleſſed be God! quod Beryn, then wer our ſhippis com,
We have no nede to dout werr ne moleſtatioune,
For there n'ys wythin our ſhippis no thyng of ſpolia-
tioune,
But al trew marchaundiſe; wherefor for lodiſman
Stere onys into the coſtis as well as thou can;
When our ſhippis be ycom, that we mowe pas in fere,
Lace on a bonnet or tweyn, that we mowe ſaile nere.
And when they wer the coſtis nygh was noon of them
alle
That wiſt what lond it was: then Beryn gan to calle
Out of every ſhip anoon a maryner or tweyne
For to take counſell, and thus he gan to ſeyne:
The fronntis of this ilk town been wondir feir wythall,
Methinkith it is the beſt rede, what that ewir befall,

That I my self alone walk into the towne,
And here and se both her and there, upward and downe,
And enquere fullich of their governaunce.
What sey ye Sirs? will ye sent to this ordenaunce?
All they accordit well thereto and held it for the best,
For thus yf it be profitabill we mowe abide and rest,
And yf it be othirwise tho rathir shall we go,
For aftir than the spede we woll werk and do.
But mekee mowe ye her right a wondir thing:
In all the world wyde so fals of their lywyng
Was na pepill undir sone, ne none so diffeywabill,
As was the pepill of this town, ne more unstabill,
And had a curssed vsage of festill ymaginacioune,
That yf so wer the shippis of any strange nacioune
Were comin into the port, anoon they wold them hide
Within their own howsis, and no man go ne ryde
In no strete of all the town; ne cause that they wer
... Irisch, ... [shrewde,
And coud no skill of marchandise, a skill it was a
As ye shall here aftir of their wrong and falshede;
But yit it fill, as worthy was, uppon their own hede.
Berys arayd hym freshly, as to a Marchand longith,
And set hym on a palfrey wel be sey and hongit,
And a page rennyng by his hors fote:
He rode endlong the town, but no man coud he meet;
The doorys wer yclosid in both too sidis,
Wherof he had merveill: yet ferthermore he ridis,

And waytid on his right hond a mancipil is plaſe
All freſh and new, and thidir gan he paſe:
The gatis wer wyde up, and thidir gan he go,
For throughout the long town he found ſo no mo.
Therin dwellid a burgeyſe the moſt ſeliper man
Of all the town throughout, and what ſo he wan
With trec[illegible]y and gile, as doith ſom freris,
Right ſo[illegible]t he part with his comperis.
Beryn li[illegible] inward gan he dres,
And fou[illegible] uſe pleying at cheſs
With his[illegible]e, that dwellid hym
[illegible]
But as ſone [illegible]yn caſt his eye
Sodenly he [illegible] heis hym fro,
And toke ber[illegible] d ſeyd theſe wordis
[illegible] tho; [here?
Benedicite! what manere w[illegible]ath ybrought you
Now wold to God I had wh[illegible] or coud make yew
[illegible] chere!
But ye ſhull lowe my good wyn, and take ſuch as ther [is,
And of yeur gentil paciens ſuffir that is amys.
For well he wiſt by his aray and by his countenaunce
That of the ſhippis that wer ycom he had ſom governaunce,
Wherfor he made hym chere femeyng amaybill,
Icolerid all with cautelis, and wondir diſſeyvabill:
He bracyd hym by the myddil, and preyd hym ſit adoun,
And lowly with much worſhipp dreſſid his coſhon.

Lord God! ſeyd this burgeyſe, I thank this ilk dey
That I ſhuld ſee yew hole and ſound here in my contray;
And yf ye liſt to tell the cauſe of yewr comyng,
And yf he have nede to any manere thing,
And it be in my power, and thoughe I ſhuld it ſech,
It ſhuld go right wonder ſtreyte, I ſey yew ſikerlich,
But yee it had in haſte, therwith yew pleſe,
For now I ſee yew in my houſe my hert is in grete eſe.
The todir burgeyſe roſe hym up for to make rouſe,
And axid of his felaw, that lord was of the houſe,
Whens is this worſhipfull man? with wordis hend and low,
For it ſemith by the manere that ye hym ſhuld knowe,
And have ſey hym tofore this tyme. I have ſene, quod the todir,
Ye ywis an 100 ſithis, and right as to my brodir
I wol do hym pleſaunce in al that evir I can,
For trewlich in his contray he is a worſhipful man:
Forſoth, Sir, and for yeur love, a thouſand in this town
Wold do hym worſhip, and be right feyne and bown
To pleſe hym, and avail to have thonk of you: 946
I woot wele, God them yeld, ſo have they oft er nowe.
And aroſe up therwithall, and with his felaw ſpak
Of ſuch manere mater that faylid nevir of lakk.
So when their counſell was ydo this burgeyſe preyd his fere
To ſit a down be Beryn, and do hym ſport and dere.

And in the while I wol ſe to his hors,
For every gentil hert, afore his own cors
Deſirith that his riding beſt be ſervid and
Rathir than hymſelf; wherfor wyth all m
I woll have an eye therto; and ſich parte
Wich tonne or pipe is beſt and moſt fyn
Beryn was all abaſhid of his ſoden chere.
But nethirles the burgeyſe ſat hym fom
And preyd hym of his gentilnes his man
His contrey and his lynnage: and he an
Berinus I am ynamid, and in Rome ybo
And have fyve ſhippis of myn own, las a
Full of marchaundiſe, ligging tofore the
But much marvaile have I the good mar
To ſerve me and pleſe, and how it migh
Sir. ſeyd the burgeyſe, no mervelle it is
For many a tyme and oft, I cannot ſey h
He hath be in yeur marchis; and as I tr
Alſo he was ybore, yf I ne ly ſhall.
Yf it be ſo, quod Beryn, no mervelle it i
Thoughe he me have yſey, and eke his
Previth it all opynly; but be hym that bo
I have ther'of no knowlech, as I am nov
With that cam in the good man with c

And of Agea his modir, and all thing as it was, [cas;
Wher-through he was ful perfite to anſwere to every
So entryng into the hall the burgeys ſpak anoon,
A! my gentill Beryn, alas! that under ſtonne
Myne own hert Agea, thy modir leff and dere!
Now God affeyl hir foule, for nevir bettir chere
Had I of frend woman, ne nevir half ſo good.
Benedicite! a Marchaunt comyng ovir flood!
Who brought yow in this purpoe, and beth your fadir's heir?
Now by my trew conſcience ryght nygh in diſpeyr
I wax for yeur ſake, for now frendleſe
Ye mowe wele ſey that ye been; but yit for nethirles
Yee mut endure fortune, and hevynes put awey;
Ther is noon othir wiſdom. Alſo yeur ſhippis gey,
That been ycom in ſavete, ought to amend yeur mode,
The wich when we have dyned, I ſwere for by the rood,
We wol ſe them trewly within and eke without,
And have wyne wyth us and drynk al about.
They ſet and wiſſh, and fed them, and had wherof plente;
The burgeyſe was a ſtuffid man, ther lakkid noon deynte.
So when they had ydined the cloth was up ytake,
A cheſe ther was ybrought forth, but tho gan forowe to wake.
The ches was all of ivory, the meyne freſſh and new,
I pulſhid and ypikid of white, aſure, and blew.

Beryn beheld the cheker, it ſemed paſſyng feir;
Sir, quod the burgeyſe, ye ſhul fynd her a payr
That woll mate yew trewly in las than half a myle,
And was yſeyd of ſotilte Beryn to begile.
Now in ſoth, quod Beryn, it myght wel hap nay,
And n'er I muſt my ſhippis ſe els I wold aſſay.
What nedith that, quod the burgeyſe? trewlich I wol nat gloſe,
They been nat yit yſetelid ne fixid in the woſe;
For I have ſent thries ſith ye hithir cam
To wate oppon their governaunce; wher'for let ſet a game,
And I ſhall be the firſt that ſhall yew ataſt.
The meyne wer yſet up, and gon to pley faſt.
Beryn wan the firſt, the ſecond, and the third,
And at fourth game' in the ches amyd
The burgeyſe was ymatid; but that luſt him wele;
And all was doon to bryng hym yn, as ye ſhul her ſiſel.
Sir, then, ſeyd Beryn, ye woot well how it is,
Me liſt no more to pley, for yee know this,
Wher is noon compariſoun, of what thing ſo it be,
Luſt and liking fallith ther: as it ſemeth me
Ne myrth is nat commendabill that ay is by o ſide;
But it rebound to the totbir; wherfor tyme is to ryde;
And as many thonkis as I can or may
Of my ſport and chere, and alſo of yeur pley.
Nay iwis, gentill Beryn, I woot ye wol nat go,
For noritur wol it nat for to part ſo,
And eke my condicioune; but I ley ſomthing
Is no more to pley then who ſo ſhoke a ryng

her no man is wythyn the ...
o shete a fethirles bolt almo...
ut and ye wold this nexte yan ...
nd let the trowith on both ...
hat whoso be ymatid grauntis ...
o do the todirs building, ...
rynk all the watir that falle ...
.ryn belevid that he could ...
nd fodinly assentid with ...
Ien that rode beside, yeapon ...
'ift wele that Beryn shuld have ...
or the burgeyse was the best ...
f all the wyde marchis, or many ...
at that ne wyst Beryn of ...
.e set the meyne eft ageyn, and ...
hen he did tofore; and so he rod ...
he burgeyse toke avisement long on every ...
, wyth an hour or two Beryn he had ...
on what oppon the kipp, that Beryn ...
nd albeit his mynd and wyll was for to ...
it must he dure his fortune when he was so ...
or *Who is that that Fortune may alway withstand?*
nd namelich shut even in eche side
f *pro* and *contra*: but God help down wull he glide.
at now a word of philosophy that falleth to my mynd,

Who take hede of the begynnyng what fal shall of the end
e leyth a bosh before the ...
at comynlich ...
world ...

Right ſo he Beryn I may wele ſey tha
rakid,
Likly to leſe his marchaundiſe, and g
Beryn ſtudied in the ches, although it no
The burgeyſe in the mene while with o
ſaillid
To ſech the ſergauntis in the town for t
So when they com were they walkid to
Up and down in the hall, as ſkaunce they l
And yit of all the purpoſe, wit, and mynd,
Of the untrew burgeyſe, by his meſſeng
They wer ful enformyd: wherfor with
They lay await full doggidly Beryn to an
For ther'ſo rthey wer aftir ſent, and was
Lord! how ſhuld o ſely lomb among wol
And ſcape unyharmyd? it hath been ſe
Kepe thy cat now, Beryn, for thow art
The hall was full of pepill, the ſerjauntis
Beryn kaſt up his hede, and was ful ſore an
For then he was in certen the burgeyſe
trayde.
Draw on, ſeyd the burgeyſe; Beryn, ye h
And every man to othir the covenaunt
The burgeys, whils that Beryn was in h
The next draught aftir he toke a rook f
Beryn ſwat for angir, and was in hevy p
And drede full ſore in hert; for wele he

To do yee both law I may no betir sey,
For thow shalt have no wrong, as ferforth as I mey:
Chese the sylf right as the list, and wit thow nothing me
Though thow chese the wers and let the betir be.
Beryn stode astonyd, and no mervaill was,
And preyd the steward of a dey to answere to the case;
For I might lightlich in som word be yeaught,
And eke it is right herd to chese of to that heth right naught:
But and it wer yeur likyng to graunt me day tyl to morowe
I wold answer throogh Godd'is help. Then must thow fynd a borowe,
Seyd the steward to Beryn, and yit it is of grace.
Now herith me, quod Hanybald, I preya litil space:
He hath 5 shippis ondir the town, lyggyng on the strond,
The wich been sufficiant ysesid in oun hond, [saw.
By me that am yeur provost to execute the law.
He must assent. Quod Evander, Let us onys here his mynd.
I graunt wele, quod Beryn, sith it may be noon othir.
Then Hanybald arose hym up to sese both ship and stuff,
And toke Beryn wyth hym: so talkyng on the wey,
Beryn, quod Hanybald, I suyr the be my fey
That thow art much ybound to me this ilk dey,
So is thy ple amendit by me; and eke of such a wey
I am avysid in thy cause, yf thow wolt do by rede,
That lite or nought by my counsaill ought the to drede.
I know wele to morowe the dey of ple is set
That ye mut nedis answere, or els wythout lett

I muſt yeld them yeur ſhippis; I may
So have I undirtake: but the merch
Is nat in my charge, ye knowe as we
To make ther'of no lyvery: wher'for
Worch, and do aftir rede: let all yeu
Be voidit of yeur ſhippis, and at hieſ
I wol have it every dele in covenaunt
To ſemyne houſe here onys tofore, I h
Wher ye ſhull ſe of divers londis, ho
Full of marchaundiſe, that through t
Is no ſuch in preve, I may right well
So when ye have all ſeyn, and I have
Let ſom bargen be ymade betwene u
Graunt mercy! Sir, quod Beryn, yeur
Feyn wold I do ther'aftir yf I ondirſt
I myght wythout blame of breking o
Yis, quod Hanybald, at my perell me
So to Hanybald's houſe togidir both
And ſond, as Hanybald had yſeyd, a
long and brode,
Full of marchaundiſe as rich as it may
Paſſyng all the marchantis that dwell
Thus when all was ſhewid they dronk
To ſe Beryn's ſhippis in haſt they gon
And when that Hanybald was avyſid
ſhippis here
He gan to ſpeke, in his wyſe aſcaunce,

he bargeyned or not, and feyd thus. Dame,
rend, I am a
chaundiſe is ſo ar[illegible] good, now lat us make
I cann[illegible] ye kan[illegible] now[illegible],
hort let us[illegible] ye[illegible], for ye
your meyne and ye and I, to my nouſe-ſtul
ve go.
e marchaur dide[illegible] ſew[illegible]
he beſt of that ye find here
urſe[illegible]
with ſmall your[illegible]
to be[illegible]
ryn to the end of all[illegible]
long tary. I muſt nedes hen[illegible]
pid his meyne to[illegible] for to take:
th mochel ure was of the woo and wrake,
he tribulacione, for playing at ches,
ad: every dele his ſhame and his diſpes
t to poynt and how it ſtode, he told how
was,
he axid counſaill what beſt was in the caſe,
ge with the burgeyſe or els for to
ſeyd his wife; but al that they did
long a tale for to tell it here:
ly, at end, they
chaunge
dit clerely for
all

The next wey that they couth to Hanybald'is place.
But now shull ye here the most sotill fallace
That evir man wrought till othir, and highest trechery,
Wich Hanybald had wrought hymself to this company.
Go in, quod Hanybald, and chese, as thy covenaunt is
In goon these Romeyns ech oon, and fond amys;
For there was nothing that eny man might se
Saff the wall and tyle stonys, and tymbir made of tre;
For Hanybald had do void it of all thing that was there;
Whils he was at the shippis his men away it bere.
When Beryn saw the house ler that ful was ther'tofore
Of riche marchaundise, alas! thought he, I am lore,
I am in this world; and wittith well his hert
Was nat al in likeing; and outward gan he stert
Like half a wodeman, and bete both his lippis,
And gan to hast fast towards his own shippis,
To kepe his good within wyth al that evir he myght,
That it were nat dischargit, as hym thought verrey right.
But al for naught was his hast, for 30e men,
As fast as they myght, they bare the good then,
Through ordenaunce of Hannybald, that pryvelich
Had purposid and ycast shuld be out ybore.
Beryn made a swyff pase; ther myght no man hym let;
But Hanybald was ware inough, and with Beryn met:
All for nought: Beryn, thou knowist well and syne
The shippis ben areistid, and the good is myne.
What woldest thow do ther? thow hast ther nowght:
I wol hold thy covenaunt and thow myne also.

For yit saw I nevir man that was of thy manere;
Sometyme thou wolt avaunte, and some tyme arere:
Now thow wolt, and now thow n'olt. Wher shul men
the fynd?
Now sey oon, and sith anothir. So variant of mynd
Saw I nevir tofore this dey man so variabill.
Sith I the fynd in such plyte, our bargen for to stabill,
We woll tofore the steward, ther we both shull have
Nay. forsoth, quod Beryn. Yis treulich the tite, [right.
Quod Hanybald, wher thou wolt or no; and so I the
charge
As provost: know that yf me lift my warant is so large,
And thow make any diffence, to bynym thy lyffe.
Take thyn hors; it gaynyth nat for to make stryffe.
So wyth sorowfull hert Beryn toke his hors,
And softly seyd to his men, Of me, quod he, no fors,
But wend to yeur shippis; I wol com when I may;
Ye seth well everichone I may no bet awey.
Now here by this same Tale both fre and bond
Mow sele in their wittis; and eke ondirstonde
That *Litill vailith wysdom or els governaunce*
Ther Fortune evir werrith, and eke Hap and Chaunce:
Or what availeth bounte, beute, or riches,
Frendship, or sotilte, or els hardines,
Gold, good, or catell, wyt, or hy lynage,
Lond, or lordis service, or els high peerage?
What may all this avayle ther Fortune is a foo?
I wis right litill, or nevir a dele: full oft it fallith so.

So, ſhortly to pas ovir, they fill to ſuch an end
That Beryn ſhuld have day ageyn a morowe, and ſo to
He ſet hym in ful purpoſe to his ſhippis ward: [weild
But yit or he cam ther he fond the paſſage hard;
For how he was begiled throughout all the towne
Ther and ther a coupill gan to ſpeke and to rowne;
And every man his purpoſe was to have parte [jut.
With falſhes, and with ſotiltees; they coud noon othir
Beryn rode forth in his wey, his page ran hym by,
Full fore adred in hert, and caſt about his eyn [reyſe
Up and down, even long the ſtrete, and for angir fwet,
And er he had riden a ſtone's caſt a blynd man with
him met,
And ſpak no word, but ſeſid hym faſt by the lap,
And cried out and harowe, and nere hym gan to ſkap.
All for nought, quod this blynd; what! wenyſt thow
for to ſkape? [be japt.
Beryn had thought to prik forth, and thought it had
The blynd man caſt awey his ſtaff, and ſet on both
his hondis; [londis,
Nay, thow ſhalt nat void, quod he, for all thy rich
Tyll I of the have reſon, lawe, and eke righte, ra81
For trewlich I may wit it the that I have loſt my ſight.
So for ought that Beryn coud othir ſpeke or prey
He myght in no wyſe pas; ful ſore he gan to may,
And namelich for the pepill throng hym ſo about,
And eche man gan hym hond, and ſeyd, Without doute

Ye muſt nedis ſtond, and reſt, and bide the lawe,
Be ye nevir ſo grete a man. So wold I wondir fawe,
Quod Beryn, yf yee had cauſe, but I know noon.
No, thow ſhalt know or thow go thow haſt nat al ydoon,
The blynd man ſeyd to Beryn. Tell on then, quod he.
Here is no place to plete, the blynd man ſeyd age,
Alſo we have no juge here of autorite;
But Evandir the ſteward ſhall deme both the and me.
When I my tale have told, and thow haſt made anſwere,
By that tyme men ſhull know how thow canſt the clere.
Now, ſoveren God! I thank the of this ilk dey;
Then I may preve the, be my lyve, of word and eke of fay
Fals, and eke untrewe of covenaunt thow haſt ymakid.
But litill is thy charge now though that I go nakid
That ſometyme wer partinere, and rekenydſt nevir yit;
But thou ſhalt bere or we depart ther'of a litill witt,
For, aftir comyn ſeyng, Evir atte ende
The trowith woll be previd how ſo men evir trend.
Thus they talkid to eche othir tyl they com into the
And wer yentrid in the hall ther the ſteward was. [plaſe,
The blynd man firſt gan to ſpake: Sir Steward, for Godd'is ſake
Herith me a litill while, for her I have ytake
He that hath do me wrong moſt of man of mold;
Be my help, as law woll, for hym that Judas ſold.

Ye know wele that oft tyme I have to yew yplcynid
How I was betrayed, and how I was ypeynid,
And how a man some tyme and I our yen did chaunge;
This is the same persone, though that he make it
straunge:
I toke them hym but for a tyme, and wenyd trewly
Myne to have yhad ageyn; and so both he and I
Were ensurid uttirlich, and was our both will;
But for myne the bettir were wrongfullich and fille:
He hath them kept hidirto, wyth mych sorduwe and
pyne
To me, as ye wele knowith; because I have nat myne
I may nat se with his; wher'for me is ful wop;
And evirmore ye seyd that ye myght nothing do
Without presence of the man that wrought me this
unquert:
Now sith he is tofore you now let hym nat astert;
For many tyme and oft yee behete me
And he myght be take he shuld do me gre.
Sith ye of hym be sesid, howevir so yee tave,
Let hym nevir pas tyl I myn yen have.
Beryn, quod Evandir, herist thow nat thy selve
How sotilly he pletith, and ware by eche halve?
Beryn stode all nuët, and no word he spake;
And that was tho his grace; ful sone he had be take
And he had myssyd onys, or els yseyd nay;
For then he had been negatyff, and undo for ay:
For they were grete Sevilioun*s*, and usid probat law,
Where evirmore affirmatyf shuld preve his own saw:

Wher'for they wer ſo quereloufe of all myght com in
mynd, [wold fynd
Though it wer nevir in dede ydo; ſuch matere they
To benym a man his good through ſom manir gile;
For the blynd man wiſt right wele he ſhuld have loſt
his whyle 1340
To make his pleynt on Beryn, and fuyd opponhis good,
For ſhippis and eke marchaundiſe in a balaunce ſtode;
Ther'for he made his chalenge his yen for to have,
Or els he ſhuld for them fyne yf he wold them have,
And ligg for them in hoſtage tyll the fynaunce cam:
This was all the ſotilte of the blynd man. 1346
Beryn ſtode all muët, and no word he ſpak.
Beryn, quod Evander, leſt thow be ytake
In defaute of anſwere thou myghtiſt be condempnyd,
Be right wele avyſid, ſith thou art examenyd. 1350
Sir, ſeyd Beryn, it wold litill availe
To anſwere thus aloon without good counſaill;
And alſo ferthermore, full litill I ſhuld be levid,
Whatevir I anſwerd, thus ſtonyd and reprevid;
And eke my wit doith faille; and no wondir is; 1355
Wher'for I wold prey yew, of yowr gentilnes,
To graunt me dey tyll to morowe I might be avyſid
To anſwere forth, wythothir that on me been ſurmy-
Deperdeux! quod the ſteward, I graunt wel it be ſo. [ſid.
Beryn toke his leve, and hopid to pas and go: 1360
But as ſone as Beryn was on his hors ryding
He met a woman and a child wyth ſad chere comyng,

That toke hym by the reyn, and held hym wondir faft,
And ſeid, Sir, voidith nat yit, vailith nat to haſte;
Ye mow in no wyſe ſcape; ye muſt nedis abyde;
For though ye liſt to know me nat, yit lien by yeuſide
I have ful many a tyme, I can nat tell yew lome.
Come tofore the ſteward, ther ſhall ye here yeur dome
Of thing that I ſhall put on yew, and no word forthy:
To leve me thus alone it is yeur villany.
Alas the day and tyme that evir I was yeur make!
Much have I endurid this too yere for yeur ſake;
But now it ſhall be know who is in the wronge.
Beryn was all abaſhid, the pepill ſo thik thronge
About him in echo ſide: for ought that he couth peyn
He muſt to the ſteward of fyne fors ageyn.
Now ſhull ye here how ſotillich this woman gan hir tale
In preſence of the ſteward. With colour wan and pale
Petouſly ſhe gan to tell; and ſeid, Sir, to yew
Full oft I have compleynyd in what manere and how
My child is fadir left me, by myſelf aloon,
Wythout help or comforte, as grete as I myght goon
Wyth my ſon here and his, that ſhame it is to tell
The penury that I have yhad, that afors fell
I muſt nedis myne aray, wher me liſt or lothe,
Or els I muſt have beggit for to fynd us both;
For there was nevir woman I leve, as I ges,
For lak of hede of lyvelode that lyvid in more diſtres
Then I my ſelf for oft tyme for lak of mete and drink;
And yit I trow no creature was feyner for to ſwinke.

My lyff to ſuſtene: but as I mut nede
Above all othir thingis to his child take hede,
That wondir is and mervaile that I am alyve;
For the ſokyng of his right as it were a knyve
It ran into my hert; ſo low I was of mode
That well I woot in certen with percell of my blode
His child I have ynoriſhid; and that is by me ſeen;
For my rede colour is turnid into grene:
And he that cauſe is of all here he ſtondith by me;
To pay for the foſteryng methinkith it is tyme.
And ſith he is my huſbond, and hath on me no rowith,
Let hym make amendis in ſaving of his trowith.
And yf he to any word onys can ſay nay
Lo! here my gage, al redy to preve all that I ſey.
The ſtewarde toke the gage, and ſpak in ſoft wyſe;
Of this perouſe compleynt a mann'ys hert may griſe,
For I know in percell hir tale is nat all leſe,
For many a time and oft this woman that here is
Hath ybe tofore me, and pleynid of hir greffe,
But wythout a party hir cauſe myght nat preffe.
Now thou art here preſent that ſhe plenyth on
Make thy defence now, Beryn, as wele as thow con.
Beryn ſtode all muët, and no word he ſpak.
Beryn, quod the ſteward, doiſt thow ſclepe or wake?
Sey onys oon or othir: is it ſoth or nay
As ſhe hath declarid? tell on ſaunce delay.
Lord God! quod Beryn, what ſhuld it me availe
Among ſo many wife, without right good counſaill,

To tell eny tale? full litil as I ges:
Wher'for I wold prey you of your gentilnes
Graunt me day tyl to morowe to anſwer forth with othir.
I graunt wele, quod the ſteward, but for fadir and modir,
Thow getiſt no lenger tyme pleynly I the tell.
Beryn toke his leve; his hert gan to ſwell
For pure verrey anguyſh; and no mervaill was;
And who is that that n'old and he wer in ſuch caſe?
For al his triſt and hope in eny worldlich thing [kyng;
Was cleen from hym paſſid, ſave ſorowe and myſſy-
For body, good, and catell, and lyff, he ſet at nought,
So was his hert ywoundit for angir and for thought.
Beryn paſſyd ſoftly, and to his hors gan go;
And when he was without the gatis he lokid to and fro,
And coud noon othir countenaunce; but to his page he ſeyd,
Precious God in heven! how falſly am I betrayd!
I trow no man alyve ſtont in wers plight,
And all is for my ſynne, and for my yong delite;
And pryncipally above all thyng for grete unkyndnes
That I did to my modir; for littil hede iwis
I toke of hir, this know I wele, whils ſhe was alyve,
Therfor al this turment is ſent to me ſo ryve:
For ther was nevir woman kynder to hir child
Then ſhe was; and ther ageyns nevir thing ſo wyld
Ne ſo evil thewid as I was my ſelf,
Ther'for ſorowe and happs environ me by eche helve,

That I n'ote whider ryde nethir up ne down,
Ther been ſo many devillis dwellyng in this town,
And ſo ful of gile and trechery alſo,
That well I woot in certeyn they woll me ondo.
Now wold to God in hevyn what is my beſt rede!
He toke his hors to his page, and thus to hym he ſayd,
Lede my hors to ſhipward, and take it to ſome man,
And I woll go on foot as pryvely as I can,
And aſſay yf I may in eny manere wiſe
Eſcape unarreſted more in ſuch manner wiſe.
The child toke his maiſtir's hors, and laſt hym there
Walking forth on foot, making oft his moon; ſaloon,
And in his moſt muſing, I can nat ſey how ſome,
He wosſhid nakid as he was bore, he had be in Room.
And no mervaill was it as the caſe ſtode,
For he drad more to leſe his eyen than he did his ſhippis or his good.
Now yee that liſtith to dwell and here of aventure,
How petouſly Dame Fortune, Beryn to inure,
Turnyth hir whele about in the were ſide; ride.
With hap of ſorowe and anguyſſh ſhe gynyth for to
Beryn paſſid toward the ſtrond ther his ſhippis were,
But yee mow ondirſtond his hert was ful of fere;
Yet nethirles he ſat hym down ſoftly on a ſtall,
Semy'ryſe for ſorowe, and lenyd to the wall
For turment that he had, ſo wery he was and feynt,
And to God above thus he made his pleynt:

Glorious God in heven! that al thing madiſt of nought,
Why ſufferiſt thow theſe curſid men to ſtroy me for
nought,
And knoweſt well myn innocent, that I have no gilt
Of al that they purſu me or on me is pilt?
And in the meen whils that Beryn thus gan pleyn
A cachepoll ſtode beſidis, his name was Machaign,
And herd all the wordis, and knew alſo tofore
How Beryn was turmented both with las and more:
It was yſprong through the town; ſo was he full en-
ſenſid
How he hym would engyne as he had propenſid,
And had araid hym ſotillich as man of contempla-
cioune,
In a mantell wyth the liſt, with fals diſſimulacioune,
And a ſtaff in his honde, as thoughe he febill were,
And drow hym toward Beryn, and ſeid in this ma-
nere:
'The high God of heven, that al thing made of nought,
Bles yew, gentil Sir, for many an hevy thought
Me thinkith that ye have, and no wondir is:
But, good Sir, diſmay yew nat, but levith yewr hevi-
nes,
And yf ye liſt to tell me ſomwhat of yeur diſtres
I hope to God Almighty in party it redres
Through my pore counſaill, and ſo I have many oon,
For I have pete on yew be God and by Seint Jon:
And eke pryvy hevines doith eche man apeir
Sodenly or he be ware, and fall in diſpeir;

And who be in that plage that man is incurabill,
For conſequent comyth aftir ſekenes abominabill;
And ther'for, Sir, diſkeverith yewe, and be nothing adrad.
Graunt mercy! Sir, quod Beryn, ye ſeme trew and ſad;
But o thing lyith in myn hert, I n'ote to whom to truſt,
For tho that dyned me to dey ordeyned me to areſt.
A Sir! be yew that man? of yew I have yherd.
Gentill Sir, doutith nat, ne be nothing aferd
Of me, for I ſhall counſell yew as well as I can,
For trewlich in the cete dwellith many a fals man,
And uſyn litil els but falſhode, wrong, and wyle,
And how they might ſtraungers with trechery begyle
But ye ſhul do right wiſely ſomewhat be my counſail.
Speke with the ſteward; that may you moſt availl;
For ther is a comyn byword, yf ye it herd havith,
Wele ſetith he his peny that the pound ſavith.
The ſteward is a covetouſe man, that long hath diſirid
A knyff I have in keping, wherwith his hert I wirid;
Shall be yew to help, in covenaunte that yee
Shall give me five mark yeur treu frend to be.
The knyff is feir, I tell yew; yit nevir tofore this day
Myght the ſteward have it for aught he coud prey,
The wich ye ſhuld gyve hym, the betir for to ſpede,
And behothe hym *xx l.* to help yew in yeur nede;
And yf he grauntith, truſtith wele ye ſtond in good plight;
For betir is then leſe all the laſt le more quyt.

And I woll go wyth yew ſtra
And knele down and ſpeke fi
And ſey yee be my coſin; the
And when that I have all ytol
bede.

Beryn thankid hym hertlich, a
With hond in hond enſuryd, an
Beryn thought noon othir, al th
Machaign hym comfortid, talky
And paſſid forth ſtylly toward th
Beryn and Machaign; but Beryn
And truſt much in his felawe to h
But or they departed were they ha
Of no manir comfort, as ye ſhull h
For as ſone as Machaigne tofore th
He fill plat to the erth: a grevous pl
He made; and ſeyd, Sir Steward, nc
Ageyns this fals treytour that ſtondi
Let take of hym good hede, els he w
Now mercy gode Steward, for yee hav
For my fadir Melan pleyn to you ful
That with 7 dromedarys, as I have to
With marchandiſe chargit went towar
And it is 7 yere ago and a litill more
Of hym or of his gooddis that I herd les
And yit I have enquerid as byſely as I c
And met nevir man yit that me coud tell
Any tyding of hym onto this ſame day;
But now I know too much, alas! I may w

en Beryn herd these wordis he kist down his hede;
as! he thought in hert, alas! what is myrede!
I would fayn have voidit, and outward pan to slapp,
Machaigne arose and sesid by the lappe:
', thow shalt nat void, he seid; my tale is nat yde;
be trowith of my body yf thou seapwot to
uld revir have mery whils I wer on lyve,
I set hond fast on Beryn's othir sleve,
I seid, Good Sir Steward, my tale to the end
ey ye wold here, for wend how men wend
re may no man hele murdir, but it will out at last:
same knyff my fadir bere when he of contre past
serch wele this felon, ther ye shul hym find;
ow the knyff wele inough, it is nat out of my
mynd: [knyff,
cotelere dwellith in this toun that made the same
I for to preve the trowith he shall be here as blyve.
'n swat for angir, his hert was full of fere;
:oke the knyff to the steward or he serchid were.
'steward onto Beryn. My frend, lo! quod he,
I show think the well about this is foule plee:
i know noon othir but thow must or thow go
I the body of Melan and his good also.
/ be well avysid ageyn to morowe day, [to say.
n shalt thou have thy jugement; ther is no more
en Beryn fro the steward thus departid was,
was without the gate, he lokid oppon the plase,
I cursid it wondir bitterly in a fervent ire,
I wisshid many tymes it had been a fire;

For I trowe that man of lyve was nevir wors betrayid
Then I am; and therwithall my hert is cleen difmayid,
For here I have no frendfhip, but am all counfelles,
And they been falsher then Judas, and eke mercyles.
A, Lord God in hevyn! that my hert is woo;
And yit fuyrly I mervel nat though that it be fo,
For yit in all my lyve fithe I ought undirftode
Had I nevir wyl for to lern good:
Foly I hauntid it evir, ther myght no man me let,
And now he hath ypaid me, he is cleen out of my dett;
For whils I had tyme wyfdom I myght have lernyd,
But I drow me to foly and wold nat be governed,
But had al myne own wyll, and of no man afferd,
For I was nevir chaftifid; but now myne own yerd
Betith me to fore; the ftrokis been to hard;
For thefe dovillis of this town takith but litil reward
To fclee my body to have my good. The day is fet to morowe;
Now wold to God I wer in grave, for it wer end of
I was iwis to much a fole; for hate I had to Rame
I wold forfake myn heritage, ther'for forowe and
Is oppon me fall, and right wele defervid,
For I toke none maner hede when my modir ftervid,
And difobeyid my fadir, and fet hym at naught alfo;
What wondir is it than though that I have woo?
Fortune and eke Wifdom have werrid with me evir,
And I with them in all my lyf, for Fortune was me levir

Then eny wit or governaunce, for them too I did hate;
And though I wold be at oon now it is to late.
O myghtfull God in heven! wher was evir man
That wrought hymſelf more foly than I my ſelf did than?
A curſid be the tyme that I out of Rome went!
That was my fadir's right heir of lyvelode and of rent,
And al the riall lordſhip that he hath in the town.
Had I had wit and grace, and hold me low and boun,
It wer my kynd now among my baronage
To hauk and to hunt, and eke to pley and rage
With feir freſhe ladies, and daunce when me liſt;
But now it is to late to ſpeke of Had I wiſt.
But I fare like the man that for to ſwele his flyes
He ſtert into the bern, and aftir ſtre he hies,
And goith about thé wallis with a brennyng waſe,
Tyll it was at laſt that the leem and blaſe
Entrid into the chynys where the wheate was,
And kiſſid ſo the eveſe that brent was all the plaſe;
But firſt in the begynnyng, tyll ſeer ſmote in the raftris,
He toke no manere kepe, and thought of nothing aftir
What perell there myght fall; ne more did I ywis,
That wold forſake myn honour for the unkyndnes
Of Rame, that was my ſtepmodir; for yf I ſhall nat ly
They beth foure; wherfor the more wiſely
I ſhuld have wrought, had I had wit, and ſuffrid for a tyme,
And aftir com to purpoſe wel inowghe of myne;

And be no more enpledit, but pas fi
Good Sir, quod Beryn, doith me ac
And ſuffir me to pas, and have on n
And I ſuyr yew feithfully, have he
To morowe when I have pledit, and
Of ſhip or marchaundiſe, afore the
I woll ſhew yew all ifere, and opyn
And put it in yewr grace to do wha
And in the meen while that Beryn
The crypill nyghid hym nere and ne
by the lap;
And as ſone as Beryn knew that he
He unlacyd his mantell for drede of
And pryvelich ovir his ſhuldris let h
And had levir leſe his mantell then
The cripill all perceyvid, and hent h
Of his nethir ſurcote Alas! now ma
Thought Beryn by hymſelf, now I
There helpith naught ſave ſtrengit
ſcleve to rent
Beryn gan; to ſcappe he ſparid for n
Alas! thought this cripill, this man
And be ondo for evir, but he counſe
Iwis thoughe he be lewde my contr
Yit will I my beſines do and peyn th
Sith he is of Room, for that is my c
This cripill was an hundrit yere full
With a long thik berd, and a trew

He had; and manly and july was he,
And Geffrey was his name yknow in that contre.
Alas! thought this Geffrey, this man hath grete drede
Of me, that by my power wold help hym in his nede:
I wis though he be nyce, untaught and unwiſe,
I woll nat for his foly leve myne enpryſe;
And lept aftir Beryn, and that in right good ſpede.
Beryn was ſo ſore agaſt he toke no maner hede
To look onys bakward tyll he to the watir cam,
Then lokid he behynd and ſaw Sir Clekam
Commaund wondir faſt with ſtaff and with his ſtilt.
Allas! thought Beryn, I now am yſpilt,
For I may no ferthir without I wold me droune,
I n'ote wich were the betir, or go ageyn to toune.
Geffrey was ſo nigh com that Beryn myght nat fle:
Good Sir, quod this Geffrey, why do yee void me?
For by heven quene, that bare Criſt in hir barme,
But right as to my ſelf I woll yew no more harme.
Sittith down here by me oppon this ſee ſtronde,
And yf ye drede any thing clepe yewr men to londe,
And let them be here with us all our ſpeche tyme,
For I woll nat feyn oon word, as makers doon to ryme,
But counſell yew as prudently as God woll ſend me grace:
Take comfort to yew, and herk a litill ſpaſe.
And when that Beryn had yherd his tale to the end,
And how goodly as Geffrey ſpak, as he were his frende,

Stremy[illegible]
And seyd; God me[illegible]
For I have herd this same dey me[illegible]
Speke, and of yeur semblant, and in such manc[illegible]
And byhete me frendshipp outward by their chere,
But inward it was contrary their intellectioune 1740
Wherfor the blame is les, though I suspectioune
Have of yewr wordis, lest othir be yewr entent,
For I n'ote whom to truste by God omnipotent; [me
Yit nethirles yf your will is to com into the ship with
I woll fom what do by yeur rede how so it evir be.
Then, quod Geffrey, if it be so that I in yewr powere
Entir into your shippis, and yew help in yewr my-
stere, [syde
That yee ageyn yewr adversaryes shull have the bet
And gyve yow such counsell to bate down their pri
And that yee wynne in every pleynt, al so muc
more [yb
purpose to have of yew; yf they be
for their iniquite,
shall my g

Ful many, and turmented wers then wer yee,
And endurid for my trowith much adverſite,
For I wold in no wiſe ſuffir their falſhedes,
For in all the world ſo corrupt of their dedis
Been noon men alyve, I myght ryght well avow,
For they ſet all their wittis in wrong all that they mowe;
Wher'for full many a tyme the grettiſt of them and I
Have ſtonden in altercatioune for their trechery;
For I had in valew in trew marchaundiſe
A M. *l.* all have they take in ſuch maner wiſe:
So ferforth to ſave my blode no longer myght I dryve dure;
For drede of wors thus thought I my ſelf to disfigure,
And have among them 12 yere go right in this plighte,
And evir have had in memory how I myght them quyte;
And ſo I hope now, as ſotill as they be,
With my wit engine them and help yew and me.
My lymes been both hole and ſound, me nedith ſtilt ne crouch.
He caſt aſyde them both, and lepe oppon an huche
And adown ageynes, and walkid to and fro,
Up and down, within the ſhip, and ſhewid his hondis tho,
Stretching forth his fingris in ſight and all about
Without knot or knor, or eny ſign of goute,
And dyght them eſt ageyns right diſeſtirly,
Soon to ride ech othir, and ſom awewarde wry.

Geffrey was right myghty, and wele his age did bere,
For natur was more ſubſtantiall when the dayis wer
Then now in our tyme; for all thing doith waſte
Saff vile and curſid lyving, that growith all to faſte.
What ſhuld I tell more? But Geffrey ſat hym down,
And Beryn hym beſydis; the Romeyns gan to roun,
And mervelled much in Geffrey of his diſgiſenes,
And Beryn had anothir thought, and ſpak of his diſtres.
Now Geffrey, ſeid this Beryn, and I durſt truſt in yewr
That and ye knewe eny man that is alyve anowe
That had of diſcrecioune ſo much inſipnesch
To make my party good to morowe in my defence,
And delivir me of ſorowe, as ye behote have,
I wold become his legeman, as God my ſoule ſave.
That wer to much, quod Gefferey; that woll I yew releſe;
But I deſire of othir thing to have yewr preones,
That and I bryng yewr enmyes into ſuch a traunes
To make for yewr wrongis to you right high fenaunce,
And ſo declare for you that with you pas ſuch dome,
That yee oppon your feith bryng me at Rome,
Yf God wol ſend yew wedir and grace to repaſe.
Quod Beryn, But I grant yew I wer lewder then an aſſe,
But or I fullich truſt yew holdith me excuſid;
I woll go counſell with my men leſt they it refuſid.
Beryn drew aſyde, and ſpak with his meyne,
And expreſſid every word in what plight and degre

That he stode from poynt to poyne, and of his fals
artelis:
His meyne were affonyd, and starid forth as bestis.
Speikith fom word, quod Beryn, sith I am betrayd;
Yee have yheard what Geffrey to me hath sayd.
These Romeyns stode alle still; o word ne cowd they
meve;
And eke it pallid their wittis. Then Beryn gan releve,
And to Geffrey eft ageyn, and mercy hym besought.
Help me, sir, quod Beryn, for his love that us bought
Dying on the rood, and wept full tendirly;
For but ye help, quod Beryn, ther is no remedy,
For comfort nethir counsaill of my men have I noon:
Help me, as God yew help, and els I am undoon.
When Geffrey saw this Beryn so distract and wept,
Pite into eche veyn of his hert crept.
Allas! quod Geffrey, I might nat do a more synful
deede,
I leve by my trewith, then sayl yew in this nede;
Fall me God in heven yf that I yew faill!
That I shall do my beste, my peyn, and my travaile,
To help yew be my power; I may no ferther goo.
Yis, yee behote me more, seid Beryn, tho,
That yee wold help me at all that I shuld stond cler.
Beryn gan to wepe and make wers chere.
Stillith yew, quod Geffrey, for how so evir ye tire
More than my power ye ought nat desire,

For thorough the grace of God ye shul be help wele;
I have ther'of no dout; but trewlich I you tele
That ye woll hold me covenaunte and I woll yew also,
To bryng me at Rome when it is all ydo.
In signe of trewith of both fidis of our acordment
Eche of us kys othir of our comyn assent; [wyne;
And all was do. And aftirward Beryn commaundit
They dronk, and then Geffrey seid; Sir Beryne,
Yee mut declare yeur maters to myne intelligence,
That I may the bet perseyve all inconvenience,
Dout, pro, contra, and ambiguite,
Thorough your declaratioune, and enformyd be;
And with the help of our Soveren Lord celestiale
They shall be behynd, and we shull have the hall,
For now the tyme approchith for their cursidnes
To be somwhat rewardit; and cause of yewr distres
Hath my hert ystclid and fixid them a nye,
As trowith woll and reson, for their trechery:
For many a man tofore this day they have do out of
Distroid and turmentid thorough their fals law; [daw,
For they think litill ellis, and all their wyttis fyve,
Save to have a mann'ys good, and to benym his lyve;
And hath a cursid custom, all ageyns reson,
That what man they enpeche they have noon enchefon
Thoughe it be as fals a thing as God hymself is trewe:
And it touche a straunger that is com of newe
Atte first mocioune that he begynneth to meve
Ther stondith up an hundrit hym to repreve.

The lawes of the cete ſtont in probacy;
They uſen noon enqueſtis the wrongis for to try:
And yf thow haddiſt eny wrong, and woldiſt pleyn the,
And were as trewe a cauſe as eny myght be. 1864
Thow ſhuldiſt nat find o man to bere the witnes,
Though every man in the town knew it more or les;
So burrith they togidir, and holdith with eche othir,
That as to counterplede them, though ye wer my bro-
thir, 1868
I wold gyve yow no counſaill, ne their empechement
In no woodib deny, for that wer combirment; [anoon,
For then wer they in the affirmatyf, and wold preve
And to yow that wer negatyff the law wold graunt
So for to plede ageyn them it woll litill availl, [anoon:
And yit to every maan's wit it ought be grete mer-
vaile, 1874
For their lawes been ſo ſtreyt, and peynous ordinaunce
Is ſtallid for their falſhede; for this is their fynaunce,
To leſe their lyff for lesing, and hope it may knowe,
That lordis riall of the town, and holdith them ſo lowe,
Wherfor they have a cuſtom a ſhrewid for the nonys,
Yf eny of them ley a thing they cry all at onys, 1880
And ferm it for a foth, and it bere any charge; [large;
Thus of the danger of hope they kepe them ever at
And therfor wiſdom weer, whoſo might eſchewe,
Nevir to dele with them; for wer it wrong or trewe
It ſhuld litill availl ageyns their falſhedes, 1885
For they been acurſid, and ſo been their dedes;

Wherfor we muſt, with all our wit ſenſibill,
Such anſwers us purvey that they been infolibill,
To morowe at our aparaunce, and ſhall be reſponſaill,
For of wele and ellis it is thy day fynall.
Now Soveren Lord celeſtiale! with many ſorowful
Seyd Beryn to Geffray, ymmemorat of lyes, [ſighis,
Graunt me grace to morowe, ſo that God be pleſid
Make ſo myne anſwere, and I ſoin what y-eſid
By the that art my counſaill, for othir help is noon.
Rehercemethein, quod Geffrey, the cauſis of thy foot
Fro poynt to poynt, al in fere, an, the is futnyſid,
Wherthorough I myght to morowe the betir be avisid.
Now in ſoth, quod Beryn, thoughe I ſhuld dy,
I cannat tell the tenyth part of their tredhery,
What for ſorowe and angir that they to me have wrought;
So ſtond I clene deſperat but ye con help ought.
Deperdeux! ſeid Geffrey, and I the woll nat faill,
Sith I have enſurid the to be of thy counſaill;
And ſo much the more that thou art nat wiſe,
And canſt nat me enform of no maner aviſe;
Here ther'fore a while, and tend wel to my lore.
The lord that dwellith in this town, whoſe name I
Hope, efft reherſid, is ſo inly wiſe [told tofore,
That no man alyve can his pas deviſe,
And is ſo grow in yeris that LX yeer ago
He ſawe nat for age; and yit it ſtondith ſo

That thorough his wit, and wiſdom, and his gover-
naunce, [much or prauncc,
Who makith a fray eſ, or ſtryvith aught, or mel to
Within the ſame cete, that he n'ys take anoon, 1915
And hath his pennaunce forthwith, for pardon uſith
he noon:
For ther n'ys pore ne riche, ne what ſtate he be,
That he ny's undirſote for his iniquité;
And it be previd on hym ther ſhall no gold hym quyte,
Right as the forſete axith moch or lite, 1920
For geyns his commaundment is noon ſo hardy quek,
So hard ſetith he his ſote in every mann'ys nek;
For undir ſky and ſterris this day is noon alyve
That coud amend hym in o poynt, al thing to diſtryve.
The 7 Sages of Rome, though al ageyn hym were,
The ſhuld be inſufficient to make his anſwere, 1926
For he can all langagis, Greek, Hebrew, and Latyne,
Caldey, Frenſh, and Lombard, ye know well fyne,
And all maner that men in bokis write;
In poyſe and philoſophie alſo he can endite: 1930
Cevile and canoune, and al maner lawis,
Seneca and Sydrak, and Salamon'ys ſawys,
And the 7 ſciences, and eke law of armys,
Experimentis and pompery, and all maner charmys,
As ye ſhul here aſtir er that I depart, 1935
Of his imaginaciouns and of his ſotill art;
For he is of age 300 yere and more,
Wherfor of all ſciences he hath the more lore.

In Denmark he was getin and ybore alſo;
And in Grece ynorifhed tyl he cond ſpek and go;
Ther was he put to ſcole, and lernyd wonder faſt,
For ſuch was his grace that all othir he paſt:
But firſt in his begynnyng litil good he fond,
But lernyd evir paſſyngly, and was wiſe and ſad:
Of ſtature and of feture ther was noon hym like
Thorough the lond of Grece though men wold hym ſeke.

A kyng ther was in tho yeris that had noon heir male
Saff a doughter; that he lovid as his own ſoul;
Iſope was his ſervaunt, and did hym ſuch pleſaunce
That he made hym his heir, and did hym ſo avaunce
To wed his doughter, and after hym to bere crowne,
Thorough prowes and his port ſobir he was and boun;
So as Fortune wold, that was Iſop's frend,
This worthy king that ſame yere made his curſed end.
That 27 yere is paſſid that Iſope thus hath reigned,
And yit was ther nevir for wrong on hym complayned
For no jugement that he gaff; yit ſom ageyn hym wyld
A grete part of his pepil, and wold have hym exilid;
But his grete wiſdom, and his manfolnes,
His governaunce, with his bounte and his rightfulnes,
Hath evir yit preſerved hym unto this ilk day,
And woll whyle that he lyvith for aught that men can ſay:
For who hath eny quarel or cauſe for to wonde
Within this fame cete, quiklich woll he fond,

And it be ſotill matir, to Iſope for to fare,
Fro gynnyng to the end his quarrell to declare; [rowe;
And eve afore, as cuſtom is, peple ſhall be on the mo-
But whoſo ly he ſcapith nat wythout ſhame or ſorowe.
Beryn, thow muſt go thidir, wher thyn enpechement
Shull be ymevid, and therfor pas nat thens
T'yll thou have herd them alle, and report them wele
To me, that am thy counſell, and repeir ſnele.
But ſo rial mancioune as Iſope dwellith in
Ther is noon in the world, ne ſo queynt of gyn,
Wherfore be well aviſid how I enform the
Of the wondir wayis and of the pryvyte
That been wythyn his palcyſe, that thou muſt pas by;
And when thow approchiſt, and art the caſtell nygh,
Blench fro the brode gate, and enter thow nat there,
For ther been men to keep it; yit have thow no fere;
Pas down on the right hond by the caſtell walle
Tyll thow fynd a wyndow, and what ſo the byfall
Entir ther yf thow may, and be nothyng agaſt,
But walk forth in that entre: then ſhalt thow ſee in
A portcolyſe the tofore; pas in boldly [haſte
Tyll thow com to an hall the feyriſt undir ſky:
The wallis been of marbill, yjoynid and ycloſid,
And the pilours of cryſtall, grete and wele propoſid;
The keveryng of bove is of ſelondyn,
And the pament beneth of gold and aſure fyne.
But whoſo paſſith thorough this hall hath nede to ren
Or els he myght be diſware of his own lyve, [blyve,

or ther wythin lith a ſtoon that is ſo hote of kynd
That what thing coms for by anoon it wold atend,
As bryght as eny kandell leem, and confume anoon;
And ſo wold the hall alſo n'er coldnes of a ſtoon
That is yclepid Dionyſe, that ſet is hym ageyn;
So and thow lepe lightly thou ſhalt have no peyn,
For ethir ſtone in kynd proportioned they be,
Of hete and eke of coldnes of eon equalite.
Thow muſt pas thorough the hall, but tary nat I rede,
For thou ſhalt fynd a dur up right afore thyn hede:
When thow art entrid ther, and the dore apaſſ,
Whatſo thow ſe ligg or ſtond be thow nat agaſt;
And yf thow drede eny thing do no more ſaff-blowe,
But yit I rede the beware that it be ſomwhat lowe;
Ther been to ſibardis loos and untyed,
If that thy blowing of that othir in eny thing be ſpied
Anoon he rakith on the to ſeſe the by thy pate,
For ther n'ys thing in erth that he ſo much doith hate
As breth of manis mowith; wher'fore refreyn the,
And blow but fair and ſoft, and when that nede be.
When thow art paſſid this hall anoon then ſhalt thow
Into the fayreſt garden that is in Chriſtendom,
The wich thorough his clergy is made of ſuch deviſe
That a man ſhall ween he is in Paradiſe,
At his firſt comyng in, for melody and ſong,
And othir glorious thingis and delectabill among,
The wich Tholomeus, that ſomtyme Paynym was
That of aſtronomy knew ev'ry poynt and caſe,

Did it ſo deviſe, thorough his high connyng,
That ther n'ys beſt in erth ne bird that doith ſing
That he n'ys there in figur in gold and ſylvir fyne,
And mow, as they wer quyk, knaw the ſotill engyne.
In mydward of this gardyn ſtant a feir tre
Of al maner levis that undir ſky be,
Yforgit and yfourmit eche in his degre
Of ſylvir and of gold fyne that luſty been to ſee.
This gardeyn is evir grene, and full of May flowris,
Of rede, white, and blew, and othir freſh colouris,
The wich been ſo redolent, and ſentyn ſo about,
That he muſt be right lewde therin ſhuld route.
Theſe monſtrefull thingis I deviſe to the
Becauſe thow ſhuldiſt nat of them abaſhid be.
When that thow comyſt there, ſo thow be ſtrong in thought,
And do be my counſell, drede the right nought,
For ther beth viii tregetours that this gardyn kepith,
Four of them doith waak whils the four ſclepith,
The wich been ſo perfite of nygramance,
And of the art of apparene and of tragetrie,
That they make ſemen as to a mann'ys ſight
Abominabill wormys, that ſore ought be afright
The hertieſt man on erth, but he warnyd were
Of the griſly fightis that he ſhuld ſee there.
Among all othir there is a lyon white
That and he be a ſtraungir he rampith for to bite,

And hath tofore this tyme 500 men and mo
Devourid and yete, that thereforth have ygo:
Yit ſhalt thow pas ſuyrly ſo thow do as I tell.
The tre I told tofore, that round as eny bell
Berith bow and braunche, traylyng to the ground,
And thow touch oon of them thow art ſaff and ſound;
The tre hath ſuch vertu there ſhall nothing the dere:
Loke that be the firſt when thow comyſt there.
Then ſhalt tho [illegible] ferther ſide;
Thoughe it be n [illegible] er large and wyde
It growith more [illegible] a dentour wryith;
Yit woll that wev [illegible] e that Hope liith,
Into the feyriſt c [illegible] man ſaw with eye.
When thow [illegible] ern the wiſely,
For there ſh [illegible] enpechement
Opynly declarid in Hop is p [illegible].
Report them wele and kepe them in thy mynd,
And aftir thy relacioune we ſhall ſo turn and wend,
Thorough help of God above, ſuch help for to make
That they ſhull be acombrit, and we right well to ſcape.
Now in ſoth, quod Beryn, a mann'ys hert may grife
Of ſuch wondir weyis, for al my marchandiſe
I had levir leſe then oppon me take
Such a wey to pas. Then, Sir, for your ſake
I woll my ſelf, quod Geffrey: ſith I am enſuryd
To help the with my power thow ſhalt be amyrid
As ferforth as I may; that I woll do my peyn
To bryng yow plefaunt tyding, and retourn ageyn

Yit or the cok crow; and ther'for let me se
Whils I am out how mery ye can be.
Geffrey toke his leve; but who was sory tho
But Beryn and his company? for when he was go
Thei had no maner joy, but dout and hevynes,
For of his repeyryng thei had no sikernes;
So every man to othir made his compleynt,
And wishid that of felony they had been atteynt,
And so them thought betir to end hevynes
Then every day to lak brede atte first mes;
For when our good is go what shall fal of us?
Evir to be their thrallis, and peraventure wers,
To lese our lyf aftir yf we displese them ought.
Aftir Geffrey went this was all their thought
Throughout the nyght tyl cokkis gan to sing; 2089
But then encresid anguishe; their hondis gan to wryng,
And curssid wynd and watir that them brought ther,
And wishid many tymes that he had been in bere,
And were apassid and entrid into dispeyr,
In as much as Geffrey did nat repeir:
Eche man seyd to othir it myght nat be ynayid 2095
But Geffray had uttirlich falsly them betrayid
Thoroughout all the long nyght.

. . . . . .

Tho went they to counsell a litill tofore the day,
And were all acordit for to sayl awey;
And so them thought betir, and leve their good ther,
Then abyde theroppon, and have more fere.

They made their takelyng redy, and wend the ſail
For to ſave their lyvis, and ſet nat of their los; [acros,
So ſore they wer adred to be in ſervitute,
And hopid God above wold ſend them ſom reſute
By ſom othir coſtis ther wynd them wold bryng:
And therwithall cam Geffrey on his ſtilt lepeing,
And cried wondir faſt by the watir ſyde.
When Beryn herd Geffrey he bid his men abyde,
And to launch out a bote and bryng Geffrey in,
For he may more avayl me now then al my kyn,
And he be trew and truſty, as myn hope is;
But yit ther'of had Beryn no full ſikernes.
Theſe Romeyns ſet in Geffrey with an hevy chere,
For they had levir ſaill forth then put them in weer
Both lyve and goodis: and evill ſuſpicioune
They had of this Geffrey; wherfore they gon roune,
Talkyng to eche othir, This man woll us betray.
Geffrey wiſt well inowghe he was nat to their pay,
And for verry angir he threw into the ſee
Both ſtilt and eke his crouch, that made wer of tre,
And gan them to comfort, and ſeid in this manere:
Benedicite! Beryn, why make ye ſuch chere?
For and yee wex hevy what ſhall yewr men do
But take enſampill of yew? and have no cauſe to;
For yit or it be eve yewr adverſaryes all
I ſhall make them ſpurn and have a fore fall,
And yee go quyte, and all yewr good, and have of
And they to be right feign for to ſcape ſo [their's too,

Wythout more daungir, and yewr wyl be;
For of the lawys her ſuch is the equyte
That *Who purſu othir and his pleynt be wrong*
He ſhall make amendis be be nevir ſo ſtrong;
Right as ſhuld the t'odir yf he condempned were,
Right ſo ſhall the pleyntiff right as I yew lere:
And that ſhall preve by them, have ye no doute,
Yit or it be eve right low to yew to loute,
And ſubmit them to yew, and put them in yewr grace
By that tyme I have ymade all my wanlaſe;
And in hope to ſpede well let ſhape us for to dyne.
Geffrey axid watir, and ſith brede and wyne,
And ſeit, it is holſom to breke our faſt betyme,
For the ſteward woll to the court at hour of pryme.
The ſonne gan to ſhyne and ſhope a feir dey;
But for aught that Geffrey coud do or ſey
Theſe Romeyns ſpekyn faſt all the dyner while,
That Geffrey with his ſotill wordis wold them begile.
So when they had ydyned they ryſen up echoone,
And drew them to counſell what was beſt to doon:
Som ſeyd the beſt rede that we do may,
To throw Geffrey ovir the bord, and ſeyll forth our way:
But for drede of Beryn ſom wold nat ſo,
Yit the more party aſſentid wele therto.
Geffrey and Beryn, and worthy Romeyns tweyn,
Stood a part within the ſhip, ſo Geffrey gan to ſeyn,
Beryn, beth aviſid; your men beth in diſtaunce:
Sith ye been her ſoveren put them in governaunce

For methinkith they holdith contrary opynyoune,
And *Grace faylith comynlich wher is divifioune.*
In the meen whyle that they gan thus to ſtryve
Hanybald was up, and ycom as blyve
To the brigg of the town ther the ſhippis rood,
And herd much noyſe; but litil while he bood,
For when he ſaw the ſaylis ſtond all acros,
Alas! quod this Hanybald, here growith a ſmert los
To me that am provoſt, and have in charge and heſt
All theſe fyve ſhippis undir myn areſt;
And ran into the town, and made an hidouſe cry,
And chargit all the cetezins to armys for to hy
From o ſtrete tyl anothir, and rerid up al the town,
And made the trompis blowe up and the bellis ſoun,
And ſeyd that the Romeyns wer in poynt to pas,
Tyl ther wer a thowſand, rathir mo then les,
Men y-armyd cheen, walkyng to the ſtronde
When Beryn them aſpied; Now, Geffrey, in thy honde
Stont lyf and goodis; doth with us what the lift,
For all our hope is on the, comfort, help, and trift;
For we muſt bide aventure, ſuch as God woll ſhape,
For now I am in certen we mow in no wife ſcape.
Have no doubt, quod Geffrey; beth mery; let me aloon;
Getith a peir ſiſours, ſherith my herd anoon,
And aftirwerd lete top my hede haſtylich and blyve.
Som went to with ſeſours, ſom wyth a knyffe,
So what for ſorowe and haſt, and for lewd tole,
Ther was no man alyve bet like to a fole

Then Geffrey was by that tyme they had al ydo.
Hanybald clepid out Beryn, to Mote Hall for to go,
And ſtode upon the brigg with an huge route.
Geffrey was the firſt to Hanybald gan to loute,
And lokid out a fore ſhip: God bles yew! Sir, quod he.
Wher art thow now, Beryn? com forth, behold and ſe,
Her is an huge pepill yrayd and ydight;
All theſe been my children that been in armys bryght;
Yiſtirday I gat them: is nat mervaill
That they been hidir yeom to be of our counſaill,
And to ſtond by us, and help us in our ple?
A! myne own childryn, bleſſid mut ye be!
Quod Geffrey, with an high voiſe, and had a nyce vi-
And gan to daunce for joy in the fore ſtage. [ſage,
Hanybald lok'd on Geffrey as he wer amaſid,
And beheld his countenaunce, and how he was yraſid,
But evirmore he thought that he was a fole
Naturell of kynde, and had noon othir tool,
As ſemed by his wordis and his viſage both,
And thought it had been foly to wex with hym wroth,
And gan to bord ageyn, and axid hym in game,
Sith thow art our fadir who is then our dame?
And how and in what plaſe were we begete?
Yiſtirday, quod Geffrey, pleyng in the ſtrete
At a gentil game that clepid is the Quek,
A long peny halter was caſt about my nek,
And yknet faſt with a riding knot,
And caſt ovir a perch, and hale along my throte.

Was that a game, quod Hanybald, for to hang thyselve!
So they seyd about me, a thousand eche by hymself.
How scapiddist thow, quod Hanybald, that thou wer
Therto can I answer without any rede; [nat dede?
I bare thre dise in myn own purs,
For I go nevir without, fare I betir or wers;
I kist them forth all thre, and too fill am'ys ase,
But here now what fill aftir, right a merveloust case;
Ther cam a mowse lepe forth, and ete the third boon,
That puffid out her skyn as grete as she myght goon;
And in this maner wise of the mowse and me
All ye be ycom my children fair and fre;
And yit or it be eve fall woll such a chaunce
To stond in my power yew all to avaunce,
For and we plede wellto day we shall be riche inowghe.
Hanybald of his wordis hertlich loughe,
And so did all that herd hym, as they myght wele,
And had grete joy wyth hym for to tell,
For they knew hym noon othir but a fole of kynd,
And all this was his discrecioune, and that previd the
Whils Geffrey japid to make their hertis light
Peyn and his company were rayid and ydight,
And bondit them in botis, ferefull how to spede,
For all their thoughtis in balance stode betwene hope
and drede:
For yit they did their peyn to make light some chere,
And Geffrey them had ensourmed, of port and all ma-
nere

Of their governaunce all the long day
Tyll their plee wer endit; ſo went they forth their wey
To the court with Hanybald. Then Beryn gan to ſey,
What nedith this, Sir Hanybald, to make ſuch aray,
Sith we been peſe-marchantis, and uſe no ſpoliacioune?
For ſoth, Sir, quod Hanybald, to me was made relacioune
Yee wer in poynt to void; and yef yee had do ſo
Yee had loſt yewr lyvis, without wordis mo.
Beryn held hym ſtyll. Geffrey ſpak anoon;
No les wed then lyvis? Whi ſo, good Sir Jon?
That wer ſomwhat to much as it ſemeth me;
But ye be ovirwiſe that dwell in this cete;
For ye have begonne a thing makith you right bold,
And yit or it be eve as folis ſhull yee be hold:
And eke yee devyne for ſhipmanny's craft, [bafft,
And wotith litill what longith to afore the ſhip and
And namelich in the dawnyng when ſhipmen firſt ariſe.
My good frend, quod Hanybald, in a ſcornyng wiſe,
Yee muſt onys enfourm me thorough yowr diſcre-
But firſt yee muſt anſwer to a queſtioune; [cioune,
Why make men croſ-ſail in myddis of the maſt? 2260
For to talow the ſhip and feth more blaſt.
Why goon the yemen to bote ankirs to hale?
For to make them redy to walk to the ale.
Why hale they up ſtonys by the crane lyne?
To make the tempeſt ſeſe and the ſonne ſhyne. 2265

Why cloſe they the port with the ſee bond?
For the maſtir ſhuld awake at firſt word.
Thow art a redy reve, quod Hanybald, in fay.
Yee, Sir, trewly, for ſothe is that yew ſay.
Geffrey evir clappid as doith a watir myll,
And made Hanybald to laugh al his hert fyll.
Beryn, quod this Geffrey, retourn thy men ageyn;
What ſhull they do with the at court? no man on them pleyn.
Plede thy caſe, thy ſelve right as thow haſt ywrought;
To bide with the ſhippis my purpoſe is and thought.
Nay, forſoth, quod Hanybald, thow ſhalt abyde on lond,
Wee have no folis but the; and take hym by the hond,
For thow art wiſe in law to plede all the caſe. [pleſe.
That can I betir, quod Geffrey, then eny man in this
What ſeyſt thow therto, Beryn? ſhall I tell thy tale?
Hanybald likid his wordis wele, and forward gan hym
Beryn made hym angry, and ſighid wondir ſore, [hale.
For Geffrey hym had enfourmid of every poynt to fore,
How he hym ſhuld govern all the long day.
Geffrey chaſid hym ageyn; Sey me ye or nay;
Mayſt'owe nat here ſpeke ſome maner word?
Leve thy blab, lewd fole, me likith nat thy bord:
I have anothir thought, quod Beryn, wherof thow cariſt lite. [the wite:
Clepeiſt thow me a Fole, quod Geffrey? al that I may
But firſt when we out of Rome ſaillid both in fere
Tho I was thy felawe and thy partinere,

For tho the marchandiſe was more then half myne,
And ſith that thow com bidir thow takiſt all for thyne.
But yit or it be eve I wol make oon beheſt,
But thow have my help thy part ſhall be left.
Thyn help, quod Beryn; lewde fole, thow art more then maſid;
Dres the to the ſhippis ward with thy crown yraſid,
For I myght nevirſpare the bet: trus and be agoo. [no,
I woll go with the, quod Geffrey, wher thow wolt or
And lern to plede law to wyn both howſe and lond.
So thow ſhalt, quod Hanybald, and led hym by the hond, [yknow
And leyd his hond oppon his nek: but and he had
Whom he had led, in ſikernes he had well levir in ſnowe
Have walkid XL myle, and rathir then fail more;
For he wisſhid that Geffrey had ybe unbore
Full oft tyme in that day or the ple wer do,
And ſo did all that wrought Beryn ſham and woo.
Now yee that liſt abide and here of ſotilte
Mowe know how that Beryn ſped in his ple,
And in what aray to the court he went,
And how Hanybald led Geffrey, diſware of his entent;
But yet he axid of Geffrey, What is thy name I pray?
Gylhochet, quod Geffrey, men clepid me yiſtirday.
And wher weer thow ybore? I n'ote I make a vow,
Seyd Geffrey to this Hanybald, I axe that of yew,
For I can tell no more but here I ſtond nowe.
Hanybald of his wordis hertlich lowghe,

And held hym for a paſſyng fole to ſerve eny lord.
Thus they romyd janglyng into the court ward,
But or they com ther the ſteward was yſet,
And the grettiſt of the town a company yinet,
And gon to ſtryve faſt who ſhuld have the good
That com was with Beryn ovir the falt flood.
Som ſeyd oon and ſom ſeyde anothir;
Som wold have the ſhippis, the parell, and the rothir;
Som his eyen, ſom his lyf wold have, and no les,
Or els he ſhuld for them fyne or he did pas;
And in the mene whils they wer in this afray.
Beryn and theſe Romeyns wer com, in good aray
As myght be made of woll, and of colour grayhyd;
They toke a ſyde bench that for them was ordaynyd.
When all was huſht and ſtill Beryn arose anoon,
And ſtode in the myddis of the hall tofore them everichone,
And ſeyd, Sir Steward, in me ſhall be no let;
I am ycom to anſwer as my day is ſet:
Do me ryght and reſon; I axe yew no more.
So ſhall I, quod the ſteward, for ther'to I am ſwore.
He ſhall have right, quod Geffrey, wher thow wolt [or no,
For and thow mys onys thy jugement ondo.
I woll to the Emperour of Rome my coſyn,
For of o cup he and I full oft have dronk the wyne,
And yit we ſhull heraftir as oft as we mete,
For he is long the gladder when I ſend hym to grete.
This Geffrey ſtode upon a fourm, for he wold be ſey
Above all othir the ſhouldris and the cry,

And ſtarid al about with his lewd berd,
And was yhold a very fole of ech man hym herd.
The ſteward, and the officers, and the burgeyſis all,
Laughid at hym hertlich; the criour gan to call
The burgeyſe that had pleyd with Beryn at ches,
And he aroſe quiklich, and gan hym for to dres
Afore the ſteward at barr, as the maner is;
He gan to tell his tale wyth grete redines:
Here me, Sir Steward, this day is me ſet
To have right and reſon; I axe yew no bet,
Of Beryn that here ſtondith, that with me yiſtirday
Made a certen covenaunt, and at ches we did pley,
That whoſo were ymatid of us both too
Shuld do the todir's bidding, and yf he wold nat ſo
He muſt drink all the watir that ſalt wer in the ſe:
Thus I to hym ſurid and he alſo to me.
To preve my tale trew I am nat all aloon:
Up roſe 10 burgeyſis quyklich anoon,
And affermyd eviry word of his tale ſoth,
And made them all redy for to do their othe.
Evander the ſteward, Beryn, now, quod he,
Thow moſt anſwere nede; it woll noon othir be:
Take thy counſell to the: ſpede on; I have doon.
Beryn held hym ſtyll: Geffrey ſpak anoon; [yew
Now be my trowith, quod Geffrey, I mervell much of
To bid us go to counſell, and knowith me wiſe inowghe,
And evir full aviſid, in twynkelyng of an eye,
To make a ſhort anſwer but yf my mowith be dry.

And a[illegible]
In the meen while [illegible]
Nay, I tell trewly, I [illegible]
For ther n'yis noon of yow
Every man gan laughe
Of Geffrey and his wordis; but Beryn
And was cleen astonyd; but yit
He held it nat al thly that Geffrey
But wisely hym governyd, as Geffrey
For parcell of his wisdom he had
Sir Steward, quod Beryn, I
The tale of this burgeyse; now
That I may take counsell and answer
I graunt, quod the steward; then
Sith thow wolt be rewlid by the
For he is right a wise man to help
Up aros the accusours queynttlich
Hanyhald was the first of them
And gan to tell his tale with a
Yistirday, Sovereyns, when I
Beryn and thes burgeyse goon to
For pleying at ches; so ferforth
Thorough vertu of myn office,
Beryn's fyve shippis, for to go

And to be in anſwer her this ſame day; [wey
So walkyng to the ſtrondward we bargeynyd by the
That I ſhuld have the marchandiſe that Beryn with hym brought,
Wherof I am ſeſid, as ful ſold and bought,
In covenaunte that I ſhuld his ſhippis fill ageyn
Of my marchandiſe, ſuch as he tofore had ſeyn
In myn own plaſe, howſis to or thre,
Full of marchandiſe as they myght be;
And I am evir redy, whenſoever he woll,
Let hym go or ſende, and charge his ſhippis full
Of ſuch marchandiſe as he findith there,
For in ſuch wordis we acordit were.
Up roſe x burgeyſis, not tho that roſe tofore,
But othir, and made them redy to have ſwore
That every word of Hanybald, from the begynnyng to the end,
Was ſoth and eke trewe, and with their mende
Full preſt they wer to preve; and ſeyd they wer pre- [ſent
At covenaunt making by God omnipotent.
It ſhall nat nede, quod Geffrey, whils that I here ſtond,
For I woll preve it my ſelf with my right honde,
For I have been in four batellis heretofore,
And this ſhall be the fift, and therfor I am ſwore.
Beholdith, and ſeith, and turnyd hym about;
The ſteward and the burgeyſe gamyd all about;
The Romeyns held them ſtiil, and lawhghid but a litt.
Wyth that cam the blynd man his tale to endite,

That God hym grant wynnyng right as he hath
Beryn and his company ſtood all aſtryvyd [aſervid.
Betwene hope and drede, right in high diſtres,
For of wele or of woo they had no ſikernes.
Beryn, quod this blynd, thoughe I may nat ſee
Stond nere yit the barr, my comyng is for the,
That wrongfullich thow witholdiſt my both to eyen,
The wich I toke the for a tyme, and quyklich to me
hijen,
And take them m covenaunt was.
Beryn, I take no r mennys cafe,
But oonlich of myn it me moſt an hond.
Now bleſſid be G brought the to this
lond!
For ſith our laſt parting ir teris
Have I lete for thy love, tha tyme partineris
Of wynnyng and of leſing were yeris fele,
And evir I fond the trewe, tyl at the laſt thow didiſt
Awey wyth my too eyen that I toke to the [ſtele
To ſe the tregetours pley and their ſotilte,
As yiſtirday here in this ſame plaſe
Tofore yew, Sir Steward, reherſid as it was.
Full trew is that byword, *A man to ferne fabill*
Ledith oft Beyard from his own ſtabill.
Beryn, by the I meen, though thow make it ſtraunge,
For thow knowiſt trewly that I made no chaunge
Of my good eyen for thyn that badder were.
Therwith ſtode up burgeyſe four witnes to bere.

ow ſhuldiſt nevir fare the bet, but the wors, in fay,
al thing may be ſtill now for the in houſe and way,
d yf thow haddiſt thyn eyen thou woldiſt no coun-
ſell hele;
now wele by thy ſiſnamy thy kynd wer to ſtele:
d eke it is thy profite and thyn eſe alſo
be blynd as thow art; for now wherſo thow go
ow haſt thy lyvlode whils thow art alyve,
d yf thow myghtiſt ſe thow ſhuldiſt nevir thryve.
the houſe throughout ſave Beryn and his feris
wghid of Geffrey, that watir on their leris
n down from their eyen for his maſid wit.
ythat cam the woman, hir tung was nat ſclyt,
yth 15 burgeyſis, and women alſo ſele,
r quarel for to preve, and Beryn to apele,
ith a feir knave child yloke wythin their armys,
d gan to tel her tale of wrongis and of harmys,
d eke of unkyndnes, untrowith, and falſhede,
at Beryn had ywrought to hir, that quyntlich from
hir yede
ioon oppon her wedding, when he his wyll had doon,
d brought hir wyth chyld, and lete hir ſit aloon

Saff Beryn trift in party that Geffrey wold hym help,
But yit into that hour he had no cauſe to yelp; [pete.
Wherfor they made much ſorowe, that dole was and
Geffrey herd hym ſigh ſore: What devil is yew? quod
What nede yew be ſory whils I ſtond here? [he:
Have I nat enſourmid yew how and in what manere
That I yew wold help, and bryng them in the mare?
Yf ye coud plede as well as I full litill wold ye care.
Pluk up thy hert, quod Geffrey, Beryn, I ſpeke to the.
Leve thy blab lewd, quod Beryn to hym age; 2541
It doith no thing availl that ſorowe com on thy hede;
It is nat worth a fly al that thow haſt ſeyde.
Have we nat els now for to think oppon
Saff here to jangill? Machyn roſe anoon, 2545
And went to the barr, and gan to tell his tale;
He was as fals as Judas, that ſet Criſte at ſale.
Sir Steward, quod this Machyn, and the burgeyſis all,
Knowith wele how Melan with purpill and with pall,
And othir marchandiſe, ſeven yere ago 2550
Went toward Rome, and how that I alſo
Have enquered ſith, as reſon woll and kynde,
Sith he was my fadir, to know of his ende;
For yit ſith his departing tyl it was yiſtirday
Met I nevir creature that me coud wiſh or ſay 2555
Reedynes of my fadir, dede othir alyve;
But, bleſſid be God in heven! in this thev'is ſclyve
The knyff I geff my fadir was yiſtirday yfound:
Sith I hym apele let hym be faſe yfound.

The knyf I know wel inowe; alſo the man ſ
And dwellith in this town, and is a cotelere
That made the ſame knyf wyth his too hon
That wele I woot there is noon like to ſech
For 3 precioufe ſtonys been wythin the haf
Perfectlich ycouchit, and ſotillich by craft
Endendit in the haft, and that right coriou
A ſaphir, and a ſalidone, and a rich ruby.
The cotelere cam lepeing forth with a bold
And ſeyd to the ſteward that Machyn told
Every word is trew, ſo beth the ſtonys ſet;
I made the knyf my ſelf, who myght know
And tóke the knyff to Machyn, and he me pa
So is this felon gilty; there is no more to te
Up aroſe burgeyſis by 2 by 3 by 4,
And ſey'd they wer preſent the ſame tyme
When Machyn wept ſore, and brought l
gownd,
And gaf hym the ſame knyff oppon the ſee
Beth ther eny mo pleyntifs of record?
Quod Geffrey to the ſteward: and he agey
How ſemeth the, Gylhochet, beth ther nat i
Make thyn anſwer, Beryn, caſe that thow
For oon or othir thow muſt ſey, althou
availle,
And but thow leſe or thow go methinkith g
Beryn goith to counſell and his company,
And Geffrey bode behinde to her more an

And to ſhew the burgeyſe ſomewhat of his hert;
And ſeyd, But I make the pleyntifs for to ſmert,
And alle that them meyntenith, for aught that is yſeyd,
I woll grant yew to kut the eris fro my hede.
My maſter is at counſeil, but counſell hath he noon,
For but I hym help he is cleen undoon;
But I woll help hym al that I can, and meyntene hym
By my power and connyng, ſo I am bound ther'to;
For I durſt wage battell wyth yew, though yee be ſtrong,
That my maiſter is in the trowith and ye be in the wrong;
For and we have lawe I ne hold yew but diſtroied
In yewr own ſalſhede, ſo be yee now aſpied;
Wherfor yit or eve I ſhal abate yewr pride,
That ſom of yew ſhall be right feyn to flynk away and hide.
The burgeyſes gon to lawgh, and ſcornyd hym ther'to.
Gylhochet, quod Evander, and thow cowdiſt ſo
Bryng it thus about it were a redy wey.
He is a good fool, quod Hanybald, in fay,
To put hymſelf aloon in ſtrengith and eke in wit
Ageyns all the burgeyſis that on this bench ſit.
What clatir is this, quod Machyn, al day with a fole?
Tyme is now to worch with ſom othir tole,
For I am certeyn of their anſwer that they wol fail,
And lyf for lyf of my fadir what may that avail?
Wher'for beth aviſid, for I am in no doute
The goodis been ſufficient to part al aboute,
So may every party pleyntif have his part.
That is reſon, quod the blind; a trew man thow art;

And eke it were untrowith and eke grete syn
But eche of us that pleynith myght somwhat wyn.
Hanybald bote his lippis, and herd them both wele;
Towching the marchandise o tale I shall yew tell,
And eke make a vow, and hold my beheste,
That of the marchandise yewr part shall be lest;
For I have made a bargeyn that may nat be undo;
I woll hold his covenaunt and he shal myn also.
Up roos quicklich the burgeyse Syrophanes;
Hanybald, quod he, the law goith by no lanys,
But hold ferth the streyt wey, even as doith a lyne:
For yistirday when Beryn with me did dyne
I was the first person that put hym in arest;
And for he wold go large thow haddist in charge and
To sese both ship and goodis til I were answerid;
Then must I first be servid, this knowith al men ylerid.
The woman stode besidis, and cried wondir fast,
Ful soth is that byword, *To pat who comyth last*
He worst is servid: and so it farith by me:
Yit nethirles, Sir Steward, I trust to yewr lente,
That knowith best my cause and my trew entent;
I axe yew no more but rightful jugement:
Let me have part with othir sith he my husbond is:
Good Sir, beth avisid; I axe yew nat amys.
Thus they gon to stryve, and wer of high mode
For to depart emong them othir mennys good,
Wher they tofore had nevir properte,
Ne nevir shuld thereaftir by doom of equyte.

But they had othir cauſe then they had tho.
Beryn was at counſell, his hert was full woo,
And his meyny ſory, diſtrakt, and al amayide,
For tho they levid noon othir but Geffrey had betrayide;
Becauſe he was ſo long they coud no maner rede,
But everich by hymſelf wiſhed he had be dede.
O myghtful God! they ſeyd, I trow tofore this day
Was nevir gretter treſon, fere, ne aſſray,
Ywrought onto mankind then now is to us here,
And namelich by this Geffrey with his ſotil chere;
So feithful he made it he wold us help echone,
And now we be ymyryd he letith us ſit alcon.
Of Geffrey, quod Beryn, be as it be may;
We mut anſwer nede, ther is noon othir way;
And ther'for let me know your wit and your counſaile.
They wept, and wrong their hondis, and gan to waille
The tyme that they wer bore, and ſhortly of the lyve
They wiſhid that they wer. With that came Geffrey
Paſſing them towards, and began to ſmyle.
Beryn axid Geffrey wher he had be al the while?
Have mercy oppon us, and help us as thow hight.
I wol help yow right wele through grace of Godd'is might;
And I can tell yow tiding of their governaunce.
They ſtond in altercatioune and ſtryf in poynt to praunce
To depart your goodis, and levith verrily
That it wer impoſſibill yow to remedy;

3ut their high pride and their preſumpcioune
3hal be yit or eve their confuſioune;
And to make amendis ech man for his pleynt,
Let ſe ther'for your good aviſe how they might be ateynt.
The Romeyns ſtode ſtill, as who had ſhor their hede.
'n feith, quod Beryn, we can no maner rede,
But in God and yew we ſubmit us all,
Body, lyf, and goodis, to ſtond or to fall,
And nevir for to travers o word that thow ſeyſt;
Help us, good Geffrey, as wele as thou mayſt.
Deperdeux! quod Geffrey, and I woll do me peyn
To help yow as my connyng woll ſtrech and ateyn.
The Romeyns went to barr, and Geffrey altofore
With a nice countenaunce, barefote, and to tore,
Pleying with a yerd he bare in his honde,
And was evir wiſtlyng at every paſe comaunde.
The ſteward and the burgeyſis had game inowghe
Of Geffrey'is nice comyng, and hertlich lowghe;
And eche man ſeyd, Gylhochet, com nere;
Thow art right welcome, for thow makiſt us chere.
The ſame welcom, quod Geffrey, that yee woll us
Fall oppon yewr hedis, I pray to God, and wers.
They held hym for a verry ſole, but he held them wël more;
And ſo he made them in breff tyme, all though they wer nat ſhore.

Styntith now, quod Geffrey, and let make pese;
Of myrthis and of japis tyme is now to cese,
And speke of othir mater that we have to doon,
For and we hew amys ehy maner stone
We know wele in certeyn what pardon we shul have;
The more is our nede us to defend and save.
My master hath be at counsell, and sul avisid is
That I shall have the wordis. speke I wele or mys;
Wherfor, Sir Steward, and ye urgeyis all,
Sittith upright, and writith nat. for aventuris that may
For and ye deme untrewly. us eny wrong, [fall;
Ye shull be refourmyd b evir so strong,
Of every poynt and that in grete haste,
For he is nat unkno... it may yow chaste:
Hold forth the right wey, ... ny no side lanys.
And as towching the first pley, if Syrophanes,
That pleyd with my master yistirday at ches,
And made a certeyn covenaunte, who that had the
In the last game, al thoughe I wer nat there, [wers
Shuld do the todir's bidding, whatsoevir it wer,
Or drynk all the watir that salt wer in the see;
Thus I trowe, Sir Steward, ye woll record the ple,
And yf I have ymissid in lettir or in word
The lawe, wol I be rewlid aftir yewr record;
For we be ful avisid in this wise to answere,
Evander the steward, and al men that wer there,
Had mervil much of Geffrey, that spak so redely,
Whose wordis tofore semyd al foly,

And wer aſtonyed cleen, and gan for to drede,
And ev'ry man tyl othir lenyd with his hede,
And ſeyd he reported the tale right formally;
He was no ſole in certen, but wiſe, ware, and ſcly,
For he hath but yjapid us and ſcornyd heretofore,
And we have hold hym a ſole, but we be wel more.
Thus they ſtodied on Geffrey, and laughid tho right naught.
When Geffrey had aſpied they wer in ſuch thought,
And their hertis trobelid, penſyf, and anoyed,
Hym lyſt to dryve in bet the nayl, till they were fully [cloyid.
Soveren Sirs, he ſeyd, ſith that it ſo is
That in reporting of our ple ye fynd nothing amys,
As provith wele yowr ſcilence, eke ye withſeyth nat
O word of our tale, but clene without ſpot,
Then to our anſwer I prey yow take hede,
For we wol ſey al the trowith right as it is in dede;
For this is ſoth and certen, it may nat be withſeyd,
That Beryn that here ſtondith was thus ovirpleid
In the laſt game, when wagir was opon;
But that was his ſufferaunce, as ye ſhull here anoon,
For in all this cete ther n'ys no maner man
Can pley betir at ches then my maſtir can;
Ne bet then I, though I it ſey, can nat half ſo much;
Now how he loſt it by his wyll the cauſe I woll teche;
For ye wend and ween that ye had hym engyned,
But ye ſhul ſele in every veyn that ye be undirmined.

And ybrought at ground, and ele ovirwhelid.
And agenst the first that Beryn is acusid
Herith now ententyflich. When we wer on the see
Such a tempest on us fill that noon myght othir be
Of thundir, wynd, and lightenyng, and stormy wether
Fiftene dayis during the tempest was so strong [among
That eche man till othir began hym for to shryve,
And made their avowis, yf they myght have the lyve,
Som to se the sepulkir, and som to othir place,
To sech holy seynis for help and for grace;
Som to fast and do pennaunce, and som do almyssdede;
Tyl at last, as God wold, a voise to us seyd,
In our most turment, and desperat ymynd,
That yf we wold be savid my maister must hym lynd
Be feith and ele be vow, when he cam to lond,
To drink al the salt watir within the see shrond,
Without drinking eny sope of the fresh watir-[more
And taught hym al the sotilte how and in what maner
That he shuld wirch by engyne and by a sotill charm,
To drink all the salt watir and have hymself no harm;
But stop the fresh rivers by every cost side,
That they entir nat in the se thorough the world wyde.
The voise we herd but naught we saw; so wer our
witts ravid,
For this was end synally, yf we lust be savid.
Wher'for my master Beryn, when he cam to this port,
To his avow and promys he made his first resort,

Or that he wold bergeyn eny marchandiſe,
And right doith theſe marchandis in the ſame wiſe
That maken their avowis in ſaving of their lyv'is,
They compleryn their pilgremagis or they ſe their wyvis.
So mowe ye ondirſtond that my maſter Beryn
Of fre will was ymatid, as he that was a pilgrym,
And myght nat perfourm by many thowſand part
His avow and his heſt wythout right ſotil art,
Without help and ſtrengith of many mennys myght.
Sir Steward, and Sir Burgeyſe, if we ſhul have right
Sirophanes muſt do coſt and aventure
To ſtop al the freſh ryvers into the ſee that entir,
For Beryn is redy in al thing hym to quyte,
So he be in defaute muſt pay for the wite.
Sith ye been wiſe al what nede is much clatir?
Ther was no covenaunte them betwene to drink freſh watir.
When Sirophanes had yherd al Geffrey's tale
He ſtode al abaſhid, with colour wan and pale,
And lokid oppon the ſteward with a rewful chere,
And on othir frendſhip and neyghbours he had there.
And preyd them of counſell the anſwere to reply.
Theſe Romeyns, quod the ſteward, been wondir ſely.
And eke right ymmagytyf, and of ſotil art,
That I am in grete dowte how yee ſhul depart
Withoût harm in oon ſide: our lawis, well thow wost,
Is to pay damagis, and eke alſo the coſt,

Of every party plentyf that falleth in his plevnt:
Let hym go quyt I counſell, yf it may ſo be queyn
I merveil, quod Sirophanes, of their ſtoutte,
But ſith that it ſo ſtondith, and may noon othir be
I do woll be counſell, and grauntid Beryn quyte.
But Geffrey thought anothir, and without reſpite,
Sirs, he ſeyd, me wetith wele that ye wol do us righ
And ſo ye muſt nedis, and ſo ye have us hight;
And therfore, Sir Steward, ye occupy our plaſe,
And ye know wele what law wol in this caſe;
My maſtir is redy to perfourm his avow.
But natheleſs, quod the ſteward, I cannot wete how
To ſtop all the freſh watir were poſſibilite.
Yis, in ſoth, quod Geffrey, who had of gold plente
As man coud wiſh and it myght well be do:
But that is nat our defaute, he hath no treſour to.
Let hym go to in haſte, or find us ſuerte
To make amendis to Beryn for his iniquite,
Wrong, and harm, and treſpas, and undewe wexac
Loſt of ſale, and marchandiſe, diſeſe, and tribulac
oune,
That we have ſuſtenyd thorough his iniquite.
What vaylith it to tary us? for though ye ſotil pry
We ſhull have reſon wher ye wol or no,
So woll we that ye knowe what that we woll do;
In certen full avifid to lſope for to paſe,
And declare every poynt, the more and eke the laſe

at of your opyn errours hath pleyn correctioune,
d ageyns his jugement is noon protectioune:
e'is your lord riall, and ſoveren jugge and lele,
at and ye work in eny poynt to hym liith our apele.
when the ſteward had yherd, and the burgeyſis alle,
ow Geffrey had yſteryd, that went ſo nighe the gall,
hat for ſhame, and drede of more harm, and re-
preſſe, 2830
ey made Sirophanes, weer hym looth or leffe,
take Beryn gage, and plegg find alſo,
byde the ward and jugement of that he had myſdo.
ow ferthermore, quod Geffrey, ſith that it ſo is
at of the firſt pleyntyf we have ſikernes, 2835
ow to the Marchant we muſt nedis anſwere,
at bergeyned with Beryn al that his ſhippis bere,
covenaunte that he ſhuld his ſhippis fill ageyn
othir marchandiſe that he tofore had ſeyn
Hanybald'is plaſe, howſis to or thre, 2840
ill of marchandiſe as they might be;
t us pas thidir, yf eny thing be there
our luſt and liking, as they accordit were.
raunt wele, quod Hanybald, thow axiſt but righte;
aroſe theſe burgeyſis, Thow axiſt but right. 2845
e ſteward and his comperis entrid firſt the howſe,
nd ſaw nothing within, ſtraw, ne leff, ne mowſe,
ve tymbir, and the tyle ſtonys, and the wallis white.
row, quod the ſteward, the wynnyng woll be but
lite . . . 2849

That [illegible] woll now get in Hanybald's pleynte,
For [illegible] noon othir but they woll be ateynt,
And clepe[illegible] hem in echone, and went out hymselve.
As sone as [illegible]ey were entrid they saw no maner selve,
For soris o[illegible] their hert, but as tofore is seyd,
The howse was cleen yswept; then Geffrey seir they
To help yf he coud. Let me aloon, quod he, [preyde
Yit shul they have the wers as sotil as they be.
Evander the fleward [illegible]e while
Spak to t[illegible]gey [illegible]n to smyle;
Though[illegible]ane [illegible]thes Romeyns for to
Yit I tro[illegible]H [illegible]put hym to the wers,
For I am [illegible]in they shul nat synd.
What sey ye [illegible], quod the blynd?
For I make a vow I woll nevir [illegible]ese
Tyl Syrophanes have of Beryn a pleyn releſe,
And to make hym quyte of his submissioune,
Els wol I have no pete of his contritioune,
But folow hym al so ferfly as I can or may
Tyll I have his eyen both to away.
Now in feith, quod Machyn, and I wol have his lyffe,
For though he scape yew all with me woll he nat
[illegible]stryffe,
But be right feyn in hert all his good forsake
For to scape wyth his lyf, and to me it take.
Beryn and his seleship wer within the house,
And spekenof their answer, and made but litill rouse,

But evir preyd Geffrey to help yf he coud ought.
I woll nat faill, quod Geffrey, and was tofore bè-
Of too botirfliis, as white as eny ſnowe; [thought
He lete them flee within the houſe, that aftir on the
wowe
They clevid wonder faſt, as their kynd woll,
Aftir they had flew to reſt anothir pull.
When Geffrey ſaw the botirfliis cleving on the wall
The ſteward and the burgeyſe in he gan call;
Lo! Sirs, he ſayd, whoſo evir repent,
We have choſe marchandiſe moſt to our talent
That we fynd herein. Bchold, Sir Hanybal,
The yondir botirfliis that clevith on the wall;
Of ſuch ye muſt fill our ſhippis al fyve.
Pluk up thy hert Beryn, for thow moſt nedis thryve;
For when we out of Rome in marchantfare went,
To purchaſe botirfliis was our moſt entent;
Yit woll I tell the cauſe eſpecial and why:
There is a leche in Room that hath ymade a cry
To make an oyntement to cure all tho ben blynde,
And al maner infirmytees that growith in mankyndc.
The day is ſhort; the work is long: Sir Hanyball, ye
mut hy.
When Hanybald herd this tale he ſeyd pryvely
In counſell to the ſteward; In ſoth I have the wers,
For I am ſikir by this pleynt that ſhall I litil purs.
So me ſemeth, quod the ſteward, for in the world
So many botirfliis wold nat be founde [rounde.

That [illegible]
For of the [illegible]
For [illegible]
That [illegible]
Yf he had [illegible]
So oppos[illegible]
That al maner of [illegible]
Shuld com [illegible]
Then amongst [illegible]
And this same blynde that gladly [illegible]
Made a cours to [illegible]
The mervellis of this play to [illegible]
So what for lak of [illegible]
And eke also the long nyght thinkyng
Fill flat a sleep [illegible]
Wher'for my maistir Beryn in hast [illegible]
And seyd, My frende, how were I [illegible]
No, he seyd, by hym that [illegible]
And yit I had levir, as God my soule [illegible]
Se thes wanderis play ther all the good [illegible]
I cannat els, quod Beryn, but yf in [illegible]
But that ye and I mot retourn age
Aftir ye be refreshid of your werynes,
For to leve yew in this plite it were no gentilnes.
Then seyd this blynd, I am arisid but
Beryn, ye shull wend thidir without [illegible]
And have myn eyen with yew that they the play mow
And I woll have yours tyll ye come age.

[illegible]

Thus was their covenaunt made, as I to yow report,
For ese of this blynd, and moſt for his comfort.
But wotith wele the whole ſcience of all ſurgery
Was unyd or the chaunge was made of both eye
With many ſotill enchantours and eke nygramancers,
That ſent were for the nonys maſtris and ſcoleris.
So when all was complete my maſtir went his wey
With this mann's eyen and ſaw all the pley,
And haſtly retourned into that plaſe age,
And fond this blynd ſeching on hondis and on kne,
Graſping all aboute to fynd that he had lore,
Beryn his both eyen that he had tofore.
But as ſone as Beryn had pleyn knowleche
That his eyen were yloſt, unneth he myght areche
O word, for pure anguyſh that he toke ſodenly,
And from that day till now ne myght he nevir ſpy
This man in no plaſe ther law was ymevid;
But now in his preſence the ſoth is full yprevid,
That he ſhall make amendis or he hens pas
Right as the lawe wol deme, ethir more or las:
For my maſtr'is eyen were betir and more clere
Then theſe that he hath now to ſe both ſer and nere;
So wold he have his own, that proper were of kynd,
For he is evir redy to take to the blynde
The eyen that he had of hym, as covenaunt was,
So he woll do the ſame. Now, Soverens, in this caſe
Ye mut take hede for to deme right,
For it wer no reſon my maſtir ſhuld leſe his ſight

For his trew hert and his gentilnesse
Beryn, quod the blynd, the I will the rede
My quarell and my cause and tell the my pleyne.
Thow mut nede, quod Geffrey, for thow art enseyne,
So mut thow profe gage, and hasarde and alle,
For to make amendis, as othir have doon before
Sir Steward, do us law, fith we desire but right
As we been pese marchandis us longith not to fight,
But pleyn us to the law, yf so we be agreviid.
Anoon opon that Geffrey the forwarde had purveid,
The blynd man fond borowis for all his malyce,
And were yentrid in the court to lyde the jugement
For thoughe that he blynde were yit dede he good
plente,
And more wold have wonne through his iniquite.
Now herith, Sirs, quod Geffrey, the pleyntis bene
assurid;
And as anenst the ferth this woman hathe seyd, yong
That pleynith here on Beryn, and sayth she is his wyfe,
And that she hath many a day led a peyneus lyfe,
And much sorow endurid his child to sustene,
And al is soth and trew. Now rightfullich to deme
Whether of them both shall othir obey, 3054
And folowe will and lustis, Sir Steward, ye mut sey.
And therewith Geffrey lokid aside on this woman
How she chaungit colours, pale and eke wan.
All for nought, quod Geffrey, for ye mut with us go,
And endure with your husbond both wele and woo:

And wold have take her by the hond, but ſhe awey did breyde,
And with a grete ſighing theſe wordis ſhe ſeyd;
That ageyns Beryn ſhe wold plede no more,
But gagid with too borowis, as othir had do tofore.
The ſteward ſat as ſtill as who had ſhór his hede,
And ſpecially the pleyntifs were in much drede:
Geffrey ſet his wordis in ſuch maner wiſe
That wele they wiſt they myght nat ſcape in no wiſe
Without loſs of goodis for damage and for coſt,
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Geffrey had full perſeyte of their encombirment,
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Shuld pas with his mallir; wherfor he anoon,
Soveren Sirs, he ſeyd, yit muſt we ſerthir goon,
And anſwere to this Machyn, that ſeith the knife is
That found was on Beryn; ther'of he ſeith nat amys:
And for more preſs he ſeith in this maniere
That here ſtondith preſent the ſame cotelere
That the knyfe made; and the precious ſtonys thre
Within the haft been couchid, that in Cryſtyanite,
Thoughe men wold of purpoſe make ſerch and ſeche,
Men ſhuld nat fynd in al thing a knyfe that were it liche;
And more opyn prefe than mann'ys owin knowleche
Men of law ne clerkis con nat tell ne teche.
Now ſith we be in this manere thus ferforth ago,
Then were ſpedfull for to know how Beryn cam firſt

Have poſſeſſioune of the knyfe that Machyn ſmith is his:
To yew unknowe I ſhall enfourm the trouthe in it is.
Now 7 yere and paſſid, upon a Tuyſday
In the Paſſionn-week, when men lesen pley,
And uſe more devocioune, faſtyng, and prayer,
Then in othir tyme or ſeſon of the yere,
This Beryn's fadir erlich wold ariſe,
And barefote go to chirch to Godd's ſervise,
And lay hymſelf aloon from his own wyfe,
In reverence of the tyme, and mending of his lyfe:
So on the ſame Tuyſday that I tofore ſpake [went,
This Beryn roſe and rayd hym, and to the chirch
And mervelid in his hert his fadir was not there,
And homward went ageyn with drede and chere.
Into his fadir's chambir ſodenlich he rakid,
And fond hym ligg ſtan dede oppon the ſtraw al na-
And the clothis halid from the bed awey. [kid,
Out, alas! quod Beryn, that evir I ſaw this dey!
The meyne herd the noiſe, how Beryn cried alas,
And cam into the chambir al that therein was;
But the dole, and the ſorowe, and anguyſh, that was
It vaylith nat at this tyme to declare it here; [there
But Beryn had moſt of all, have ye no doute:
And anoon they ſerchid the body al aboute,
And fond this ſame knyfe, the poynt right at his hert
Of Beryn's fadir, whoſe teres gan outſtert
Then he drowgh out the knyfe of his fadir's woond;
hen ſtandede I ſaw hym fall down to the ground

In ſight of the moſt part that beth with hym nowe here,
And they affermyd it for ſoth, as Geffrey did them lere:
And yit had I nevir ſuſpecioun from that day tyll noweth
Who ded that curſed dede, tyll Machyn with his
Afore yew hath knowlechid that the knyfe is his;
So mut he nedis anſwer for his deth ywis.
When Machyn had yherd all Geffrey's tale
He roſe of bench ſodenly with colour wan and pale,
And ſeyd onto Beryn, Sir, ageyn the
I woll plete no more, for it wer gret pete
To combir yew with actions that beth of nobill kynde.
Graunt mercy! Sir, quod Geffrey; but yit ye ſhull fynde
Borowis or ye pas, amendis for to make
For our undewe vexacioune, and gage alſo us take
In ſign of ſubmyſſioune for your injury,
As law woll and reſon, for we woll uttirly
Procede tyll we have jugement finall;
And ther'for, Sir Steward, what that evir fall
Delay us no longer but gyve us jugement,
For triſtith ye noon othir but we be fullich bent
To ſpope for to wend, and in his high preſence
Reherce al our plees, and have his ſentence;
Then ſhull ye make fynys, and highlich be agrevid.
And as ſone as the ſteward herd thes wordis mevid,
Reſon, ryght, and law, ſeyd the ſteward tho,
Ye mut nedis have wher I woll or no;

d fare as well as I a morrow and ellis on ane; 3174
id nevir for man on lyve his company fer to leve.
raunt mercy! Sir, quod Geffrey, yowre pleſir is feir
ut I deſire no more but as ye me behete, (and gritte,
To bryng me at Roome, for this is covenaunte. 3178
It ſhall be do, quod Hervn, and all the remenaunte.
Deperdeux! quod Geffrey, ther'of we ſhulll wele do.
He rayid hym othirwiſe; and withoist wordis mo
They went to the dyner the hole company; 3182
With pipis and wyth trompis; and othir melody;
And in the myddis of their mete gentil women fyve,
Maidens freſh atirid as myght be on lyve, 3185
Com from the Duke Iſope, lord of that regioune,
Everich wyth a preſent, and that of afare fyne,
The firſt bare a cup of gold, and of afare fyne; 3189
So corouſe and ſo nobill that I can nat devyne;
The ſecond brought a ſwerd ythethid, wyth feyniue
Ifretid all with perelis orient and pure;
The third had a mantell of luſty freſh colour,
The uttir part of purpill, yfurrid with pelour;
The ferth a cloth of gold, a worthy and a riche,
That nevir man tofore ſaw cloith it liche; 31
The fift bare a palme that ſtode tofore the deyſe
In tokyn and ſign of trowith and peſe,
For that was the cuſtom through all the contray
The meſſage was the levir and more pleſant to p
The cup was uncoverid, the ſwerd was out ybr
The mantell was unfold, the cloth along ylayi

They talkid of the Romeyns, how ſotill they wer
To aray hym like a fole that for them ſhuld anſwer.
What vylith it, quod Hanybald, to angir or to curs?
And yit I am in certen I ſhall fare the wers
All the dayis of my lyfe for this day'is pleding,
And ſo ſhal al the remnaunt; and their hondis wryng,
Both Syrophanes, and the blynd, the woman, and
And be bet aviſid er they eftſonys pleyne, [Machyn,
And al othir perſonys wythyn this cete
Mell the les wyth Romeyns whils they here be;
For ſuch anothir fole was nevir yit yborn,
For he did naught ellis but evir with us ſcorn
Tyll he had us caught even by the ſhyn;
With his ſotill wittis in our own grene.
Now woll I retourn to Beryn ageyn,
That of his grete lukir in hert was right feyne,
And ſo was all his meyne, as them ought wele,
That they wer ſo delyverid from turment like to hell,
And graciuſly relevid out of ther grete myſchef,
And yſet above in comfort and bouchef.
Now in ſoth, quod Beryn, it may nat be denied
N'ad Geffrey and his witt be we had be diſtroyid:
Ithankid be Almyghty God omnipotent
That for our conſolacioune Geffrey to us ſent!
And in proteſt opynly, here among yew alle,
Half my good, whils that I lyve, whatevir me befall,
I graunt it here to Geffrey, to gyve or to ſell,
And nevir to part from me, yf it wer his wyl,

And of other things how he him should govern;
Beryn saverid vnto ther son, and saide he gan to lern.
When all wymmen the wymmen came to take their leve;
Beryn, as fast him was of blode, them toward gan re-
And prey'd them hertily him to recommend [leve,
Unto the worthy lordship of Isope, that you send
To me that ask his worthy, leve of his grete nobley,
And thank hym of his gyftiqua ye com best, and sey,
To morow I will be redy his best to fulfill,
With this I have save condit I may com hym till,
For me and al my felashipp saff to com and go,
Trusting in his distreccions that thoughe I ax so
He wol nat be displesid; for in my contray
It hath evir be the custom, and is into this day,
That yf a lord maidl desirith for to see
Eny maner persone that is of lat degrey,
Er he approche his presence he wol have in his honde
A saff condit onfelid, or els sone other bonde,
That he may com and pas without disturbaunce;
Throughout all our marchis it is the obserwaunce.
Thes wymmen toke their leve without wordis mo,
Repeyring onto Isope, and al as it was do
They rehersid redely, and faylid nevir a word,
To Isope with his baronage ther he sat at his borde,
Talkyng fast of Romayns, and of their high prudence,
That in so many daungers made so wise defence.
But as sone as Isope had pleynlich yherd
Of Beryn's governaunce, that first sesid the swerd

Afore al othir preſentis, he demed in hys minde.
That Beryn was ycom of ſom nobill kynde. [forgete;
The nyght was paſt; the morowe cam; Iſope had nat
He chargit barons twelf with Beryn for to mete
To cond hym ſaff and his meyne; and al perfourmyd was.
Thre dayis ther they ſportid hym in myrth and ſolas,
That throughe the wiſe inſtruction of Geffrey nyght
Beryn pleſid Iſope with wordis al to pay, [and dey
And had hym ſo in port and in governaunce
Of all honeſt myrthis and witty daliaunce,
That Iſope caſt his chere to Beryn ſo groundly,
That at laſt ther was no man with Iſope ſo pryvy,
Reſorting to his ſhippis, comyng to and fro,
Thoroughe the wit of Geffrey, that eche day it fil ſo
That Iſope coude no wher chere when Beryn was ab-
So Beryn muſt nedis eche day be aftir ſent: [ſent;
And cheſe he was of counſell within the firſt yere,
Thoroughe the wit of Geffrey, that eche dey did hym lere.
This Iſope had a doughtir betwene hym and his wyfe
That was as feir a creature as myght bere lyfe,
Wyfe, and eke bountevouſe, and benyng with all,
That heir ſhuld be aftir his dey of his lordſhippis alle;
So, ſhortly to conclude, the mariage was made
Betwene hir and Beryn, many a man to glade,
Saff the burgeyſis of the town, of falſhede that were
But they wer evir hold ſo low ondir fote [rote:

That they might nat regne, but at laſt fawe
To leve their condicioune and their fals lawe.
Beryn and Geffrey made them ſo tame
That they amendit eche dey, and gat a betir name.
Thus Geffrey made Beryn his enemyes to ovircom,
And brought hym to worſhip thoroughe his wyſdom.
Now God us graunt grace to fynde ſuch a frende
When we have nede! and thus I make an ende.

And wold have take her by the hond, but ſhe awey did breyde,
And with a grete ſighing theſe wordis ſhe ſeyd;
That ageyns Beryn ſhe wold plede no more,
But gagid with too borowis, as othir had do tofore.
The ſteward ſat as ſtill as who had ſhor his hede,
And ſpecially the pleyntifs were in much drede: 3045
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That wele they wiſt they myght nat ſcape in no wiſe
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Soveren Sirs, he ſeyd, yit muſt we ferthir goon, [his
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